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Tales of Travel Life and Love

An Autobiography

By

GEORGE PAYNE BENT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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Los Angeles
The TIMES-MIRROR *Press*
1924

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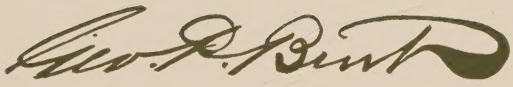
CALIFORNIA STATE COLLEGE



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Los Angeles, California

To old friends and new,
The good friends I knew

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FOREWORD

"Buffalo Bill" (Col. Wm. F. Cody) advised me never to write a book, stating that he was once guilty of doing so and had been in trouble ever since it was published.

Mark Twain wrote one story which his wife would not let him publish, entitled "The Autobiography of a Damned Fool." While the reader may think this story of my life is one of the same character, I do not believe that my wife will interfere, in my case, to stop its publication.

This is my second attempt at writing a book. My first effort, made when I was fourteen years old, is told elsewhere. After the heart-breaking realization that I had thoughtlessly killed off all of my characters in the middle of the story, I abandoned forthwith my career as an author and have not, until now, made another attempt to become one.

In preparing this book, I have at times been reminded of Mrs. Sage's story of the little boy who defined memory as "the thing we forget with." Naturally, in writing of events—many of which occurred over sixty years ago—extreme difficulty has been encountered in fixing the exact dates. There were two outstanding instances of this, one being the date when a certain teacher taught at Burr Oak, and the other no less than the year the writer of this autobiography left Burr Oak. Regarding the first matter, memories differ so widely that it was for a long time impossible to be sure, one way or the other, but after almost a year of research and argument, I am convinced that all concerned are right, and that the teacher in question taught in Burr Oak at two different times. It has been finally proven that my memory was at fault in the matter of my having thought and said for years that I left Burr Oak in 1869. The preponderance of evidence against me has forced me to conclude that I left in 1870, and I am therefore ready to admit that I was wrong. As one of the old Burr Oak boys has said, the main thing is that I did leave.

In preparing this story of my life, I have been given much help in the way of anecdote and data by Mrs. Rachel Ward Sage, Mrs. John Ward, Mrs. C. T. Brode, Mrs. Oliette Thomson (nee Blackmarr), Mrs. Maria E. Manning, the four Wood girls (now Mrs. Byron D. Blackmarr, Mrs. H. M. Rosecrans, Mrs. Celia W. Jones, and Mrs. W. R. Clack), Mrs. Marietta Bovee Johnson, and my wife's sisters (Mrs. Jos. Lindsay and Mrs. O. A. Porter). Mrs. John Wingate—

our dear "Aunt Lucy"—has also been of great help to me. All of these ladies, except Aunt Lucy, are old Burr Oak girls, and in many cases their memories have outstripped my own.

Albert Lincoln, Silas Brace, Byron Blackmarr, Dallas Taylor, George Edgar and Pliny McAllister, Ben Kinyon, Dan Relihan, Robert Thomson, Will Houck, Robinson Reid,—in fact, all of the old Burr Oakers with whom I have been able to get in touch, as well as a number of my wife's relatives and of my own—have helped in every possible way, verbally and by correspondence, in the compilation of that portion of the book relative to Burr Oak days. Many of the old boys and girls have recalled stories and data that I had forgotten, or was not aware of, and desiring to do full justice to their ability as historians and raconteurs, I have in most cases devoted a chapter to each. However, this was sometimes impossible, for widely divergent reasons. Many of the old boys were "coy" about contributing and I have not as much copy from them as I would like to have. Others—such as the redoubtable "Ed" McAllister—seem to have wandered into almost every story told by the others, so that it is impossible to confine some of them to their own chapters.

Another old schoolmate, Clara Ames Wingate, has been of much assistance to me, and her memory has acted as a check on mine, since—for some reason—she seems to have always taken an interest in my "comings and goings"; therefore I am giving her a paragraph all her own, just to make her feel her importance as "the wife of the author."

Some of the Burr Oak friends have passed on since we began the book. Oscar Waggoner was the first to go, in 1922, then Mrs. Brode, Dallas Taylor, Elwin Lincoln, Mrs. Hattie Harden Smith and Mrs. John Ward, while the death of "Ab" Lincoln, just as we are going to press, has saddened us all. "Ab's" chapter is one of the best in the book and will be precious to us, his friends, because it seems a little bit of the "Ab" Lincoln, kindly, witty, ever thoughtful of others, that we have known and loved all of our lives.

I have also to thank many and various of my friends in the piano trade for their assistance regarding matters pertaining to my business life.

With the help of all of these old friends, I am going to tell my family and friends something of my life and labors, trials and troubles, struggles and successes; with just as much as I can get between two covers regarding the many, many loved and loyal friends I have been fortunate enough to attain and retain along the way.

"Life is to be fortified by many friendships.
To love, and be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence."

Los Angeles, California, 1924. GEORGE P. BENT.

Tales of Travel, Life and Love

FRIENDS OF OTHER DAYS

Dear old friends of long ago,
  Just a word to let you know
That I still recall the joys
  Which were yours and mine as boys.
Oh, those olden, golden ties!
  What a wealth of promise lies
In the rapture of the themes
  That we weave in youthful dreams.
Have our vows to make a name,
  That might justly honors claim,
Been fulfilled? Is worth our own?
  Have we reaped as we have sown?

Have we won or have we lost?
  Ah, the struggle; ah, the cost
Of the goal that now is ours;
  Late and early, hour by hours,
Day by days and year by years,
  Yearning, striving, without tears,
Have we fought to hold the prize
  Once so dear to boyish eyes?
Yes, we've won; the vision bright
  Takes the form of life and light
Of our being, rich with sense
  That ours is ours through recompense.

In the pride of manhood's sway
  Let us not forget the way
Which our feet have plodded o'er,
  Bleeding, tired, bruised and sore.
Let us rather make this path
  Less exposed to winds of wrath
That from Fate's dread caverns creep
  And o'er helpless mortals sweep.
Let us help them up the height,
  Let us guide them through the night
Of their troubles, to the dawn
  Fortune's sun is smiling on.

Let us hold with bands of steel
  Every hope that true hearts feel
For the friends of springtime's youth—
  Boyhood friends are friends in truth.
Let us keep their mem'ry green,
  Let no strife e'er come between,
And a helping hand extend
  When in stress they need a friend.
So, old chums of long ago,
  Just these lines to let you know
That my heart still sings the praise
  Of the friends of other days.

—*Robt. O. Foster,*
Minneapolis, Minn.

Chapter One

THE BENT FAMILY

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold."—Prov. 22:1.

I NEVER was very much interested in the matter of ancestry. I always thought that the pedigree of a horse did not matter, so long as he got under the wire within a reasonable time. I also felt—as I once heard Joe Mann, at one time congressman from Danville, Illinois, say—that he would be almost afraid to look up his family tree for fear that he might discover either a coon, a murderer, or a horse thief on one of the branches. However, my father and his brother, Joseph Avery Bent, were much interested in the matter of ancestry, and my father's volume of "The Bent Family" is very much written over with his notations.

I learned from this book, "The Bent Family," compiled by Allen H. Bent (a member of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society), published at Boston, by David Clapp and Sons in 1900, that practically all of the Bents in America are descendants of John Bent, who settled at Sudbury, Mass., in 1638, eighteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

It seems that the name "Bent" was a local surname in England and that the first to take it lived, presumably, on a plain or moor, "Bent" being a name given to a plain, or common, or moor covered with "bent-grass." The term is quite common in early English poetry.

In Scotland there is a town called "Bentpath," and on a branch of the North British Railway is a station called "Bents," of which the station agent said: "This 'Bents' is a farm and the station takes its name therefrom. In reference to the origin of the name, it does not seem to have any connection with the family of Bent; on the other hand, the name seems to have arisen from what was the nature of the ground some forty years ago or more. At that time, the whole farm lay open and bare and would be, in Scottish style, termed 'the bent,' which means a rising ground covered with a wiry grass which grows in tufts and is known as bent-grass. There was a 'Benthead Farm' two miles away; there used to be a 'Kilbent Farm' near. There is another 'Bents' in Midlothian, a 'Bent Colliery' in Lanarkshire, a 'Bent House' in Forfarshire and, on the English Crash, in Cumberland, is a 'Whitburn Bents.' 'Bent,' or 'Bents,' it is thus seen, is quite a commonplace name, and is evidently derived from the existence of bent-grass growing near."

The name seems to be of Anglo-Saxon origin; something similar appears as a personal name in most of the Nations of Teutonic origin. The van der Bent family is an old one in Holland. In one of Björson's stories, a character is named "Slave Bent," but Professor Boyeson wrote that the name "Bent," in Scandinavian, was a corruption of the Norwegian "Bernt," which was an abbreviation of "Bernhardt." In Germany are several names having the Bent flavor, such as "Bente, Bentz, Bentmann and Bentheim."

In America, there is in Kentucky a post-office Bent, and also one in New Mexico. There is a post-office called "Bent Creek" and another called "Bent Mountain," in Virginia, and there was a "Bentora," Nebraska (named after my father); later it was changed to "Hazard." There is a "Bent County" and a "Bent's Fort," in Colorado.

In "The Bent Family," Allen Bent calls attention to the fact that a noticeable family trait of the Bents has been that pioneer spirit, which has dominated the greater part of the family.

The descendants of John Bent have made their way to nearly every state in the Union, also to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Province of Quebec, British Columbia, Cuba, Australia and the Sandwich Islands; and there are still some to be found in Sudbury, Mass., where the family first settled.

The first of the family to indulge in the luxury of a middle name was Ebenezer Vose Bent, born at Fort Lawrence, Nova Scotia, in 1771.

"The Bent Family in America," is the genealogy of the descendants of John Bent, the original settler of the Bent Family, who came to Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1638. In this book is shown the old Bent Homestead at Marlboro, Massachusetts, a cut of my father when judge in Nebraska, and Roderick Leslie Bent, who was a member of the firm of S. Bent and Bros., chair manufacturers, in Gardner, Massachusetts. He took an active part in town affairs, serving on many and various committees and representing his district in the Legislature in 1884 and 1885. He was president of the Gardner Electric Light Company, a director of the Blount Manufacturing Company and of the First National Bank, and was on the Investment Committee of the Gardner Savings Bank.

There is also a cut in that book showing Governor Charles Bent of New Mexico. He was one of the builders of Bent's Fort, in Colorado, and he and his three brothers, William, George and Robert, with a man named Ceran St. Vrain, were for ten years the only white men in what is now Bent County, Colorado. In 1829 he applied to President Jackson for a Military Escort to cross the Arkansas River into what was then Old Mexico and is now New Mexico. Charles Bent was chosen captain, and two hundred soldiers, under Major Riley, accompanied the expedition. They were attacked by Indians on the way. Charles Bent was appointed Governor of New Mexico, September 22nd, 1846. He had married a Spanish lady whose sister was the wife of Kit Carson; they resided at Taos. Charles Bent was killed and scalped by Indians at Taos, New Mexico, January 19th, 1847. His remains lie at Santa Fe, beneath a handsome monument.

The same book tells of William and Adam Bent, sons of Ebenezer Bent, who began to make pianos, at or near Boston, about the year 1797. It seems that the Bent Bros. were "wood carvers and instrument makers," and, in the summer of 1797, a Frenchman named Mallet, connected with the theatre in Boston, sent a piano to them to be repaired, which led them to begin the manufacture of pianos. Their shop was at No. 26 Orange Street (now Washington Street) and near the present bridge over the Boston and Albany Railroad. In 1802 and succeeding years, Adam Bent went to the West Indies, selling their goods. In 1809 William Bent moved to Philadelphia, where the first piano manufactured in America is said to have been made by John Behrend, in 1775. It was in Philadelphia, too, that the first upright piano was produced by Hawkins, in 1800. It will be noted that the Bents were the third to manufacture pianos in America. It would seem that William Bent worked for other manufacturers of pianos for some twenty years, presumably to profit by the experience of those who were pioneers in their field. He then returned to Boston, where he died in the year 1851. (I have alluded elsewhere to the piano made by Adam and William Bent in 1797, which was on display in my show window in Chicago for a number of years. Until I discovered this instrument, with the assistance of Mr. Weed, of the Patent Office, at Washington, D. C., I had not believed that any of the pianos made by Adam and William Bent were still in existence. The cabinet work on this instrument was and is in superb condition, after more than a hundred and twenty-five years.) Edward F. Bent, a grandson of Adam Bent aged eighty-six, lives in San Francisco, where I met him for the first time quite recently.

The book referred to also contains a cut of Lieutenant Silas Bent, of the United States Army, who was born at St. Louis, October 10th, 1820, and died at Shelter Island, Long

Island, August 26th, 1887. He is buried at Louisville, Kentucky. He graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, became midshipman in 1836, Master in 1849, and lieutenant on August 1st, 1849. He conducted a series of surveys of the coast of Japan during Commodore Perry's expedition.

Henry K. W. Bent, another descendant of the original John Bent of Sudbury, Massachusetts, moved to California in 1858. He was one of the founders of Pomona College, being President of the Board of Trustees there at the time Allen Bent compiled his data on "The Bent Family in America." He was also one of the founders of and prominently connected with the first Congregational Church of Los Angeles, for many years. He had four sons, Arthur Samuel, Henry Stanley, Charles Edwin and Ernest Fairmont, and one daughter, now Mrs. Willard G. Halstead; all live in Los Angeles. Two of the sons, Arthur and H. Stanley, constitute the well known firm of Bent Brothers, Incorporated, contractors, who have had their share in Southern California's phenomenal growth. Arthur Bent started in 1886 and for several years confined his work to the construction of irrigation systems of concrete pipe. He was joined in 1908 by his younger brother, H. Stanley, who is now his partner.

Like most of the Bents, they have been pioneers in their field, which in their case was concrete pipe work. They have installed, under contract, many of the notable water supply and irrigation systems of the West, of Mexico, and as far East as Oklahoma City. And no one needs to be told what irrigation has meant to the West. Bent Bros. have installed many thousands of miles of large conduits, including water supplies of the city of Monterey, Mexico, the Marin Municipal Water District, Oklahoma City, Pendleton, Oregon, and Riverside, California; in fact, their irrigation systems are to be found throughout the entire West. One of the contracts—the largest ever let—called for one hundred and ten miles of concrete pipe from twelve to thirty inches in diameter, which was manufactured on the ground and laid at the rate of two thousand feet per day.

Since 1918 they have dropped the pipe business and specialized on concrete dams and oil storage reservoirs. They built in 1922-23, in a period of eighteen months, nineteen reinforced concrete oil reservoirs holding about twenty-five million barrels of oil. Some of these reservoirs cover twenty acres of ground. All have wooden roofs, in single instances containing over one million feet of lumber. Their notable dams, up to 1924, have been the Lake Hodges and Henshaw dams, San Diego County; Devil's Gate, near Pasadena; San Dimas, in Los Angeles County; Bullard's Bar, in Yuba County; Gibraltar, near Santa Barbara, and Little Rock Creek, near Palmdale, California. Their latest contract of note is the "Exchequer Dam" which will dam the Merced River about sixty miles below Yosemite Valley. This will be the highest dam in the United States, if not the world.

Joseph Avery Bent, son of that Reverend Joseph Avery Bent (my father's brother), who was a Professor of Mathematics at Wheaton College when I was a student there, is also living near us in Los Angeles. Reverend Joseph Avery Bent, like Henry K. W. Bent, was interested in and made donations to Pomona College some time after it was founded.

In Allen Bent's book there is also a cut of the Hon. Charles Bent, of Illinois, who was born in Chicago, Dec. 8th, 1844, and has lived in Morrison, Ill., since 1856. During the Civil War he became second lieutenant in the 140th Ill. Volunteer Infantry, and was discharged at Savannah, Ga., January 20th, 1866. He engaged in the printing business and wrote and published a History of Whiteside County, Ill., and was editor and proprietor of the *Whiteside Sentinel*. He was State Senator for four years, and, not only in the county but also in Illinois affairs, he was active as a member of councils and various boards and commissions.

There is also a cut of Major Luther S. Bent of Pennsylvania, who was born at Quincy, Mass., Dec. 6th, 1829. He enlisted May 22nd, 1861, in Company H, 4th Mass. Inf. In 1864 he was commissioned by President Lincoln as major in the United States

Army. He held various positions in the Union Pacific System during its construction. In 1874 he became superintendent of the Pennsylvania Steel Company at Steelton, and became president of that company in 1889. This company made for the Pennsylvania Railroad the first steel rails ever produced in America.

There is also in that book a cut of Horatio G. Bent, of Illinois, who was born at New Orleans, La., Nov. 22nd, 1857, but was taken two years later to Bloomington, Ill., where he engaged, after graduation, in active practice as a lawyer.

There is a cut also of William Henry Bent, of Taunton, Mass., of the eighth generation, born in Cambridge, Mass., January 2nd, 1839. He was treasurer of the Mason Machine Works, manufacturers of locomotives, machinery, etc.

In this book is shown the will made by John Bent of England, in 1588; the will of Edith Bent of England, made in 1601; the will of Robert Bent of England, made in 1631; the will of John Bent of Sudbury, Mass., made in 1672, and an inventory of his property, made by Peter Bent, his oldest son, in 1672. This inventory makes a grand total of 344 pounds 19 shillings.

There is also shown the Petition of Elizabeth Bent, in 1679, to the Governor and Council, asking that she, "a very poore widdow with seven children," might be given some moneys to which she thought she was entitled for various reasons which she enumerated in her petition. Her husband, Peter Bent of Marlboro, Mass., died in England. She winds up the petition by asking for what is justly due her and her "poore fatherless ones."

In this book there is also a list of unclassified members of the Bent Family, sixteen in all. Then too, at the time the book was written, a list is given of the Bents in America who were not descendants of John Bent, of Sudbury, Mass., there being fourteen in all.

The Bent Family, in Colonial Wars, is also shown. There were twenty-two Bents in those wars, and, in the War of the American Revolution, there were twenty-five Bents. The Bents, who were militia officers since the Revolution, number seven. In the Civil War, there were engaged in the Union Army, thirty-nine Bents. College graduates of the Bent Family number eighteen, of whom my father was one and my uncle, Joseph Avery Bent, another. Eleven Bents were clergymen, among them my father and his brother, Joseph Avery Bent; nine Bents were physicians; eight Bents were lawyers. In political life, such as legislators, judges, etc., twenty-eight members of the Bent family engaged.

At the time Mr. Allen H. Bent compiled the "Genealogy of the Bent Family in America," in 1900, the members of the Bent Family who had reached the age of ninety years or more were, so far as he could ascertain, twenty-six. He states that he has no doubt that the list is incomplete.

The Bents in England and Elsewhere

There seem to be three distinct families—in Lancashire, Shropshire and Devonshire—and Burks give three coats-of-arms. The motto of one of these is worth remembering: *"Nec temere nec timide"* (neither rashly nor timidly).

One of the best known of the modern English Bents is James Theodore Bent, F. S. A., of London. He was a most distinguished archaeologist. He wrote and published fourteen books. He died on May 5th, 1897.

Bent is a very common name in England, as Bents appear as authors, ministers, politicians, officers of the army and navy, brewers, etc. The Bents seem to have engaged in the sale, in England, of everything from beer to Bibles. R. M. Bent, of New York, who was born near Liverpool and whose pianos I sold before I began to make them myself, says that three of his father's brothers entered the English Army, two of them dying in the Indies and one becoming paymaster-general in the East India service.

About seventy miles Southwest from London lies a little village called Penton-Grafton, in the parish of Weyhill. The hamlet was once held by the family of Chaucer, the poet.

There was the ancestral home of the American Bents. Mr. Allen H. Bent says that he visited the place July 4th, 1891, going to Weyhill Station by train. He found the parish church of Penton-Grafton, or Weyhill, only about a mile away from the station. The parish records do not begin until the year 1564 (the year Shakespeare was born). The name Bent is found on the first page of the Parish Records. Ede Bent was baptized there in September, 1564.

At Winchester, about "twenty miles away," where Sir Walter Raleigh was tried and Izaak Walton died, are Bent wills dating back to 1519, among them an Edward Bent, 1558; but the first one of the family of whom we have definite knowledge is John Bent, who died in Penton-Grafton in the year 1588, in the third year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Robert Bent, the second child of this John Bent, was born at Penton-Grafton, September 29th, 1566, and his third son, John Bent, was baptized November 20th, 1596. He was the original American forefather of practically all of the Bents in America. He settled at Sudbury, Mass., and lived there until his death, September 27th, 1672. He had sailed from Southampton, England, in the latter part of April, 1638, in the ship "Confidence," with his wife and five small children. Among the passengers on that boat was the ancestor of Whittier, the poet. It is interesting to note that Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, and from Southampton sailed Richard Cœur de Lion with his Crusaders, and at this port Henry V embarked for the field of Agincourt, and there Canute endeavored to exercise his authority over the waves.

In 1638 the rule of the King of England (Charles I) had become unbearable and America was looked upon as an asylum where one could enjoy civil and religious liberty. Charles I was trying to do for England what Richelieu was, at that very time, doing for France, "put the estates and personal property of the whole people at the disposal of the Crown, and deprive the Courts of Law of all independent authority." He was breaking up all gatherings of religious dissenters and had already ruled nine years without a Parliament, and his despotism seemed nearly complete; he only lacked a standing army to make it so. His difficulty came in raising taxes to support such an army. He decided to revive an old method of taxation, that of levying ship money upon the maritime counties for the ostensible purpose of protecting the coast. It was in the year of this pernicious tax that John Bent left the land of his birth.

His farm in Sudbury was in the part which is now the town of Wayland, about sixteen miles West of Boston. He was one of the original settlers of the town, which was incorporated in 1639 with fifty-four inhabitants. It was the 19th town in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

John Bent was made a freeman in 1640, becoming a member of the Church of the Puritans; he was then allowed to take part in the town affairs. In those days the Church came first and none but members were allowed to vote. In 1641, for some service done, he was given ten acres of land; he had been granted at various times before six acres at one time, one acre at another, fourteen acres at another, ten and a half acres at another time, and, in 1655, he received an additional grant. In 1641, he was one of the selectmen of the town and in 1648, with two other men, was a sort of a Trial Justice to settle small business differences. Either he or his own son, John Bent, was one of Major Simon Willard's troopers who went to Dedham in 1654. In 1656 he was one of the petitioners for the town of Marlboro. It is not thought that he ever lived there, but that one of his sons did.

I am of the seventh generation from this John Bent. His son John was born in England and died at Framingham, Mass., in 1717. He built one of the first houses there. In the Sudbury records there is reference to a Corporal John Bent. He headed the first petition for the incorporation of the town of Framingham, in 1693; it was not, however, incorporated until 1700. On March 3, 1701, he was chosen one of the "tything men," who were men of authority, not only on Sundays, but throughout the week.

John Bent's third child, born about 1691, was named David, and lived at Framingham until he died, February 15th, 1730. His sixth child, David, was born March 30th, 1730—after his death. He was a blacksmith. About the time of his marriage he moved to Rutland, Mass., where he died January 15th, 1798. In addition to working at his trade, he had a farm of 160 acres.

On March 13th, 1775, a Military Company was formed, and this David Bent was chosen Captain. This company marched to Cambridge the day after the Battle of Lexington. From April 6th, 1776, until March 13th, 1780, when he resigned, he commanded a company in the Seventh Worcester County Regiment. This regiment marched to Bennington, August, 1777.

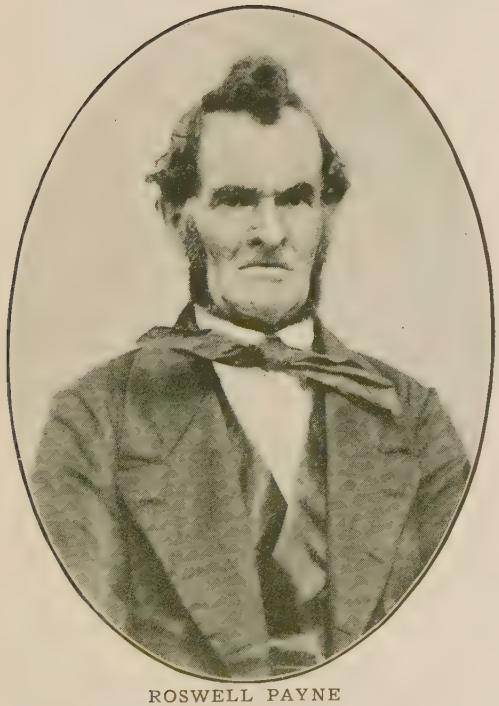
They had cyclones in those days, for on August 15th, 1787, one swept over Rutland and struck the corner of Captain Bent's house and lifted his barn into the air, knocking it to pieces. His blacksmith shop and a part of a shed were entirely carried away, together with four or five tons of hay and nearly two hundred apple trees, and much of his walls and fences were demolished. (This intelligence was taken from Perley's "Historic Storms of New England.") The old house in which he lived is still standing on the road running from Rutland to Paxton.

Captain David Bent's twelfth child, Samuel Browning Bent, was born November 27th, 1784, at Rutland. He was named after his uncle, Lieutenant Samuel Browning. He moved in 1818 to Middlebury, Vermont, where he lived until he died, November 4th, 1858. He was a manufacturer of machine cards.

The second wife of Samuel Browning Bent was Catherine Avery, who was born at Holden, Mass., February 3rd, 1788, and died in Hoyleston, Ill., October 3rd, 1866. She was the daughter of the Reverend Joseph Avery, who graduated from Harvard in 1771 and preached in Holden from 1774 until his death in 1824.

These were my father's parents.

MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL BROWNING BENT
My father's parents



ROSWELL PAYNE

ELVIRA PAYNE

My mother's parents

HOME OF ROSWELL AND ELVIRA PAYNE, AT GALESBURG, ILL.
Where my parents were married. This house, which was but recently demolished, was the third house to be built in Galesburg, Roswell Payne having been one of the first to settle there

Chapter Two

GEORGE BENT AND MARY PRISCILLA PAYNE BENT

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE

There are no days like the good old days,
  The days when we were youthful;
When humankind were pure of mind,
  And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
  Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
  Slave to the tyrant Fashion.

There are no girls like the good old girls—
  Against the world I'd stake 'em,
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
  As the Lord knew how to make 'em.
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
  And piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
  And they made such lovely courtin'.

There are no boys like the good old boys—
  When we were boys together,
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
  That dimpled the laughing heather;
When pewee sang to the summer dawn
  Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
  Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
  The love that mother gave us,
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
  For that precious grace God gave us,
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
  And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
  Of heaven away off yonder.

—*Eugene Field.*

MY FATHER, George Bent, was born March 29th, 1827, at Middlebury, Vermont. He was the youngest of the twelve children of Samuel Browning Bent, and was the sixth child of his second wife, Catherine Avery.

My father spent two years in his brother's dry goods store in Boston, and later accompanied his sister Mary's husband, Reverend Jonathan Blanchard, to Cincinnati, Ohio, and to Galesburg, Ill., where he attended Knox College, of which Mr. Blanchard was then president. He graduated in 1849, then taught school for two years at Brookville, Indiana. He studied theology at Andover, Mass., and at Yale. He married my mother, Mary Priscilla Payne, daughter of Roswell and Elvira Payne, at Galesburg, Illinois, on September 12th, 1853. My mother was born at Bridgeport, Vermont, January 11th, 1825.

Among my father's papers still in my possession is a catalogue of Knox College for 1848-49, giving a table of expenses which, in comparison with like expenses of today, should prove interesting. I quote same as follows:

"Tuition in the collegiate department, per year $20.00. Tuition in the preparatory department, per year $20.00. Room rent in college building, per year $6.00. Contingent expenses, $2.00.

"Board can be had in good families at from $1.00 to $1.50 per week, exclusive of washing and room rent. Permanent students will find facilities for reducing very materially their expenses. By manual labor, the industrious and enterprising can generally meet the expenses of their board."

Carefully bound and titled, tied with ribbon and attached with this catalogue of Knox College, is father's "Oration, delivered at the Commencement of Knox College, June 29th, 1849." It is called, "The South—Its Condition—Its Hope."

There is also attached an essay, "Mobs," which is, to me, more interesting. Although written in father's peculiar handwriting, it *might* be possible to decipher and copy these two essays, were it not for the further confusion of their being written on both sides of very thin sheets of paper. The ink with which it is written has *not* faded—on the contrary, it shows right through the thin sheets so confusingly bold and black that I cannot imagine

how my father could read it himself with any degree of speed or accuracy, for it is impossible to decipher more than a word or two at a time. It is therefore scarcely practical to include copy of these two essays in the book, much as I would like to do so.

My father preached for two years at Dundee, Illinois, where I was born on June 16th, 1854.

My brother, Samuel Browning Bent, was born at Lansing, Iowa, October 27th, 1858, and died at Burr Oak, Iowa, August 19th, 1860.

My brother, Charles Avery Bent, was born at Burr Oak, October 10th, 1860, and died in Chicago on April 8th, 1912.

My sister, Mary Catherine Bent, was born March 31st, 1862, at Burr Oak, and died there August 15th, 1864. (She and my brother, Samuel Browning Bent, are buried in the Burr Oak Cemetery, as are also my wife's father and mother, Henry and Charity E. Wingate.)

My brother, Arthur Sumner Bent, was born on July 17th, 1864, at Burr Oak, and died at Hazard, Nebraska, on September 11th, 1911.

My sister, Harriet Maria Bent, was born August 10th, 1867, and is now living near me in Los Angeles, California. (It will be noted that, at this writing, only my sister Harriet and myself remain of my father's six children.)

My father was ordained a clergyman on October 20th, 1856. Soon after I was born (I do not know the exact date), he removed to Anoka, Minnesota, where he organized and built a church. He acted as Home Missionary and traveled all over the then Territory of Minnesota, on horseback and on foot.

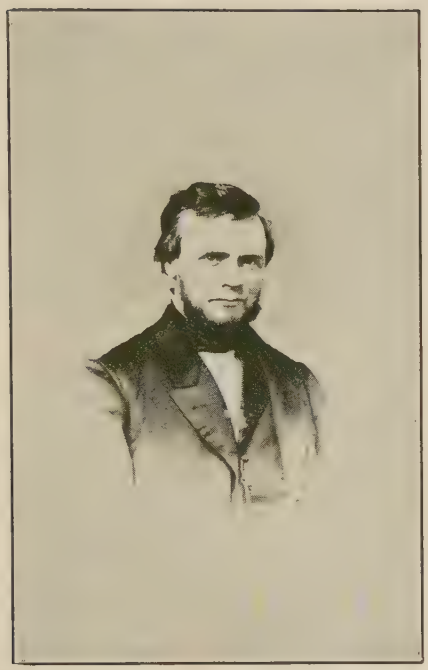
The inhabitants of the Territory were mostly Indians, at that time. A letter from my mother to father's sister (wife of President Blanchard, who was then at Wheaton College), written at Anoka and dated April 10th, 1856, discloses something of my father's labors. It also pictures the situation in Minnesota affairs, and tells of my mother's own affairs, as a minister's wife, at that time. The letter follows:—

"Anoka, April 10th, 1856.

"My Dear Sister:

"Your affectionate, particular letter was duly received some weeks since. I am glad to hear from you and wish your letters might be more frequent, but I know your many cares. Letters to us are very precious—come to cheer us in our separation from friends and many times are so written as to be just what we need at the time of their arrival. I feel it no trifle to endure the hardships of a Missionarie's life in Minnesota, even, but if we endure hardships as good soldiers, happy are we. We trust we have your prayers in our behalf—that we may do our work well and lay sure foundations. We need much grace and patience—Christ's kingdom advances slowly in a new country. Those who profess Christ have temporal wants to secure for their families (which is a good deal here)—and church building, prayer meetings—and meetings of the church are second in thought and action. We mean to persevere, toiling on, hoping as the territory becomes settled and permanent homes secured the heart of the people may be fully settled to do good. We are all in the hands of the Good Shepherd and He that keepeth Israel keepeth His little fold here and all will be well.

"The people are taking measures to erect a small Church to cost some nine or ten hundred. Are nearly in possession of the two lots which are worth three hundred or so. All denominations meet in the school house. Mr. Bent preaches every Sabbath morning and every other Sabbath in the evening, the other Sabbath afternoon some three miles out. Our prayer meeting is a union of all—and only a dozen or so attend. We hope to have some additions to the church this season as emigration to Minnesota is to be larger than before. Have a sewing circle of our own church ladies, very small, but what we do will go for the church. Mr. Bent works hard. Does not mean to "rust out," he says. The raising of funds, the securing of the lots, and I know not but driving the nails, etc., etc., will come upon him. He has now gone to Stillwater



REV. GEO. BENT
My father (about 1860)

MRS. MARY PRISCILLA PAYNE BENT
My mother

GEO. P. AND SAMUEL B. BENT
(I consider that the above cut, taken from a daguerreotype, fully proves the truth of what my mother and Mrs. Sage said, namely: that I was a "good and charming boy")

HARRIET MARIA BENT
My sister at ten

Geo. Bent Residence, Burr Oak

Recent view of the American House

Residence of Joshua McAllister, Burr Oak

The Symms-John Ward Home

View of Congregational Church at Burr Oak, showing old Bent Home and, across the road, the Ben Ward Home

Congregational Church (now, with the steeple removed, a garage on Main Street)

to enter Sister Hannah's land. She sent him a land warrant for 160 acres. He went to enter it, but on reaching there (fifty miles from here), they found she had not given him her power of attorney to do so. He had to return it and after four weeks' delay received it. Before when he went, had to walk most of the distance as he could procure no conveyance, and now I fear he will have to do likewise as he could get no horse. He was to ride to St. Paul. Stillwater is on the St. Croix.

"We received letters from friends in New Haven and from Avery and mother. All in usual health. Mother had met with a fall on the ice at the back door which had laid her up from work. Had only been able to read and write for some weeks.

"Mr. Dunning and Brother Avery think of putting a little spare money into land up here and wrote to have Mr. Bent see about it. A very good way to keep money, I think.

"Mr. Bent heard while absent that Mrs. Ayres had become a spiritualist. Came from the Congregational Minister of Belle Prairie. A very good man is in trouble with Mr. Ayres somewhat. The latter is making money fast. Mr. Ayres wanted the Methodist minister, Mr. Spates, to be half pastor with Mr. Newton and some other things. I am sorry for this if so. Please speak of this to mother if you see her, as she knew Mrs. Ayres and she visited our house about a year ago when she was soliciting funds for the mission. I shall write mother soon.

"I am alone with little Georgy who is a charming good boy. He is not very well just now, as he is cutting his eye teeth. He is full of fun and mischief. Mother Bent says he is so much like his father when he was of his age. Great spirit for climbing and talks a great deal now. He is very happy over the Tract primer his Grandmama Bent sent him last mail—in short, a great pet and comfort to us.

"We suffered this winter some in our open house. No winter has been known so cold here for thirty-eight years, as they kept a daily journal of weather, etc., at Fort Snelling, since that time.

"I wish you could visit us. I am greatly in hopes some of father's family may be up, and if it would not be too late in the season, I should love to have you send us a few slips of roses, etc., as nothing of the kind can readily be had here. Navigation will open up in a few days. We are having beautiful spring days. You are certainly welcome to the collar. I am indebted much more than that to you.

"Much love to Kitty and Maria. I wish I had some little token to send them. I often think of them. I believe Kitty is in debt to me for a letter written at Red Rock last Summer. Kind regards to Mr. Blanchard. I should love to see old Mr. and Mrs. Waters. It seems strange but pleasant that they should come to A—— to end their days.

"Has Julia Havens a son or daughter? What do you call your babe? Mother and Avery spoke of getting letters from Mary and of her coming to visit them—also Sister Catherine spoke of her coming.

"Write as soon as you can with your other duties. May you have strength for your day.

"Affectionately your sister,

"Mary."

My father left Anoka I think, but am not sure, in 1858, and became pastor of a Congregational Church at Lansing, Iowa. It seems to me that I remember hearing my mother speak of how he used to sometimes walk to Burr Oak from Lansing, to preach there on certain Sundays, before he moved his family to Burr Oak.

Mrs. Eleanor Manning Lambert, daughter of Alpha Manning, and sister to Hiram Clay, Helen and Sarah Manning, is now living near us, at Sierra Madre, California. She says she does not remember whether the people of Burr Oak sent for my father or whether he chanced to come to Burr Oak in search of a suitable location, at the psychological moment, but she does know that just then the members of the M. E. Church were dissatisfied with the methods of their minister, Mr. Alger, and wanted another minister. Evidently the Congregational Church was organized as a result of this dissatisfaction.

My father, she says, preached one sermon in the old stone school house, and they

forthwith decided emphatically that he was the man they wanted.

Mrs. Lambert reminds me that both she and her sister Helen were married by my father. Helen Manning married my mother's brother, Edward Payne, by the way. I quite well remember another wedding of which Eleanor speaks, because of the unusual circumstances. A young man from Lenora, Minnesota, who was about to leave for the Civil War, came to my father, one exceedingly cold day in mid-winter, and stated that he wanted to be married to a certain young lady who lived in Iowa. Upon examining the license, my father discovered that it had been issued in Minnesota and was therefore not usable in Iowa. So at his suggestion, all parties concerned journeyed in cutters to the State line, some three miles away, where my father performed the ceremony, the groom leaving for the war next day.

My father removed to Burr Oak in either 1859 or 1860. (His memory, toward the latter part of his life, was not quite clear on this point.) I think he probably preached at Burr Oak for quite a while before he moved his family there. The Church Records show that he and my mother were received into the Burr Oak Church "on profession," on April 24th, 1859, also "by letter," on May 4th, 1860. This is a little confusing, as it is hard to understand just why an ordained clergyman should be received "on profession" in the first place, and if so, then why "by letter" later? There are numerous errors in the original records, much of which is in my father's handwriting. The name of Eleanor Manning appears just above that of my father and mother, "April 24th, 1859," following her name in the "On Profession" column; and then come my parents' names, the "On Profession" dates being merely dittoed, and in the "By Letter" column the date "May 4th, 1860." I am inclined to believe that whoever it was that kept the records simply made the ditto entries in the "On Profession" column by mistake. I do not know who kept the records, but many entries are in my father's own handwriting, which was notoriously hard to read, it being even said that he could not read it himself.

Mrs. Rachel Ward Sage, who lived with my parents for quite a while when I was very small, says she remembers my father as writing extremely fast and then having trouble in making out what he had himself written.

Mrs. Sage says that one Sunday, after father had preached an especially eloquent and dogmatic sermon upon "Hell and Damnation," she found the courage to ask him what he would think of a human father who would be merciless enough to condemn his children to eternal punishment because they did not act and think as he did. She says that my father's only answer was to say to her, "You ought to write a book." I remember that, as I grew up, my father would answer my questions in much the same manner. And yet, I have always been glad to remember that father "mellowed" with time and came to take far less dogmatic views of certain matters of religion than those held by him in his earlier days.

Referring again to the records of the church at Burr Oak, attached to same are copies of deeds from my father and mother covering the property on which this church was built. Mrs. C. T. Brode, of Burr Oak, was kind enough to secure the originals of these documents for me and they have certainly been of great value in compiling data regarding the early days of Burr Oak, and father's life there.

My father built the Congregational church at Burr Oak, and a new brick school house. He also built his own home, a picture of which appears in the book, as does that of the church building and school. He organized the Cemetery Association, the ground being donated by William Henry Willsie.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the residence which my father built is still standing on its original site, and is occupied, while the Congregational Church which he built, has been moved down the hill from where it originally stood and is now a garage on "Main Street."

Mrs. C. T. Brode, she who was Anna Brisbane, stated that the First M. E. Church was

built in 1859, and was, she thinks, dedicated on June 27th, 1859. She said she remembered when my father, with C. T. Brode, and P. Brisbane, John and Ben Ward and others, grubbed out the oak stumps and brush and surveyed the lots in the cemetery, in 1861.

Mrs. Brode said she attended the dedication ceremonies of the Congregational Church, erected in 1861 (the *Decorah Republican* says 1864), and she was of the opinion that Richard Smith donated the land where the church and parsonage stood. (I think that John Waggoner gave the ground for the church and parsonage.)

In speaking of Mrs. Brode, it was a source of great sadness to all of us who have been in touch with each other during the preparation of data for this book, that she should have passed on before the book was completed. I had been in constant correspondence with her and it was a shock to all of us to hear of her death.

When we first went to Burr Oak—while father was building his own home—we lived with the Brace family, in their log house. Elsewhere, Silas Brace speaks of his recollections of my father.

George Dallas Taylor, an old Burr Oak school friend, has contributed the following regarding his recollection of my father and mother, which I quote ad verbatim:

"Almost as far back as I can remember, the name of the Bent family was a household word. Among my early recollections is one of Reverend Bent and his (to me) ideal wife.

"Not only the spiritual and educational life was dear to them but our social life as well. They were always on the alert to see that we, from little tots to the young man and his 'lady friend,' had clean, pure sport to make life brighter. For instance, they would have a winter social and dinner, inviting the Decorah old, young and little folks to join us. Two long sleighs as well as numerous small ones would come laden with people and good things to eat. We sang, we played and we did everything to have a good time, but before we left, Dr. Addams and Reverend Bent always made us feel that while we had had a good time, there was a better end to strive for, and something in life for us to do for God's glory, and for those by whom we were surrounded.

"Your good mother was for years my Sunday School teacher. The good advice and example set by your parents are very vivid in my memory. I can close my eyes and see the little Congregational Church on the hill in the west part of the village, as well as hear its bell. I owe much of what is best in my life to your parents' teachings."

Mrs. Sage says: "It is strange how many instances of our early life will go from our memory, as we advance in years, while others remain so vivid. Your father must have preached in the old stone school house more than a year before the new church was ready for him. I remember well the Sunday School in the new church and how well I enjoyed it. I then thought it the best in the world, and I can still say that, of all the Sunday Schools I have attended either in town or country, I remember only a few that have been halfway equal to it in awakening an interest in scriptural study.

"I remember Mr. and Mrs. Windsor of New Oregon. I think it was during the Ministerial Association meeting they were entertained in your home. Their kind, gentle manners left a lasting impression on my mind.

"I remember your father's handwriting was sometimes hard to read—he would laugh over it occasionally himself. He used to write very rapidly, very likely because he thought rapidly.

"As I remember him in the home, he was without a fault, a father whom his children could be proud of and thankful for all through their lives.

"And I learned to love your mother as I would have loved my own, had she lived."

Mrs. Sage says that she once possessed a small tintype of my father, taken at Galesburg, which he called his "popcorn" picture. He said that just as the picture was taken, he chanced to think of an enjoyable evening he had spent at some relative's home, eating popcorn and having a good time generally, and the photographer caught the smile.

Mrs. Sage goes on to say that she had quite a collection of photographs and tintypes of the Bent family and of Burr Oak friends in general, and treasured them highly, but when the Sages were en route from Burr Oak to Missouri, traveling in a covered wagon, the weather was so damp and it rained so much that many of her possessions were mouldy and all of her pictures were spoiled.

Mrs. Sage says she well remembers the erection and dedication of the new Congregational Church, and her recollection is that it was dedicated in 1863. She is not sure of the date, but she is sure of the preparation for the dedication of the church, and the first Ministerial Association meeting held there, both of which, as she says, "made hard work for the folks in your house."

She states that the old stone schoolhouse, where father used to preach when he first went to Burr Oak—while the Congregational Church was in process of construction—was "a very uncomfortable place in cold weather." (It *was*! All authorities will agree on that one point, at least.)

Pliny McAllister, who needs no introduction, has contributed the following, which is very deeply and sincerely appreciated:

"Among my earliest recollections of Sunday school or church service was that held in the Congregational Church where your father was pastor, and I feel that I cannot do justice to your 'history' without saying something about your mother. I can visualize her now, as I sit here in my chair, and, to my eyes, she was then the most lovely woman I had ever seen, and I was impressed by her singing so much that I can even now give you a verse of a couple of songs I remember her singing:

"'FAR OUT ON THE PRAIRIE

"'Far out on the prairie where many children dwell,
Who never read the Bible or hear the Sabbath bell,
And when the morning sunshine wakes us to sing and pray,
They spend their precious moments in idleness and play.'

"'SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

"'Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.

"'In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.'"

Byron Blackmarr recalls to me an incident that I had entirely forgotten, concerning the Bent Family's last days in Burr Oak.

"By" says that just after my father left Burr Oak, in July of the year 1870, and shortly before Byron's marriage, there was a burglar scare in Burr Oak. This burglar visited the Bent home the very first night after my father left. My mother, with no man in the house, was sleeping lightly and wakened to find a man standing in the door of her bedroom. The moon was bright and she could see him plainly. She was extremely frightened and jumped up, screaming; as her hair was cut short, the burglar presumably thought she was a man, and fled. I have often heard my mother tell how she wakened to find this burglar in her room and chased him out of the house not only with her cries, but with a chair as well.

The burglar then visited the Blackmarr home, where he got nothing, "By" says, and later visited Joshua McAllister's house, where he secured $35.00, which Mr. McAllister, Justice of the Peace, had just collected.

I always thought that my father missed his vocation. He would have made a wonderful architect or inventor. While at Burr Oak, he invented and patented the first self-binder for grain, but he sought to make a continuous band from the straw itself, so that there would be no expense for the band, in binding grain. In actual service, this was not practical, and soon thereafter they began to bind grain with wire. They then began to use twine and this proved entirely successful. Father also invented a device for using the tides of the sea as power—it never came into use. He had particular ability in drafting and building.

Father must have found it extremely hard to bring up a large family of growing children on the magnificent sum of six hundred dollars per year—fifty dollars a month! He loved his work and his people at Burr Oak, but it was almost impossible for him to get along, or to take care of his family, on the meagre salary that the little town was able to pay.

The records show that on Jan. 5th, 1867, my father declined to serve after the close of the church year—March 1st.

On March 3rd, 1867, we note from the records that "the Church voted to keep Mr. Bent another year. He was not able to give a decided answer that day." But, on April 13th, the same year, record is made of "the pastor having withdrawn his declination to serve another year."

On January 2nd, 1869, the record shows that "Brother Bent declined to serve as pastor, hoping that someone else might possibly do more good. After some talk by those present, endeavoring without success to prevail upon Brother Bent to reconsider, prayer was offered by Deacon Manning, when the meeting adjourned."

On December 4th, 1869, my father, the record shows, "asked to be released, on the first of January, 1870, from further service, and the request was granted by vote of the meeting."

Elsewhere, Byron Blackmarr tells of a "farewell party" at the Bent home, early in December.

On January 1st, 1870, however, my father again presided at the regular meeting, and on February 27th, a special meeting was called by him to take up the question of a new minister. A letter was read stating that the services of Reverend J. A. Cruzan could be secured for five months, and the church voted to have him come.

On April 10th, 1870, there is a record of a meeting called by Reverend J. A. Cruzan, "Mr. Bent chosen as moderator" . . . and "the Church voted to raise $250.00 for the support of Reverend Cruzan during the five months he is going to labor with us."

Father left Burr Oak in the Fall of 1870, and went to Otho, Iowa, where he had been called to the church. He afterwards preached at Seneca, Kansas, Red Cloud, Kearney, Loop City and Hazard, Nebraska. At this latter point, as stated elsewhere, my father organized a colony in the '80's, which was called "Bentora," the name later being changed to Hazard. Among others, the entire family of Hobarts joined this colony, and so did Edward Munn, who married my wife's favorite aunt, Amelia Wingate, and settled there.

In 1892, father was elected Judge of Sherman County, Nebraska. In 1896 he retired from active labor. My mother died in Hazard, in 1898, on August 17th. Her health had been poor for some time. After her death, father came to live with me in Chicago, where he died on May 25th, 1914, in his eighty-eighth year. He is buried, as is my mother, also my brother Arthur and his first wife, in the Litchfield, Nebraska, cemetery.

The photo of my father, shown on Page 303, is an excellent likeness. It was made by Root, a well-known Chicago photographer, under rather interesting circumstances. It seems that the photographer met my father on the street one day, seized upon him as a good "subject," carried him off to his studio, and made this photograph, which was submitted as one of a group of typical Americans, by the photographer, at the Paris Exposition.

We knew nothing of it until later. It was a wonderful likeness of my father, and an enlargement of it hangs in our California home.

Chapter Three

WINNESHIEK COUNTY, IOWA

"Tell me a tale of the timber-lands—
Of the old-time pioneers;

. . . . . .

Tell of the old log house, about
The loft, and the puncheon flore.

. . . . . .

I want plane facts, and I want plane words,
Of the good old-fashioned ways,

. . . . . .

Oh, tell me a tale of the airly days—
Of the times as they ust to be."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

IN order that the reader may know a little more about the country round about, and the old town of Burr Oak, which those of us who lived there remember so pleasantly, it would not be out of place to quote here from various other histories of Winneshiek County, etc., concerning that section of the country.

These histories were all written quite a while before I attempted mine, and therefore it was, presumably, an easier matter for them to secure data, verify information, dates, etc. For any information I have gleaned from these, to my fellow "historians" I tender herewith my sincere thanks and appreciation, and quote them as follows:

Extracts from "History of Winneshiek and Allamakee Counties," by W. E. Alexander. (Published 1882.)

"As early as 1835, Rev. D. Lowery, the man who afterwards established the Old Mission, conducted a school of like nature near the mouth of the Yellow River. In 1842, he was appointed Indian Agent for the reservation which included the tract of land now known as Winneshiek County. In 1843, Col. Thomas, under instructions from the Government, built the first grist-mill in Winneshiek County. Dr. F. Andros was surgeon at a fort that was built where the present site of Fort Atkinson now is. Mr. Joel Post was the first farmer and first actual settler on the reservation. The settlement of the county was so rapid that in 1850 the pioneers felt themselves old enough to organize. In 1850, J. L. Carson was appointed organizing officer and an election for a temporary organization ordered.

"The first church of the county, except the old Missionary Chapel, was a Catholic edifice erected near Twin Springs.

"The location of the first post-office has in previous records been given to Jamestown, Frankville township, in 1851.

"The first public school building was erected at the corner of Decorah, Springfield and Glenwood Townships in 1852.

"The first marriage recorded was that of Johannes Evenson to Catherine Helen Anderson in October, 1851, Rev. N. Brandt performing the ceremony.

"To the Day family belongs the unquestioned honor of being the first settlers in Decorah." (Contradicted by Bailey's History.)

[Speaking of the Days, the writer of this autobiography recently had a visit, in Los Angeles, from Mrs. Gretchen Day Ross, granddaughter of William Day, said to be the original Decorah settler and certainly the keeper of the first hotel there.—G. P. B.]

"By the United States Census of 1880, the population of Winneshiek County was 23,-937.

"The present court house was commenced in 1857, a tax having been voted on in 1856, and was completed in 1858. In the fall of 1876 a county tax of $12,000.00, to be divided between 1877 and 1878, was voted for the erection of a new jail.

"The poor house and farm of Winneshiek County are located near the village of Freeport.

"The first trial for murder was held in 1861. The defendants were John Livengood and Delilah A. Telyea," who were tried

for the murder of Charles Telyea, the husband of Delilah A. Telyea. [Sometimes spelled Telyer. I full well knew of this case, young as I was—7 years old.—G. P. B.]

"After a due amount of talk and agitation, the Northwestern Railroad Company was formed in 1856, with headquarters in Decorah, but when the bonds were printed and ready to be formally signed, sealed and delivered, they were stamped 'unconstitutional' by the Supreme Court. Several attempts were made before a railroad was finally built. This was the McGregor Western, organized in 1863 and built and finished in 1864. This road is now operated under the management of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company, by which name it is known."

Extracts from Mr. W. E. Alexander's Account of Hesper Township and Village, 1882.

"Hesper Township, in the northern tier of the county, adjoins Burr Oak on the east. Benjamin L. Bisby settled on the southwest quarter of section 29, in 1850. The next year brought in quite a number of settlers. The first permanent settler, E. E. Meader, reached his new home there on the morning of April 12, 1851, and settled on the southeast quarter of section 10, where his present residence stands. Mr. Meader came to Iowa in the fall of 1850 from his home in Maine, stopped in Clayton County, and meeting a man named Frazier, from Wisconsin, they came together, looked over the lands, were pleased with them, and in March, 1851, came with teams and prepared building sites. A. M. Waterman had, several weeks previous, encamped on a part of section 11, making sugar. Having cut and hauled logs for their dwellings, Meader and Frazier had to go eight miles for hands to help them put them up. Having split out boards to roof their buildings, they piled them up, and started for the Volga Settlements for their families. Mr. Meader and family came alone, however, in April, as above stated, Mr. Frazier not coming until Fall.

"D. D. Huff and his wife, Anna, settled on section 29 on the 26th day of April, 1851.

"The present church of the Society of Friends was built in 1870."

Extracts from "History of Winneshiek and Allamakee Counties," by W. E. Alexander.

"Burr Oak is the second from the west in the northern tier of townships. Geo. V. Punteney, now of Plymouth Rock, settled on Section 20, in 1851. 'Burr Oak Precinct' for several years embraced all the northern tier of townships. Burr Oak village is on Silver Creek, near the center of the eastern side of the township, and about three-fourths of a mile from its eastern line. It was platted by S. Middlebrook, May 16, 1856. By the census of 1880, Burr Oak township has a population of 826 and the village 199. It is about twelve miles north of Decorah, with which it is connected by A. M. Perry's daily mail and stage line.

"A. J. Cratsenberg is postmaster. There is a good hotel, the American House, kept by J. H. Porter. There are three church buildings, the Methodist, Congregational, and Second Adventists, and an Odd Fellows Lodge of forty members with a hall of their own. It has limestone quarries, and the surface of the country is rolling and fertile, and well settled by intelligent farmers. In the Fall of 1881, a five per cent tax was voted on for a railroad through Burr Oak, known as the Minnesota, Iowa and Southwestern, running from LaCrosse southwest. In the southern part of Burr Oak township is the famous Cold Spring cave and underground lake. Judge M. V. Burdick thus writes of Burr Oak in 1853:

" 'When I saw its location, the beautiful groves which surrounded it on every side, the undulating country in every direction, the limpid stream of pure and sparkling water, cold and clear, that wound its way through the place, I could not fail to admire the judgment and discernment of the men who decided upon the place for a site of a town. In after years I became better acquainted with the resources of the country.' "

[Mr. Burdick failed to mention, along with Silver Creek, Canoe Creek, east, and Pine Creek, on the west of Burr Oak. Silver

Creek went dry about the same time that Iowa did.—G. P. B.]

Extracts from "History of Burr Oak Township," by W. H. Reed. (Published 1905.)

"Burr Oak township today is very different from what our fathers found it. At that time no bridge spanned the Mississippi river at any point between its source and its mouth, the first being the old suspension built at St. Anthony's Falls in 1855, with Captain John Tapper, who had helped his brother build Fort Atkinson in 1840, as tolltaker.

"All supplies were brought by team from Mississippi river points, and all produce taken there in like manner, and many were the hardships endured while making these long drives in the cold of winter.

"In 1851 Samuel Belding and his half-brother Wheeler erected the first log hotel, which they soon sold to John Waggoner. They also put up the first blacksmith shop, with Mr. Belding as our first blacksmith.

"This hotel was purchased by E. Blackmarr and H. O. Benedict in March, 1856. That year they built on the south side of what is now the office of the hotel, Benjamin Ward and Warner Matteson doing the carpenter work. John Waggoner again came into possession in 1857.

"Hiram Manning, Sr., built the log house north of the village, later known as the Relihan house, in 1853.

"Hiram Willsie and his nephew John Bigelow opened the first store in 1851. Mr. Tinkham soon after opened another, and William Henry Willsie later bought out Willsie and Bigelow, and built the store just south of the Burr Oak hotel.

"The post-office was established September 6th, 1853, with Marshal B. Sherwin, Postmaster, and Cal. Ferguson the first mail carrier.

"In this year we find the names of the families John Stead, George Walker, William Cressie, Clark Wicks, Robert Thompson [not Robert H. Thomson.—G.P.B.], Charles Barker, James Fosberg, James Sharp and others.

"It became necessary that year to select the site for our beautiful cemetery. It was furnished by William H. Willsie. Here was first placed at rest the wife of Warren Harden, who died Oct. 25th, 1853, followed a few days later by Suzana Jane, daughter of John and Mary Stead. [Contradicted by the second Mrs. Warren Harden ('Aunt Mint'), who states that Lysander Butler, her first husband's brother, was the first to be laid away in the cemetery.—G. P. B.]

"In June, 1852, John Cassel, J. Allan Dufield and Harrison Turner came with their families. Mr. Cassel built near where Norton now lives and Mr. Dufield erected a mansion of basswood bark of American Indian style of architecture, near where John Ward now lives, both on Section 18, while Mr. Turner located on Section 32, in Hesper township.

"G. V. Punteney, now living in Cresco at the age of 85, came to this county in 1851. He built the sawmill for Cutler and Beard on the Canoe, four miles north of Decorah, in what is now Canoe township, completing same in July, 1852. In April of this year he made a claim on what proved to be sections 31 and 32 in Burr Oak township, when it was surveyed. The state line between Iowa and Minnesota was surveyed, and the township run off into sections, during this year, and the land came into the market in 1853. In 1854 Mr. Punteney built his sawmill on the Southeast quarter of 31, securing water power by damming Coldwater Creek, which gushes from beneath a high cliff a half mile above the mill—the largest and most picturesque spring in the county.

"The first schoolhouse in the western half of the township was built in 1856 (Mike Gaul now lives in the building), and although better known as the Coldwater school, was District No. 53 under the old Iowa school laws.

"Looking backward, we often wonder why these early settlers first chose this rough land while the more level prairie was taken later. The reason is that locations near water were very desirable before well drilling machinery

"Aunt Jane" Willsie, wife of Thomas Willsie, who came to Winneshiek County in 1854

"Aunt Jane" Willsie's Home

The Bluffton Mill

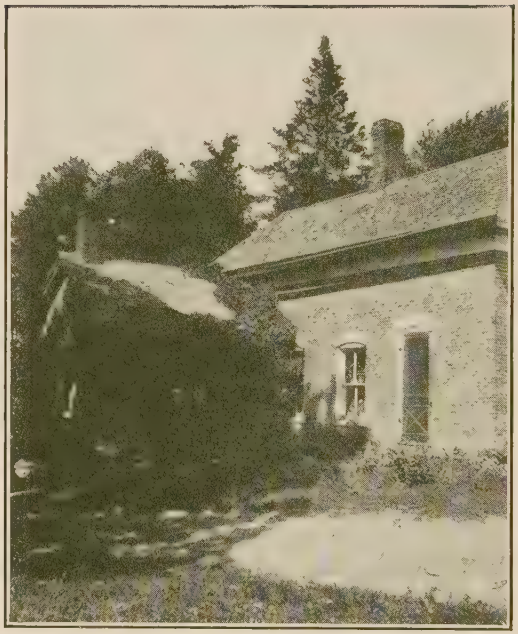
The Wm. H. Willsie Home

More recent view of Burr Oak House, showing wing built by F. C. Schank, and Post Office

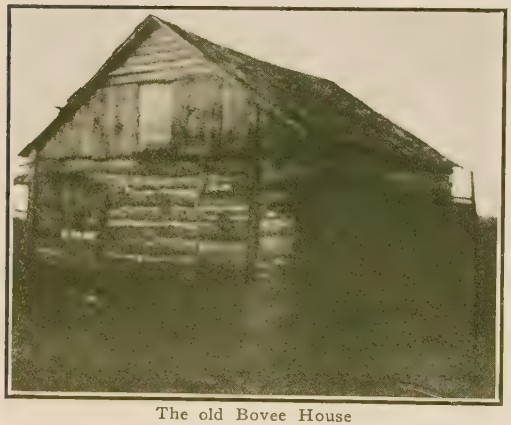
Rear view of Main Street Buildings—Burr Oak House Barn, B. O. House, Willsie-May Store, etc.

Houck Store, Burr Oak

Blackmarr & Mason's Store



Home of Deacon Alpha Manning



The old Bovee House

The old Burr Oak hotel

The Tinkham-Blackmarr Home

Asa Wingate Home, M. E. Parsonage, and (present) M. E. Church

and windmills were introduced, and an acre of timber land was then considered worth at least five acres of prairie land, for all buildings were then hewed or sawed from local timber, and each field as prepared for crop must be protected with a 'stake and rider' fence of rails gotten out in Winter à la Lincoln. Even the shingles were of oak, rived out and shaved to shape, and many a young person today would take down the dictionary on hearing the words 'froe' or 'slathers.'

"In the spring of 1854 Joseph Metcalf located on the Southwest quarter of 18, being the first settler in the Northwest quarter of the township. In September of this year he was followed by three more families, viz., E. Webster on the Northeast quarter of 19, where his son, C. A. Webster, still resides, Charles Hitchcock, wife and three sons (all of whom have crossed the silent river), located on the Northwest quarter of 19, and John H. Pierce on the Northeast quarter of 18, where Uncle 'John Hen' as all know him, still lives, hale and hearty at eighty-two.

"The early blacksmiths in the village were Neri Taylor, John Miller and J. H. Harden, with John Heckle and Joe LaValley to take their places afterwards. Ira Johnson was our first wagon maker, and John Feyler our first shoemaker.

"In 1854 came Charles Ward and family, whose sons, Benjamin and John, have built more than their share of the buildings in this and adjoining townships.

"Other settlers of the early fifties were David Jewell, James Ervin, Richard Smith, Albert Sage, William Peacock, Levi Moore, Jared Ferguson and John Ackerson, followed by Thomas Willsie in 1854, Alpha Manning in 1857, and Asa Wingate in 1858, while Nicholas Snyder, who settled in the Southeast quarter of 18 in 1855 was the pioneer of the numerous Snyder and Gossman families who followed him from Ohio a few years later. And we can read many interesting things between the lines in the story told of how Joseph Metcalf went on foot all the way to Dubuque to file on this piece of land, to find on reaching the land office that Snyder had made entry for the land a day or two before.

"The American Hotel was built during the summer of 1856 and the old stone schoolhouse in the burr oak grove in the north part of the village, long known as the Relihan grove, and for which the village was named, was also erected that summer and the first school in the village was taught that winter by Moses Brace. There had been a term or two taught in a log building down the creek southwest of town, previous to this time.

"During the summer of 1856 William Peard and Louis Ferguson ran a steam sawmill near the creek, where Hanson Bridge later manufactured brick.

"The numerous small streams, then supplied with an abundance of sparkling spring water, babbling over stony beds, between deep shady banks, were full of beautiful speckled trout. But today the trout are all gone, the deep banks are all worn away; the springs have nearly all been buried beneath the soil washed down from the hills, until they have disappeared."

Extracts from Atlas of Winneshiek County, Iowa. (Published by Anderson & Goodwin Co., Davenport, Iowa, 1905.) "Hesper Township"—E. M. Carter.

"E. E. Meader, with his wife and four sons, were the first permanent settlers of Hesper Township. They came from southern Indiana in the Fall of 1850. In the Spring of 1851 they came to northern Winneshiek County. Mr. Meader immediately began the erection of a log house.

"When the official survey of the line between Iowa and Minnesota was made the chief engineers of the surveying party boarded at the Meader home. Sometimes Indian chiefs would call at the door and demand something to eat, but soon found that Mrs. Meader was a woman who would much sooner respond to an appeal than a demand.

"During the summer of 1851, a Mr. Wheeler built a log house on the slope in the north part of the present village. This was the first residence within the limits of the present village plat. Among others, this

humble cabin sheltered some of the 'first families' of Hesper, but was finally abandoned. [Mr. Wheeler and his half-brother Belding also built the first tavern or hotel, in Burr Oak.—G. P. B.]

"In the spring of 1855, David C. Tabor and family came from Vermont and were for a time occupants of the Wheeler cabin.

"Russell Tabor, an older brother of David Tabor, came from Vermont in the Fall of 1855, built himself a house, and also built a combined saw and grist mill.

"In those days most of the freight from the east came down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, stopping at McGregor or at Lansing. In the fall of 1855, David C. Tabor, with three young men as assistants and with a heavy wagon to which were attached four yoke of oxen, went to Lansing, about twenty-five miles east, to get the boiler for the mill. They were on the road eight days, and during two days of the home trip they made but eight miles. They came via Decorah and Burr Oak, coming into Hesper from the west, as by that route they could ford the Upper Iowa and other streams and avoid some of the worst roads and sloughs.

"In the early summer of 1856, L. N. Wilson and family came from Jackson County, Iowa. Mr. Wilson immediately began the erection of a frame house on the southeast corner of Main and Center streets. Before the house was fairly enclosed they began entertaining the traveling public, and until old age compelled Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to retire from active service, the way-faring man was sure of a warm welcome and a square meal.

"Of the early settlers of Hesper and of the village just across the line in Minnesota, including the Allens, Batteys, Blackmarrs, Cooks, Aldriches, Benedicts, Streets, Pikes, Haines, Painters, McMullens, Worths, Mitchells, Morrisons, Whaleys, Wickershams, Talberts, Johnsons and others, the majority were members of the Society of Friends, most of whom did not believe in vocal or instrumental music as part of their church service.

"However, in 1869 or thereabouts, a part of the celebrated Hutchinson family, temperance abolition singers who 'came from over the mountains of the old granite state,' visited their relations, the family of Tristam Allen, leading member of the church. On Sunday, near the closing hour, Randall Stuart said that if any of the visiting friends had anything to offer in the way of psalms, hymns, or spiritual songs, he presumed their offerings would be acceptable. The visiting friends accepted the invitation and favored the congregation with several of their choice songs, suited to the occasion. Mattie Gidley of the Springwater meeting, and Zeno Battey, a son of Amos Battey, who was for many years 'head' of the Hesper meeting, occasionally gave their testimony in song, but not until quite recent years has singing become a part of the regular services.

"At the time of the Sioux uprising in 1862, several of the young men of Hesper organized under the command of Dr. Wm. C. Battey and went in search of the hostiles. They went beyond Austin, Minnesota, but encountered no Indians. Hesper and vicinity furnished its full quota of those who did loyal service in the army during the dark days of '61-'65, and the remains of twenty-two of the 'boys in blue' and one enlisted nurse, Cynthia Cameron, are at rest in our cemeteries.

"The first meeting house in the township was built by one branch of the Friends church on the northwest corner of section seventeen, a mile west of the village. The other branch of the church met in Russell Tabor's house. A union of the two branches having been effected, the meeting house was moved into the village and is now occupied as a dwelling by J. M. Camp. The Friends meeting house, which burned October 22nd, 1904, was built in 1871. At about the same time the Norwegian Lutherans and the Methodists built comfortable and commodious places of worship.

"Politically speaking, Hesper has always been Republican, and has had assigned to it a fair share of the County officers, among them William Johnson, George N. Holway, and H. L. Coffeen, superintendents of schools; C. E. Meader, and E. R. Haines,

treasurers, and James L. Cameron, who was surveyor twenty-two years. H. B. Williams also represented the county in the State Legislature in the late Sixties. [James Cameron was my first 'day school' teacher in the old stone schoolhouse, in 1866.—G.P.B.]

"During its nearly fifty years, Hesper has had four postmasters. The first one, Dr. W. C. Battey, was succeeded in 1871 by Dr. Fordyce Worth, who held the office twenty-five years, less two months, with a break of one year, during which time Lewis Harkness was the incumbent. Dr. Worth was succeeded June 5th, 1886, by Elling J. Vold, who is the present incumbent."

Additional paragraph from Edwin C. Bailey's "Past and Present of Winneshiek County, Iowa."

"The population of Hesper Township was 849 in 1890; 882 in 1900 and 823 in 1910."

[It will be noted that the population of Hesper has decreased as the years have gone by. Mabel, Minnesota, is responsible for this. Mabel is just across the line from Hesper and is on the Milwaukee Railroad.—G. P. B.]

Extracts from "History of Winneshiek County, Iowa." (Edwin C. Bailey, 1913.)

"Although Iowa was in a manner always neutral ground and escaped many of the worst results of the encounters between the whites and the Indians, the early settlers of Winneshiek County had their Indian scare, and they had good cause to become alarmed. What led to this was the Indian uprising and Sioux massacre in Minnesota, June, 1862. [I well remember them.—G. P. B.]

"The records of Winneshiek County do not disclose any race for supremacy as to priority in settlement, but it is evident from the fact that actual settlement began in the summer of 1846, that the White Man, as usual, was treading on the heels of the American Indian in his desire to acquire an Iowa home. On June 7, 1848, Hamilton Campbell and wife took up a claim in what are now sections 23 and 26 of Bloomfield township, thereby becoming the first recognized permanent settlers. It has always been claimed that the Day family were the first settlers of Decorah, but it has been proven that William Painter was here in October of 1848, and the Day family were not here until the summer of the following year.

"From April to June of 1849 the families of Andrew Meyer, John N. Topliff, Phinneas Banning, Abner DeCou, Moses McSwain and O. W. Emery, located in what was subsequently known as Moneek.

"The year of 1850 saw an influx of settlers that was very large for those pioneer days.

"In 1851 the tide of emigration and immigration had become fairly steady and material additions to the ranks of settlers were made.

"1852 saw a large increase in settlers. Among those who came was Col. D. D. Webster.

"Nelson Gager claims the distinction of being first on the ground in Orleans township in 1853. At that time the county had not yet been wholly divided into townships. James B. Cutler is given the credit of being the first duly commissioned postmaster in the county.

"The first marriage in the county took place in October of 1851 in Madison township. A niece of the wandering missionary, Rev. N. Brandt, was married to a young man from Norway, the missionary himself performing the ceremony.

"The first assessment for taxation purposes in the county produced a total of $1,217.93, and was divided as follows: County tax, school tax, road tax and poll tax.

"In 1856 when everything was booming, the Northwestern Railroad was formed. After some delay the bonds were printed, and were ready to be formally signed, sealed, and delivered when the Supreme Court stamped the law under which the bonds were being put out with the word 'Unconstitutional.' Several attempts were made before a railroad was finally built. The company to succeed was the McGregor Western, organized in January, 1863, and a year from then the road was in running order to Monona, fourteen and a half miles. But the main line having

been leased to the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Company, work on the branch was suspended in September, 1865. The branch was completed to Decorah in 1869 [I rode on the first train into Decorah.—G.P.B.], and now is operated under the management of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Company.

"In 1852 the first school in the county was taught by Mary Hanson in a stone schoolhouse erected almost on the spot where the corners of Decorah, Glenwood, Springfield and Frankville townships meet. In 1853 a schoolhouse was built in Decorah and Theodore Burdick was engaged to teach. Up to the later seventies, all of the schools of the county were known as public or graded schools. In 1881 the first class was graduated from high school. In the very early days Sherman Page, a prominent educator, conducted the Winneshiek Normal Institute. In September of 1874 the Decorah Institute was opened, of which John Breckenridge was the principal. In 1888 Prof. Charles H. Valder established a private school, and was the first man to introduce a business course in public schools, and now has introduced a normal course also. Luther College was founded in 1861, but as no arrangements had been made for suitable grounds in Decorah, school commenced the first year in a vacant parsonage which was located about thirteen miles from La Crosse at Half Way Creek. In 1862 the college was transferred to Decorah.

"The oldest newspaper in the county is the *Republican,* the first number of which was issued April 13, 1860. The second oldest paper is the *Decorah Journal,* whose history dates back to 1866. The third paper in age is the *Decorah Posten,* the leading Norwegian paper in America. This paper dates back to 1867. The *Decorah Public Opinion* was first issued at Cresco, but in 1895 it was moved to Decorah. While not a newspaper concern, the Lutheran Publishing House is the printing office of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod of America, where prayer books, hymnals, Bibles, text and reference books are printed.

"In 1855 the foundation of the present Winneshiek County State Bank was laid, and has the distinction of being the oldest bank in Iowa.

"In 1857 the court house was completed, the land for the grounds being donated by William Day and William Painter."

Extracts from clippings taken from Decorah Republican, 1903-1905.

The following clippings were taken from the *Decorah Republican* and placed at the writer's disposal through the courtesy of Mrs. Willard Peacock, an old Burr Oak girl now living in Minnesota. The first is dated December 21st, 1903, being the obituary of "Aunt Jane" Willsie, who died at Spearfish, South Dakota:

"Mrs. Willsie and her husband, Thomas Willsie, were among the very first Burr Oak settlers, coming here with a family of five children in June, 1854. They settled on a farm now known as the George Kimber farm, only then the farm was much larger than it is now.

"The first Sunday after their arrival they were at a preaching in the log schoolhouse which stood between where is now the brick building known as Houck's corner, and what is now the home of Mrs. Feltis.

"Mr. Willsie was instrumental in forming the M. E. church in Burr Oak, and in building a place of worship. His life here was of short duration, as he died November 4th, 1859, from the effects of a hurt by a vicious horse.

Mrs. Willsie's name was Jane Moe, and she was familiarly known to all as 'Aunt Jane.' "

The other item is taken from the March 13th, 1905, issue of the Republican, being the obituary of James Kinnison, and a few of the reminiscences of his sister, Mrs. Abigail Tyler, nee Kinnison.

We quote this article as follows, and while it does not deal with Burr Oak direct, we are sure that it will be interesting, as it pictures life in Winneshiek County at a very early date indeed:

"The Kinnison family came to Winneshiek County in 1849, and in 1850 bought land in what is now Canoe Township, but was not then named. The authorities wanted to name it after Mrs. Kinnison—'Henrietta,' but she would not have it so. She was the first white woman in the township. Their nearest neighbor was on the Jacob Headington Farm, near Decorah, six miles away, then owned by a man named Rheims. No one lived in Decorah itself but the Days, in their little log tavern, one other family, that of Painter, and Dunning, at the Spring mill.

"Two men named Gilbert and Lambert had a hut where the stone school house later stood, or near there, on a flat near the Jewell farm. They had a seven by nine store and sold whiskey. Quite a lot of Winnebago Indians lived near the Kinnisons and one of them was missing and supposed to have been killed by the whites.

"In the night, the Indians came in their war paint and demanded their missing man of Mr. Kinnison. One Indian had his tomahawk raised to brain a man named Kelley, who was staying with the Kinnisons, when their chief raised his hand, and shook his head. Mr. Kinnison told the Indians that a bad man lived down the road and sold firewater, and that they would find their man there. The Indians went to find him, and came back next day with him, and were all ready to shake hands and be friends.

"In the fall of the same year (1850) several families moved into the Kinnison neighborhood, James Ackerson, Waterman Bartlett and McIntyre."

Chapter Four

GEORGE PAYNE BENT—BURR OAK

It is oh! to rise, ere the wintry skys grow red with approaching day,
To wake the cows as they stand and drowse 'mid the frost-bespangled hay;
There's a subtle charm in the dear old farm when it's covered with gleaming snow,
There's a joyful thump to the frozen pump, when the mercury's ten below.

. . . . . .

To comb the locks of the placid ox, as he solemnly chews his cud,
While the snowflakes fall on the stable wall with a dull and sickening thud;
To scatter the chaff for the new-weaned calf, while the rooster crows aloft;
To teach the hen not to set again; to curry the shivering horse.

—*Author unknown.*

I WAS born, as the saying goes, of poor but honest parents, at Dundee, Illinois, on June 16th, 1854—at least I have been so informed, and in this case I am bound to rely upon other memories, for although I was present on that occasion, I must confess my own memory is not clear as to the event in question.

My father, George Bent, was a Congregational clergyman, a native of Vermont, and a direct descendant, as has been said, of John Bent, the forefather of almost all of the Bents in America.

At the time of my birth, father was pastor of the church at Dundee, Illinois, but moved to Anoka, Minnesota, when I was a babe. My mother's letter to father's sister, Mrs. Blanchard, tells what a wonderful child I was, even at that early age. I think her judgment in the matter, however, may have been just a little warped by the fact that I was her first and, then, only child.

My natural modesty prevents my doing more than touch upon the fact that in her letter, which appears elsewhere in this book, my mother states that I was not only a good boy, but a bright one as well, before I was two years old.

Among my earliest memories of Burr Oak was that of Silas Brace, now a resident of Inglewood, California. He tells how the Bent family lived with the Braces while father was building his own house. Silas, in the words of James Whitcomb Riley, "made bows 'n' arrows for me," and he, being slightly older than I, was supposed to more or less take care of me. Here, I am powerless to give an opinion, because if, desiring to praise Silas, I say that he made a good job of it and has something to be proud of, then will I be accused of conceit, while on the other hand, if I say he should *not* be proud of the object of his care, then it would certainly imply that he, from the mature height of his nine years, started yours truly, at seven, upon a life of crime.

Therefore I shall leave this great question to my readers' judgment, and to Silas Brace's own conscience, asking only that if there be anything about myself or my record that they consider criminal, they blame Silas for it, and if there be good in my life, they give credit to myself. What could be fairer?

I remember, when perhaps five or six years of age, going with my father to dig pines from the bluffs not far from Bluffton. These trees "we" planted at the cemetery, which Father had undertaken to get into shape, to carry on which work he had organized a Cemetery Association. A few years ago almost all of the pine trees in the Burr Oak Cemetery were grubbed out—before the new gate and ornamental fence were built. Naturally I was very sorry for this, for I had been a witness to the planting of some of those trees.

It seems certain that I must have been decidedly cute in those days. Mrs. L. A. Benedict, Byron Blackmar's oldest sister, wrote me that, although she had seen me in Salt Lake City recently, all she could see when my name was mentioned was a nice looking little boy of nine or ten years of age. This proves

that I was handsome, even in early years, regardless of what my so-called boy friends may have said about it, then or since.

My early childhood ambition was to drive the stage coach as Mr. Perry did, until I could save enough money to open a store. Albert Lincoln has reminded me of this desire of mine, and says that after I saw some of Mr. Perry's terribly galled and decrepit old horses, I lost all ambition to shine as a driver of stage coaches. It will be remembered that in those days the roads were terribly heavy and no doubt the poor horses had their troubles.

I remember hearing when very young—certainly when not more than seven or eight years of age—of the Tellyer murder. Tellyer was killed in a house near the Decorah road, and I well recall hearing of the search that was made for the body. (A subsequent murder at Burr Oak was that of a man named Wemett and a Mrs. Cater, wife of John Cater, who at the time kept the butcher shop at Burr Oak.)

No history of Burr Oak would be complete without full respects being paid to the famous "Indian Scare" of 1862. Dallas Taylor, Byron Blackmarr and others have given their recollections of these troubled times elsewhere. I myself do not recall many of the details, except that, in the middle of the night, Dr. Wheat, of Lenora, preceded the mob which was fleeing from Minnesota, shouting, to awaken the sleepers: "The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming! I am Dr. Wheat! I am Dr. Wheat!"

I also remember the refugees a few days later, when the scare was over, as they passed through Burr Oak on their way home. Many of them were clad in their night garments and in some cases stockings or other parts of their usual raiment were conspicuous by their absence.

Dr. Wheat, by the way, afterwards lived for many years at Redlands, California. He died not so very many years ago and his widow and children still live at Redlands.

Mrs. Sage reminds me of the time the Needham organ was brought into the Bent home and placed in the parlor. "Weren't you the happy boy?" she says. But, alas! I could never learn to play. I simply could not watch both my hands and the music at the same time, and my teachers seemed to be as much disgusted with my slow progress as I was myself. Strange! as fond as I have always been of music, and of all of the thousands and thousands of organs, pianos and player-pianos that I have made, I could never play any of them but the one last mentioned, and that none too well. Miss Buck, a music teacher who lived in Elliota (now Canton), used to come down to Burr Oak and give lessons. As we had an organ, she came to our house, but some of the children were not so fortunate. For instance, Clara Wingate, now Mrs. George P. Bent, recalls how she used to walk two and a half miles to the home of Hiram Manning, where she and Eva Manning, the daughter of the house, about Clara's age, used to have their music lessons from Miss Buck; and, having no piano herself at that time, she had to walk just about as far to practice on her "Aunt Millie's" melodeon, at Grandfather John P. Wingate's home.

I do not recall anything whatsoever in connection with the following letter, but presume that it was treasured by my grandmother, to whom it was addressed, and in some way came back to my mother, and later to myself. It tells of our childhood days at home.

"Burr Oak, April 15, 1864.

"Dear Grandma: [My father's mother]

"I thank you for the little book you sent, but how you knew I wanted 'Robinson Crusoe' I can not guess. Charley thanks you for the little book you sent him. He is learning his letters. Father got him some blocks at McGregor and Mary a doll. Mary will rock and sing to the doll as if she were mother. Mary cannot walk yet but she is learning to. Since I began this letter we have been on a visit to Grandma's. [Grandmother Payne.] We saw Uncle Harrington at Grandpa's. I worked for Uncle Charley and he gave me a dollar. We went to the city of Peoria and saw Aunt Eliza and when we were coming home we made Aunt Mary a visit and found Carrie, Louis and Dena with mumps. Charley and Mary were taken on the way home from Aunt Mary's. I have the mumps now. Father and Mother are well. Father has

grown fleshy so that he weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

"From your affectionate grandson,
"George P. Bent."

Father used to preach in Lenora, Minnesota, on certain Sundays, as well as at Burr Oak. The old Fillmore County History says that he began preaching at Lenora in 1861 and continued to preach there every two weeks for over nine years. He also preached at Elliota, Minnesota, sometimes, and at Bluffton, Iowa. I remember his taking me along with him on some of these Sunday trips, but I cannot say that I enjoyed them, for Father always "talked religion" to me, going and coming, and I was not in a receptive mood. Sunday was always the worst day of the week to me, anyhow, for there were so many things *not* to do on Sunday that it was a day to be dreaded.

I remember visiting the private school taught by Mr. O. F. Southwick, in the old Methodist Church at Burr Oak. This was in 1859. I was myself too young to be a regular pupil, but I was much impressed with the school, which was the first I had seen in operation. Silas Brace and his sister Mary, Charlie and Ben Ward, Frank, Anna and Oscar Waggoner, Myra Brisbane, Cynthia, Lucinda and Eliza Willsie, A. W. Johnson, Lucena and Elder Johnson, Frances and George Dallas Taylor, Edgar and Myron Harden, Marietta Bovee, Joseph and Lucy LaValley, Frances and Byron Moore, Dwight, Martha and Mary Manning, and others of the boys and girls, who were a little older than myself, attended Professor Southwick's school.

The first schooling I was given, besides that which I received at home, was in the year 1866. My father and mother were both graduate teachers, and I was twelve years old before I was sent to the public schools. Mr. James Cameron, of Hesper, was my first teacher, and for years I treasured a picture painted on a dustpan, which was given to me by Mr. Cameron, for either good or bad behavior. I remember this dustpan quite well; however, it will be noted elsewhere that Albert Lincoln has tried to wrest even my "dustpan" honors from me.

I have always maintained that I was a wonderfully good boy myself, though I must admit that some of the companions and playmates I chose were anything *but* good. Their escapades, some of which are given in this book, speak for themselves, and that they should show, at this time, a strong desire to bespatter my blameless and innocent past with some of the mud from their own misdeeds, is only adding another to their many confessed and unconfessed sins.

Mrs. Sage, whose clear-cut memories of the old days have been of great assistance to me in compiling this book, has the following to say regarding myself and the rest of the Bent family:

"It was in the summer of 1861 that I first became acquainted with your father and mother, whom I learned to love dearly; and you children seemed like brothers and sisters to me. Charlie was a very bright boy, Arthur a dear little fellow, Minnie the quiet one, who died in infancy, then Hattie, who was the liveliest of the children.

"My recollection of yourself is that you were always making something, and were ever cheerful and willing to leave whatever it was and help when you were called. The first piece of furniture you made was a roll box for your mother. I remember well when you brought it in from the shop and said, 'Mother, this is for you. Now you will have a place to put your rolls of cloth!'

"Then I remember your making a pair of wooden shears, an excellent piece of work. A Mr. Dobell, who with his wife was visiting at your home, bought the shears of you, and, if I remember right, paid you a dollar for them. I don't think you were yet eleven years old, and I felt as proud of you as I could have felt had you really been my own brother."

In reply to this, I told Mrs. Sage that I valued her good opinion, but that it did not tally with what Frank Robinson, Edgar and Pliny McAllister, Albert Lincoln and others of the old timers had to say of me. That all of these boys claimed that my earlier days were given to sin and deviltry; that I was full of fun and mischief, but somehow always managed to escape punishment for it, and that they

never could understand why, because they could seldom avoid retribution for what they did.

Mrs. Sage repeated her assertion that I had been a very good boy indeed and advised me to waste no time in repentance over any sins which "those fellows" accused me of having committed.

It was this remark of Mrs. Sage which, in my own defense, I quoted to Albert Lincoln, thereby causing his assertion that if Mrs. Sage thought or said that I was or had been a good boy, he did not think very highly of her as a judge of character.

I must admit that even some of the ladies appear to have sided with "those fellows" because Silas Brace gave me a letter from his aunt, Mrs. Abbie Lamb Meader, and while it is not my desire to quote from this letter, I am obliged to do so, lest I be convicted of trying to "cover up the evidence." An extract from "Aunt Abbie's" letter follows:

"You ask George if he remembers ever to have attended school when James Chase taught there. I heard him tell of an incident which occurred when he was teaching. I suppose you remember that George was always full of mischief. It appears that he was in the habit of carrying a snowball into the schoolhouse and taking pieces of it to put down the backs of other scholars when they were studying. Jim thought it high time to call a halt. One day when George came in from recess, he saw by the bulge of George's pocket, that the usual snowball was in evidence, so when George went to stand by the stove to get warm Mr. Chase insisted that George stay there until he was *thoroughly* warm, and, of course, by that time the snowball was also quite warm, and as it was in his pants pocket, it did not feel so very pleasant. When Jim Chase thought the time was ripe, he said: 'George, where is your snowball,' and at once came the reply: 'It has melted, sir.' Jim used to tell the story and laugh heartily. He paid George the compliment of being one of the brightest boys in school, but also one of the most mischievous."

And this from the relative of my supposed friend, Silas Brace! I have no recollection at all of Mr. Chase, but I certainly do remember Philip Miller, who taught in the brick schoolhouse. Miller was a cross-eyed man, and I could never be sure whether his "eagle eye" was on me or some other "innocent" youth who was engaged in, or contemplating, mischief.

In a recent discussion of school days, wherein the writer was endeavoring to recall just where each of us had our desks in the old south room, and later upstairs, in the brick schoolhouse, Mrs. George P. Bent remarked that while she may not be able to remember just where the writer sat, she does recall quite distinctly that I used to throw kisses to the girls, make and hold up for their inspection dolls formed by rolling and tying certain knots in my handkerchief, and, in short, get into all sorts of mischief the minute Mr. Miller's back was turned. All of which caused the young ladies of Burr Oak to smile and, I doubt not, to giggle, whereas when Mr. Miller would look around, the cause of the amusement would be sitting innocently quiet, while the girls who had been unable to subdue their smiles in time to escape detection, would receive prompt correction and reprimand.

Regarding the above story, I can only remind my readers that in law the testimony of a wife against her husband is never considered, therefore Mrs. Bent's remarks should not be taken seriously, or as in any manner supporting the claims of those who have attempted to prove that I was, in my youth, exceedingly mischievous, and managed to get away with it without punishment.

Mr. Miller had his share of trouble with the boys of the Burr Oak school, although, as shown above, he had me pretty well "buffaloed." But then, as you have doubtless observed, I was a particularly good boy, far different from the rest of the Burr Oak youths.

Robert H. Thomson, who taught several terms, said that he at first refused the school when it was offered him because—"I was young, the boys looked big and were reported to be rough." But in the Spring of 1868, following Miss Hathaway—under whose rule the boys almost wrecked the new school building—my father got Mr. Thomson to accept a

contract, and the big boys of Burr Oak, no matter how rough, found that they had met their match. In those days I did not believe in corporeal punishment, but my father did.

Mr. Thomson soon had the school and the troublesome big boys under control and kept it so as long as he was in charge. The boys had run all over James Cameron, and also Philip Miller; not so Robert Thomson. I well remember a severe whipping he gave one of the boys, Oliver Billings, and how deeply impressed I was with the fact that Mr. Thomson was calm throughout the proceedings, talking to Oliver between each stroke of the ruler, and taking care not to blister his hand. I decided right then that I must be careful, or my turn would come next. Philip Miller had caught me in mischief several times and "reasoned with me," but had not really punished me.

About this time, a certain spirit of rivalry and antagonism existed between "Ab" Houck and myself. We were about the same size, but he was stronger than I was, whereas I was quicker than he was, and could usually throw him wrestling, either "side holt" or "square holt." At a Sunday school picnic one day, matters came to a crisis. The picnic was practically over and my parents had gone home, leaving me to bring home some chairs that had been left behind.

When I was laden with four chairs—two in each hand—Ab began to "devil" me and caused my angry passions to rise to such an extent that I dropped the chairs and went after him. I got him down and gouged and hammered his face until I thought I had murdered him. In the midst of the *meleé,* the Honorable Hiram Clay Manning, superintendent of the Sunday school, arrived upon the scene and pulled me off. I went home and, expecting a touch of the rod which my father did not spare, reported the occurrence, but, much to my surprise, he spared the rod on this occasion at least and, to that extent, spoiled me.

After that Ab Houck and I got along perfectly and we were friends ever afterwards. That was the only fistic encounter I ever had, but I think it was the beginning of my willingness to stand up for my rights—as I saw them—and since then I have had quite a number and variety of verbal and legal encounters with different people over different matters. I have seldom been defeated, simply because I always thought myself to be in the right, and acted on the defensive, rather than the offensive. Of course there have been three or four drawn battles, when neither side could score.

Frank K. Willis, brother of Mrs. Maria E. Willis-Manning (Hiram C. Manning's widow), tells of a little incident which occurred when the writer and himself were boys.

"Speaking of George," he says, "that reminds me of the time he and I were playing in the street at Burr Oak and George got angry—I have forgotten just what about—and chased me home. I used to be a good runner, but am over it now. It would take a bigger boy than George Bent then was to scare me into running now."

I remember once when yours truly was sliding down the hill in front of the Jim McAllister place, on a "bob." This was great fun, as Albert Lincoln has mentioned elsewhere. I don't know who was with me this particular time, but the important thing was that somebody's cow was wandering rather aimlessly from side to side across the grade. Our bob hit her and she hit the air. Whatever her previous indecision as to her ultimate destination may have been, she now decided to go *there,* or *somewhere,* in a hurry.

I have a very vivid and clear recollection of sitting with Eddie Moore behind Betsey Ann Berry in the south room of the new brick schoolhouse. In those days "waterfalls" were in fashion and the girls crocheted their own hair nets. All of the girls wore them. This was before the time when they sang, "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back," for they would not let their hair, golden or otherwise, hang. These crocheted nets let it come down about six or eight inches below their ears—no more. (Perhaps it was the forerunner of the now prevalent "bob," who knows?)

At any rate, Edward Moore and I had all manner of fun with Betsey Ann Berry's waterfall. Occasionally, not to say constantly,

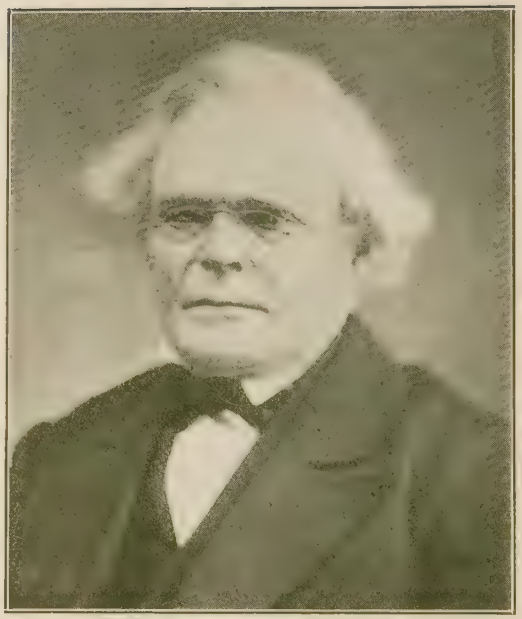
ASA WILLSIE
My wife's uncle

CLARA AMES WINGATE

"EDDIE" MOORE

GEO. P. BENT, AS A CHILD

JOHN PHILBRICK WINGATE
My wife's grandfather



"UNCLE HARRY" WINGATE

MRS. CHARITY E. WILLSIE WINGATE
My wife's mother

HENRY WINGATE
My wife's father

Burr Oak Graded School, No. 2.

Report of George Payne Bent for the Month ending July 3th 1868. June 7

May 13	Mon	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday	Mon	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday.	Mon	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Friday.
Arithmetic	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Grammar	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Geography	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
History	1	1	1	1	1															1
Spelling	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		1
Writing	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		1
Tardiness	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Attendance	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	½	1
Deportment	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

G W Bent ..... Parent.

ROBERT THOMPSON, Teacher.

Mr. Thompson says I made out this report myself. If so, it shows how he trusted me. I supposed he made it out himself, until he told me he did not and called attention to my own writing.

CLARK CRESSEY AND "RUFE" BAKER

This, like many other "latter day" cuts shown herein, is taken from a book of Burr Oak snapshots kindly loaned me by Pliny W. McAllister.

The old John May Store

The Harden-Perry-Welden House

Mr. and Mrs. McCrary, of Burr Oak, and their son, George, who was a schoolmate in the early days

Side view of the Burr Oak House, after wing was added by F. C. Schank

either Eddie or myself would gently agitate the waterfall, but as we both contrived to look very innocent and intent upon our studies when she looked around, I doubt if Betsey Ann ever really knew which of us was guilty.

I think Miss Ann Hathaway was our teacher then. I am not so sure of the name, but know that it was in the south room of the brick building and that we, the intermediate class, had a lady teacher.

Betsey Ann Berry, it will be remembered, afterwards married Winfield Baker, and now lives near Burr Oak.

I also remember the first drum corps at Burr Oak, which, if my memory is correct, consisted of a drum and fife, and occasionally, on "state occasions," a bass drum. I do not myself positively recall who comprised this first drum corps, but I do remember that the snare drum was the delight of my life and I used to get just as close to the drummer as I could, and stay there just as long as I was permitted to remain.

Opinions as to the personnel of this original drum corps show such a wide divergence that I shall simply have to give credit to all who are thought by the various authorities to have played in this famous organization of two and sometimes three members.

Byron Blackmarr, George and Myra Briggs and Mrs. Maria Brace-Baker (widow of "Square" Brace), agree that Simon Houck and Square Brace were the original drum corps. Mrs. Brace-Baker does not say what instrument her husband played. She also thinks Billy Smith played in the original corps sometimes. Pliny McAllister gives the personnel of the justly famous "band" as his father (Joshua McAllister), fife, Billy Smith, snare drum, and, on special occasions, Simon Houck, bass drum. George and Myra Smith think that Mr. Houck played the snare drum. I myself always thought it was "Lige" Briggs who played the snare drum, much to my boyish delight, but it seems that I am mistaken.

There are numerous others mentioned as having been the original musicians, but those given are the only ones on which any two of the authorities agree.

Will Houck says that the oldest drum corps he can recall was composed of Square Brace, clarinet; William Wilford, bass drum; and Simon Houck, snare drum. "These three men all lived in the same neighborhood," Mr. Houck states. "Symms also played a snare drum that he made, hook, snares and heads, and he tanned the leather to make the heads."

As to the first Burr Oak band, which was organized sometime later, Ben F. Kinyon, who played in it, ought to know. He says that he recalls the players as follows: George W. Clark, George May, Will Houck, Ben F. Kinyon, E. M. Bovee, Mel Little, F. W. Houck, Geo. Heckel, W. A. Kinyon, C. P. Kinyon, Cal Glidden.

Ben is not certain about Will Houck, and he has forgotten the other member of the band, but he is sure about those whose names he has given.

Will Houck, so Byron Blackmarr tells us, was too young to have played in the original band, though he did play in it later on. "By" thinks that Mart Ervin was the missing member, whose name Ben could not recall, and thinks also that George Harris played in it, instead of Will Houck.

Will Houck agrees with Ben Kinyon in almost every instance and gives the instruments played by each member of the band, as follows: G. W. Clark, E♭ cornet; E. M. Bovee, E♭ cornet; George May and Mel Little, B♭ cornets; W. A. Kinyon, E♭ cornet; H. W. B. Harden and George Heckle, tenors; F. W. Houck, baritone; C. S. Glidden, tuba; B. F. Kinyon, bass drum; and C. P. Kinyon or "Addie" Johnson, snare drum.

Will Houck says Ike Gates was another member of the band, but what instrument he played Will does not recall. He says that one or two of the names he has given may have been alternates, or "second choice," in event of illness of the "first choice."

This band appears to have been organized sometime during the Civil War. Silas Brace thinks the original members were Theophilus ("Toppy") Symms, William Russell, William Brace, George Symms and Square Brace. He does not remember the others. Eugene Jones, son of Dr. R. J. Jones, who at one time ran

the old American House, confirms Silas' list, as does Mrs. Brace-Baker, but they both remember Russell as being the leader, instead of "Toppy" Symms. Some authorities give Matthew Relihan as a member of the original drum corps, and while Mr. Relihan did not come to Burr Oak until 1868, long after the drum corps was organized, it seems certain that he played in it subsequently, or in the brass band, or both; since he was known to be a very fine musician.

I always thought, too, that some of the Johnsons played in the brass band when it was first organized.

I first met and knew Clara Ames Wingate, daughter of Henry Wingate, in the old stone schoolhouse, where we attended District School together; James Cameron was our teacher then. We afterwards went to school together in the brick schoolhouse that my father built. We became fond of each other and I was her first "beau'" very early in life. I could not have been more than ten or twelve years old (she three years younger), when we went to our first party together. This was a sleighride party—a "surprise party" at the Peards given to a lot of his Sunday school pupils by Mr. Broadbent, who was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school. We were to meet at Halstead Harden's house, and I remember that I was delegated as a committee of one to find out why Edward and Anna Moore had not joined us. I accordingly called at Moore's and found that Edward and Anna would soon be ready. I hurriedly started back to join the others, but the Moore dog, chained to his house, started after me, dragging his dog house behind him. He caught me just as I reached the gate and I have the scars where he bit me, to this day. I also tore off my finger nail during this famous party, which occurred on a Saturday night. I was under strict instructions from my parents to get home and be in bed before midnight, for after that hour it would not do for me to be out on a pleasure party, as it would then be "the Holy Sabbath day." No matter how early it might be, I must not be out on Sunday morning.

I did *not* get home by midnight, but my people did not know it until years afterwards, for I took off my shoes and sneaked in, after they were in bed and fast asleep. I had been obliged to ask Clara's cousin, Beecher Harden, to escort Clara home, after we reached the village, as she lived about a mile east of it, and I deemed it imperatively necessary for me to get home as nearly as possible to midnight, so as not to incur wrath and punishment from my parents. In those days I did not like chastisement, but since then I have had a great deal of punishment and suffering to bear, and I have learned to stand it and suffer in silence.

My father and mother were very much opposed to card playing, thinking it a device of the devil. I was forbidden to touch cards, consequently, I almost froze to death, playing euchre behind hay stacks and in barns. It was also sinful, in my parents' eyes, to read the New York Ledger. But because it *was* sinful and because it was forbidden, I *did* read it, and always found this delectable paper at the Lincoln home. I also read every dime novel I could lay hands on, because they, too, were forbidden.

When I was about fourteen years of age, Henry Ward Beecher was writing a story called "Norwood" for the *New York Ledger,* and Steve Bonner, the great horseman of his day, who was also owner of the Ledger, advertised extensively that he was paying Henry Ward Beecher one dollar per line for this story, "Norwood." This fired my youthful ambition, and I made up my mind that, while perhaps I might not get one dollar a line for the story I had in mind, probably I could get five or ten cents per line for it. So I started in to write, sitting up until twelve and two o'clock in the morning. At this time, after having absorbed something of knowledge in the district schools, I was working on the farm of Deacon Alpha Manning. After I had finished the chores, which included "pailing" the cows and "swilling" the pigs, I would go up to my room and write on my story, which I thought would make me famous, or at least make me a lot of money. I had this money already spent, in my mind, before I got it, for silver jewelry, and other choice articles.

I started in to make a blood and thunder story, such as I had read in dime novels and the *New York Ledger*. I bought a ream of paper and would work on this story until the small hours of the morning. Finally, after using up about half the paper, I awoke to the fact that all of the characters in my story had met with violent deaths. They had all been shot, hung, massacred by the Indians or something of that sort. The story was not finished, and I was entirely out of characters —every one of them "dead and gone." I was so disgusted with myself for not having brought into my story another character as fast as I killed one off, that I tore up the manuscript and threw it away, and not until now have I again attempted to write a story. I concluded then that I had no ability as an author, and I am still of the same opinion. This is more of an autobiography, or history, than it is a story.

But, regarding the fate of the first story, it is perhaps just as well that I did tear it up, for, judging from the length of time it has taken me to complete this "history and biography," I might still have been working on this first story, for it has only been some fifty-odd years since I started it, and I have come to the conclusion that it certainly takes me time to write a book.

In the spring of 1869 my father had to go east on business and it was decided that mother should go with him, leaving my little brother, Arthur, with Mrs. H. C. Manning, who was then a bride, living on the Manning farm, where I was working. We missed mother very much and their visit east was cut short, because mother became homesick for her children and said she never wanted her heartstrings pulled in so many different directions again.

I worked all that summer for Alpha Manning and Hiram Clay Manning, his son.

I remember most distinctly the first train that ran into Decorah, on September 15, 1869, on the "Milwaukee" railroad. I was a passenger on the never-to-be-forgotten occasion and, to my boyish eyes, it was beyond all doubt the greatest train in the world—composed mostly of box cars, by the way. It ran from Decorah to Conover and then back, and I was honored beyond all comparison in being permitted to be one of the passengers on the momentous occasion of its first trip to Conover and return.

I returned to school in the winter of 1869-70 and went back to work for the Mannings in the spring of 1870. (Dan Relihan, now Dr. D. W. Relihan, of Smith Center, Kansas, has reminded me that he worked with me the spring of 1870, dropping corn, on the Manning farm.)

The first year, my stipend for this work on the farm was ten dollars per month, my board and keep. Wheat was then the great crop in that section and the first year, during harvest, I bound "half a station," without advance in salary, while the boy who bound the other half station with me received a dollar and fifty cents a day, with no chores to do after the day was done.

The second year, when harvest came around, I told the Mannings that I wanted to try, during harvest, to do a man's work and get a man's pay therefor, which at that time was three dollars per day. Self binders were in those days almost unknown. The first year the Deacon drove a four-horse team, changing to fresh horses at noon each day, while his son, Hiram, sitting with his back to his father and the team, raked off the grain as it fell to the platform from the sickle. The second year, a new reaper, a self-rake McCormick, was on the field, and five men bound the grain after it. I was one of the "men," being then sixteen years old. I worked all the second season binding a full station, and received therefor three dollars per day, which was to me then, and still seems to me, the greatest pay per day I ever earned and received. I ought not to have undertaken this "man-sized" job though, and it nearly killed me to carry it through. The work stunted my growth so that I did not add an inch to my stature until I was twenty-one years old.

At that time "a day" was from sun to sun. Deacon Alpha Manning was, as was then said, "a horse to work." He spurred on my earliest ambition to succeed and win, if work would do it. Every time there was some new sort of

farm work to be done, Deacon Manning would tell me of some boy—later on I came to the conclusion that these boys were myths—that he had known in Canada, who could do a certain amount of work per day, and he said he had never seen a boy since that could do as much. I started out, of course, to outdo this mythical Canadian boy, no matter whether the job was plowing, mowing or what not. I always wanted to have a hearty laugh with the old gentleman about it, but he moved to Florida soon after I left Burr Oak, and I never had an opportunity to laugh over with him those farm days of my youth.

Byron Blackmarr tells of a "farewell party" at my father's home, in late November or early December of the year 1869. I cannot recall this party, but Byron says that he thinks I was there with Ab Lincoln, driving either Ab's team or H. C. Manning's ponies, and he goes on to say that each of us had our girls along and were getting "joshed" considerably about it. Ab Lincoln refuses to affirm or deny this report, but plays safe by saying it must be so if "By" says it is.

Reminiscing about a few of the old Burr Oakers of whom I have some remembrance when I was a boy and living at Burr Oak, there were several families of Bakers and they were not related. To identify them, one was called "Chinny" Baker, or "Chawin' " Baker, due to the fact that he was constantly chewing tobacco while at his work as a carpenter. Having a protruding chin and having lost his teeth and not having acquired artificial ones, he was well named in either case. He had three boys. Hollis, older than I, was one of the best mathematicians in the county. "Bill" was noted for his bulbous nose and for his story-telling proclivities, most of his stories being purely imaginary. The third boy, Sam, was about my age and we were playfellows together as children.

Then there was another Baker family living north of the village at the Minnesota State line, which was only about three miles from Burr Oak. This Baker was a Democrat, a rare article in those days at Burr Oak. During the Civil War they dubbed him "Copperhead" Baker, his sympathies being with the South. He had, prior to that time, been known as "Singing" Baker, as he had a good voice which he was prone to lift in song on the slightest provocation, particularly after he had imbibed.

Then there were numerous Joseph LaValleys. They were designated as "Iron Joe," who was a blacksmith; "Leather Joe," a shoemaker; "Big Joe," and "Little Joe." It was quite necessary that these nicknames be used to designate which Joe LaValley was being mentioned.

Elsewhere it is told how Deacon Alpha Manning used to listen to the orations of "Ed" McAllister. Edgar was always ready to speak then, as he is now. Of course, in the harvest field, he would orate to the boys and give them a rest while he was doing it, thus preparing himself for his later political activities. I really do not know the right of it, but Frank Robinson accuses Edgar of having an imagination upon which he drew on almost every occasion. Frank even said that Edgar was guilty of prevarication, and Edgar retorted to this that Frank was "another."

There were numerous families of Wingates, too, but as far as I know they were not given nicknames. "Uncle Harry" Wingate was a cooper and made barrels and firkins for the people of the county. My brother-in-law, Weston P. Wingate, used to tell a story of the method Uncle Harry took to stop his chickens from scratching up his garden. When he found them doing this, he would catch them as they were going to roost for the night and proceed to hold their toes on his block in his shop and with a hatchet clip off their toes, so they could not make much headway scratching up his garden; what little scratching they could do then was of course painful and ineffective. As the toes would fall, one by one, he would remark, "Dod gast your infernal picter! Scratch up my garden, will yer?"

My wife, Clara Wingate Bent, is my authority for another story about "Uncle Harry." He was quite bald, it seems, and had been so for a long time. However, hope was not dead in his heart, for Clara says he used to get her to rub his head for an hour at a time with—*onions!*

In time, a heavy growth of hair came out on his head. This is an actual fact, and if there be any who doubt, let them look upon the accompanying picture of "Uncle Harry" and be convinced. "Uncle Harry" was an uncle to John and Henry Wingate, and until quite an advanced age remained impervious to feminine charms. When he was well along in his fifties, he married Miss Martha Belle, sister to Mrs. Hobart. And, by the way, after "Uncle Harry's" death, she married Mr. Broadbent, our old Sunday School teacher.

I remember "Uncle John" Feyler, who was the first shoemaker in the village. He would describe the leather from which he made his shoes as "the bulliest kind of Galgutta Gip."

We all remember "Uncle John" Wingate, too, and his heavy beard. Byron Blackmarr says he does not think he ever saw him without a pipe in his mouth, and, owing to the fact that "Uncle John" smoked a very small pipe and had a very large beard, "By" said he was always surprised that the beard did not catch fire.

"Aunt Fanny" Ferguson was a very, very pious lady. She had two brothers, Major and Calvin, who were most decidedly *not* pious. All of them had quick tempers and one day they got into a family jar. They quarreled for several hours, until they finally got tired of it, and one of the brothers said that if Aunt Fanny would lead them in prayer it might serve to bring about peace. She scratched her head for a moment and finally said that she would do it, but that she had a "devilish good mind not to."

The Reverend Wm. Cobb was pastor of the M. E. Church about that time and often used to visit at our home. The family was very popular and well thought of. Mr. Cobb, I have heard it said, was of much help to the young people and used to assist them with their school work by giving them two night classes a week—arithmetic on Tuesday nights and grammar on Thursdays. His kindness was much appreciated by those who needed more help than they could get at school.

I was too young to have lessons difficult enough to require his assistance, and of course I got more help at home than the rest of them, but Willie Cobb and myself were great chums. The family came out to California to live many years ago. Willie was a lawyer and politician in San Francisco, where I saw him several times. He has been dead a number of years.

Jared Ferguson, who, like his relatives, the Braces, came from "York State," used to tell stories of many remarkable things that happened "back in Cattaraugus County."

One of these stories was that, when mowing hay one day, he looked up and saw a deer stuck in a snowdrift on the other side of the rail fence. According to Mr. Ferguson, he took his scythe and killed the deer in his tracks! Of this story, I can only say that it is worthy of a Californian!

Frank Robinson had two sisters, Francelia and Ella May, whom I remember very well indeed. Their home was on Main Street—I think the third house north of Mr. Tinkham's general store—and right next north of them lived the "Chinny" Baker family. By the way, the entire "Chinny" Baker family, I believe, passed away after moving to Missouri from Burr Oak. Sam became a doctor, and was in active practice in Missouri for several years prior to his death. We used to fish together in Silver, Canoe and Pine Creeks. We fished for "Chubs" and speckled brook trout, and if we landed some six inches long it was a good day. It was a *wonderful* day if we got a fish eight or nine inches long. We used occasionally to fish at Bluffton, too, in what was then the upper Iowa River. It is now called the Oneonta River.

The Hobart and Stevens families settled at Burr Oak several years before I left the village. They came from Lenora, Minnesota, and they together built a sawmill on Pine Creek, about three miles southwest of the village. Lillie Hobart married Mr. Skinner and moved to Colorado where she died several years ago. The only one still living of the Hobart and Stevens families, as I understand it, is Hyland Hobart. As stated elsewhere, when my father started the colony of Bentora, Nebraska, the entire Hobart family joined the colony, and in visiting my parents there I met them, and also Edward Munn, who married

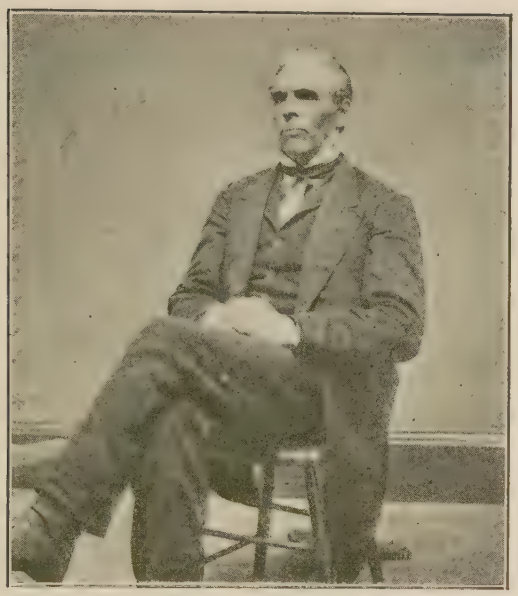
my wife's aunt, Amelia Wingate, and settled there.

Recently, in going through a collection of old photos and daguerreotypes, there came to light one of myself, taken in Chicago and sent to Miss Wingate. The attention of the reader does not have to be called to the unusual ferocity of the mustache. The lady to whom it was sent claims that after our marriage, she found the mustache in the back of a dresser drawer.

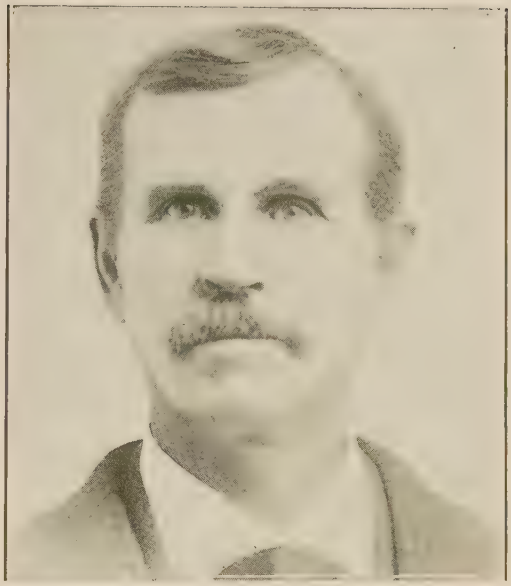
Another "tintype" was that of a young lady whom my wife insinuates I admired for awhile, or until it came to my attention that her teeth were like the mustache mentioned above. There is absolutely no truth in this memory of my wife's—why, I have that sort of teeth myself and if I did *not* have detachable teeth at that time, there is no reason to suppose that I looked down upon them!

Only a very, very few of the old settlers at Burr Oak are still living there. Many have passed on, of course, and many have moved away, there being quite a colony of old Burr Oakers now living at Minneapolis. Another party of three families moved to and are now living at Salt Lake City, among them being Byron Blackmarr, son of "Ed" Blackmarr, who with O. C. Mason, bought out the A. W. Tinkham store. The Tinkham family moved to Topeka, Kansas, and my wife and I called on them several times. Hiram Clay Manning passed away several years ago, but his wife is living, with her family, at Salt Lake City, as is also Robert H. Thomson and his wife, who was Oliette Blackmarr.

From all of these old Burr Oakers I have gained a lot of data most helpful to me in reminiscing, as I do, about the early settlers of Burr Oak and Hesper Township, and also the settlement of Winneshiek County.

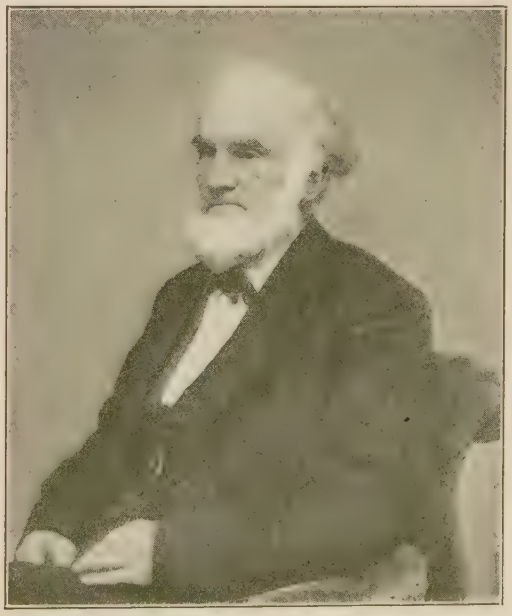


DEACON ALPHA MANNING
My first employer, in 1869-1870. His farm was about one mile north of Burr Oak

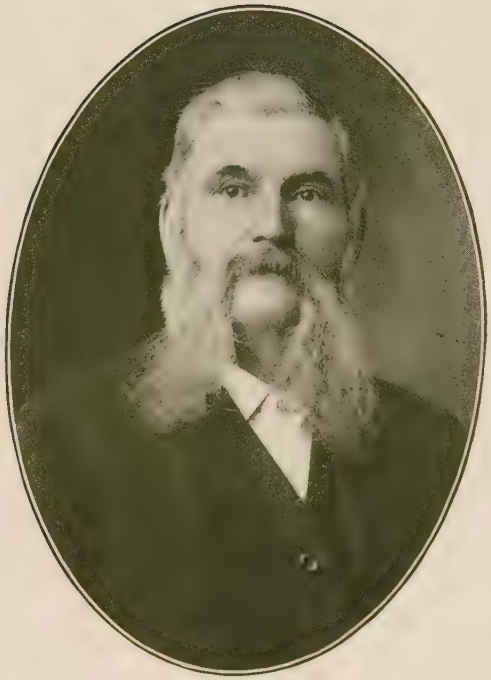


HON. HIRAM CLAY MANNING
Son of Deacon Alpha Manning, and my Sunday School Superintendent

MRS. RACHEL WARD SAGE
A member of my father's family for several years at Burr Oak, now living in Parker, South Dakota. She has been most helpful to me in the writing of this book.

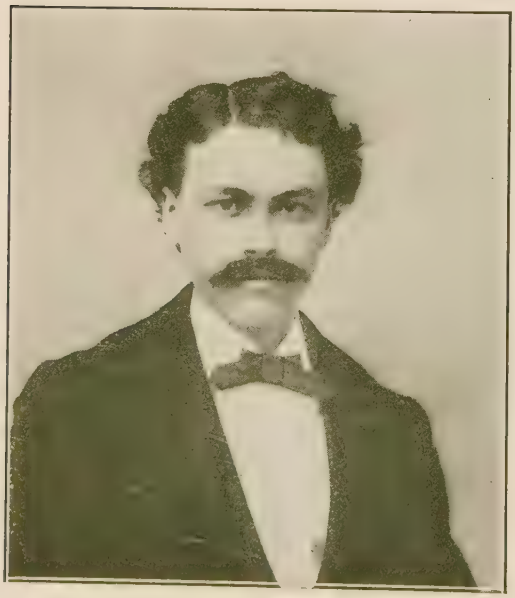


REV. JONATHAN BLANCHARD, my uncle
My father graduated at Knox College when Rev. Blanchard was president there, and he was president of Wheaton College when I was a student there.



"UNCLE JOHN" WINGATE

MRS. JOHN WINGATE ("Aunt Lucy")



GEO. P. BENT
From a photo sent to Clara Wingate in 1875. See text.

ARTHUR S. BENT
My brother. Born July 17, 1864, died Sept. 11, 1911.

Chapter Five

BYRON D. BLACKMARR

THE HOME TOWN

It doesn't matter much be its buildings great or small,
The home town, the home town, is the best town, after all.
The cities of the millions have the sun and stars above,
But they lack the friendly faces of the few you've learned to love;
And with all their pomp and riches and with all their teeming throngs,
The heart of man is rooted in the town where he belongs.

There are places good to visit, there are cities fair to see,
There are haunts of charm and beauty where at times it's good to be;
But the humblest little hamlet sings a melody to some,
And no matter where they travel it is calling them to come.
Though cities rise to greatness and are gay with gaudy dress,
There is something in the home town which no other towns possess.

The home town has a treasure which the distance cannot gain;
It is there the hearts are kindest, there the gentlest friends remain;
It is there a mystic something seems to permeate the air
To set the weary wanderer to wishing he were there;
And be it great or humble, it still holds mankind in thrall,
For the home town, the home town is the best town, after all.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

BYRON BLACKMARR, an old Burr Oaker, is one of my authorities for the statement that Burr Oak was laid out by a man named Bellden, or Belding, who built the first hotel, just north of the present Burr Oak House, about fifty feet back of the street. This hotel, according to all authorities, was built in the year 1851. The building was of logs, and was about 16x18 or 20 feet, with a loft that was reached by a ladder, and there was also a lean-to.

Later on an addition was built by either Mr. Belding or John Waggoner, from whom Byron's father, Edwin Blackmarr, bought the place in March, 1856. It appears that the hotel was known as the Waggoner House until it was enlarged, in the summer of 1857, after which it was called the Burr Oak House.

Byron, then a boy of ten years, made his first trip to Burr Oak with his father, when the latter went there to sign up papers in connection with the purchase of the hotel. "By" says he well remembers Henry Sherwin, Justice of the Peace (probably the first at Burr Oak), who lived in a log house on what is now the Sam Rice place.

There were few inhabitants in Burr Oak then, those Byron remembers being John Waggoner, Henry Sherwin, Wm. Fosberg (the first carpenter), a man named Haskins, who came the spring of 1856 and, with his wife's brothers, Sam and Dave Hoppos, built the American House, the summer of 1857; Jacob Houck, John Feyler (the first shoemaker), a Mr. Benton, Wm. Peard, Louis Ferguson, Cal. Ferguson (not related), A. W. Tinkham and Mrs. Bovee, who was a sister of Wm. Fosberg.

Byron tells how, the year they came, they used to count the emigrant wagons that passed through Burr Oak, and says that the average per day was around two hundred—sometimes as high as three hundred. He says that at night the houses and yards would be full of people, and that one could hear all sorts of bells on the stock that was being driven through by the emigrants, from the little sheep bells to cow bells as loud as church bells.

Byron says: "The old stone schoolhouse was the first public school I ever attended.

It had just been built—the Fall before, I think, in 1855. I do not know whether there had been a term of school taught in it, but if school was taught it must have been in the stone schoolhouse, for, as I remember it, there were but nine log houses in Burr Oak when we went there, and there were families living in each of them.

"I started school the summer of 1856. Mrs. Phoebe Wright was the teacher then, and in the winter of 1856-57 Moses Brace taught, but he did not get along with the big boys."

Byron tells how, in the winter of 1856, he was sent to John Feyler, Burr Oak's first shoemaker, to have a pair of shoes made. He says it was extremely cold that winter, and as he sat looking around him, while Mr. Feyler measured his feet, he saw chickens up above him, through the cracks in the loose boards over his head, Mr. Feyler having brought his chickens into the loft, during the extreme cold weather.

Byron also recalls Jess Dolley, the meat peddler who came from Bluffton with a very small mule and wagon, twice a week.

Going back to early Burr Oak building activities, Byron says: Ira Johnson, Wm. Henry Willsie, the Rices, and a man whose name Byron cannot remember, but who was a friend of the Feylers, also the Haskins family, came to Burr Oak the spring of 1856. Wm. Henry Willsie built what was later the John May house, that summer, and also the grout store building where George Kimball ran a billiard and cigar store for so long. He also built the grout house across the street from "Aunt Jane" Willsie's house. Wm. Fosberg built the first frame house in Burr Oak (just across the road from "the old 'Doctor Starr' house"). Mr. Ferguson lived in it, after the Blackmarrs moved back to Burr Oak the second time, and the Blackmarrs lived in the Tinkham House. Ben and John Ward were young men and did not live in Burr Oak then, but out on their father's place. Ben Ward built the Walt Case place, and S. C. Baker built the house north of the Lincoln place, also the house on Main street where John Kinyon and Joe Wemett later lived. Capt. M. A. Moore built the Seth Willetts store (later on); he lived on the John Ward place before he came to town. George Culbert built the old Loomis place, afterwards the Mart Ervin place. Jim McAllister, brother of Joshua, built the house north of the creamery (of which more later). Mrs. Bovee lived in what was later "the old Henning Wanless place," and Hiram Manning, and Mr. Jewell east of "The Relihan Corner."

In May or June, 1856, Wm. Peard and Louis Ferguson built a steam sawmill on Silver Creek, opposite the old sand bank where the swimming hole was later on.

In the summer of 1857, Edwin Blackmarr, with his partner and son-in-law, Henry O. Benedict, built the north half of the Burr Oak House, John and Ben Ward being the carpenters on the job. Blackmarr and Benedict then sold the Burr Oak House back to John Waggoner, and it appears that a man named Abe Madison ran it for awhile, but sold it back to Waggoner. J. R. Jones, who married a sister of William, Mark, Square and Moses Brace, had it for awhile, then John Miller, then A. M. Perry, after which F. C. Schanck took it over.

That same summer (1857), as previously stated, Mr. Haskins with Dave and Sam Hoppos, built the American House which (after the Fosberg house, the Burr Oak House, and the store which A. W. Tinkham built the same summer—living overhead until he built the house in which the Blackmarrs afterwards lived for a long time), was one of the first frame houses in Burr Oak.

"Haskins ran the American House for a year, then sold it to a Mr. Saxby, who came from Frankville or Washington Prairie, south of Decorah. Joseph McLaughlin ran it for awhile, then J. R. Jones took it over. Elisha Robinson (Frank's father) had it for about a year."

Byron says he thinks O. M. Barrett was the next teacher in the stone schoolhouse in 1857, following the term taught by Moses Brace. He tells a good story on Mr. Barrett (Albert Lincoln also recalled this story, but Byron beat him to it). It seems Mr. Barrett had just finished a term of school when he

married John Waggoner's daughter, Ellen, and he didn't have very much money, after setting up housekeeping in a log house, built by Mr. Waggoner just across the creek and north of the road to town. Mr. Waggoner asked him how much money he had to keep house on, and Barrett said that he had just fifty cents. Mr. Waggoner asked him what he expected to do with the fifty cents and Barrett at once replied that he was going to give it to somebody to cut a cord of wood for him. This of course almost finished Mr. Waggoner, who was a very close man. It is said that Barrett kept this philosophy up all his life and was very well off at the time of his death. He died not many years ago, somewhere in California, where, as Albert Lincoln has observed, "all good Iowans go to die."

The story goes that Mr. Barrett held a contract to teach, following Moses Brace, but for some reason the School Board, who had disagreed among themselves, locked the door against him, so when he went up to the door every morning and could not get in, he would return to the Waggoner or Burr Oak House and spend the rest of the day. He collected his salary at the expiration of his contract.

Byron is also of the opinion that if Lafayette Lamb taught at the old stone schoolhouse, it must have been in the late '50s, when the Blackmarrs were away from Burr Oak. (This agrees with Mrs. Meader's memories of when he taught there.)

Getting back to the early settlers, "Old Man" Potter lived down on the Bluffton Road on the place now owned by one of the Price boys, and John Potter, one of his sons, married Rob. Thomson's sister. Frank Potter was another son. A man named Metcalf who owned the Daking farm, west of the John Ward place, married Mary Potter, their sister. Later on Ben Ward's daughter married one of the Potters, but it was another family.

A family by the name of Cassel lived near the Potters. Stewart Wade married Cassel's daughter. John Ward married an adopted daughter of Mr. John Feyler. Ben Ward married Vina Briggs, a sister of Elijah Briggs, father of Myra Briggs, who married George Smith, and still lives at Burr Oak.

"By" tells of the Indian scare as follows:

"It was in the fall of 1862, after the massacre at New Ulm, Minnesota. Clark Cressey (a relative of Mrs. Bovee) brought the news to Burr Oak that the Indians were at Elliota and had killed Captain Elliott and family and burned his hotel.

"Clark Cressey lived opposite the Mitson place on the State Line, his house being on the Iowa side. Mr. Osgood lived on the J. C. Rollins place and when he got word of the danger he hitched up his team and, with his wife, his son "Art" and Jim Jewell as passengers, all armed with guns, went through Burr Oak with his horses running at full speed.

"John Stead had an old-fashioned spring clock and when he got the news, he hid the clock out in the cornfield, then took his family to Decorah. After the scare was over and he came home, he could not find the clock, and not until his corn was harvested, did he locate it.

"Some men were threshing east of Hesper, and when they got the news they stopped, unhitched and backed the separator into a large sink hole (which broke it up pretty badly, by the way), and then all went to Decorah.

"When Mr. Feyler got the news, he took his gun, and went down to the hotel, and wanted to know where the Indians were.

"At Frankville, a man by the name of Frank Teabout ran a hotel, bar and store. When the people commenced to go through Frankville, he gathered all the men he could, armed them with guns as long as he could, and then gave them each a pitchfork. When they would see a team coming, they would all go out across the road and stop them. Later on, when it was found that the whole thing was a scare, the people thanked Mr. Teabout and went home. The scare reached as far as Indiana."

"By" goes on to tell of hearing his father, Ed. Blackmarr, who old-timers will remember as noted for his story-telling proclivities, speak of a man up in Minnesota—from Indiana and dead broke—who thought of a great scheme for getting back to Indiana. He told everyone he met that he had been in the

massacre at New Ulm and his family had been murdered, his property destroyed, etc. This story worked so well and he had told it so many times that by the time he got home to Indiana he believed it himself!

After selling the Burr Oak House back to John Waggoner, the Blackmarr family left Burr Oak, in March, 1857, returning in June, 1866.

"By" says that the summer of 1866 Miss Lottie Wheelock taught school, and Mrs. Sage states that Ella Marlow also taught that term, Miss Wheelock teaching in the old stone schoolhouse, while Miss Marlow taught in Jerome Bisby's tin shop, the classes that year being too large for the stone schoolhouse.

"Then the winter we went into the store," says Byron—"the winter of 1866-67—James Cameron taught school and I went. Miss Ann Edmunds, from over near Mabel, taught the primary grade and boarded at our house. I think you must have gone to her. The next winter, 1867-68, Phillip Miller taught, with Miss Leach (who afterwards married Ed. Blakeman). This was the first term of school taught in the new brick schoolhouse.

"Robert Thomson and my sister, Oliette Blackmarr, followed, with Miss Ann Brackett, as teachers."

Byron's elder sister, Louise Blackmarr, married Henry O. Benedict, her father's partner when they owned the Burr Oak House. Mrs. Benedict is now living at Mankato, Kansas, having just celebrated her eighty-first birthday.

"George Heckle came to Burr Oak about 1868. His father, John Heckle, had a blacksmith shop across the corner from John Feyler's shoemaker shop. Halt Harden and Neri Taylor ran a blacksmith shop sometime before this."

Matthew Relihan came to Burr Oak in 1868, or 1869 (Dan W. Relihan is his son). Dave LaValley, J. P. LaValley, Hanson Bridges. Hargraves. Joe Wemett and "old Poleat LaValley all came about the same time. Mrs. Wemett was a daughter of Mrs. Wm. Brown ("Aunt Sally" Brown) by a former marriage. She was a sister (according to Albert Lincoln) of Poleat, Joe and Prosper LaValley and "Aunt Julia" McAllister (Mrs. Jim McAllister). Poleat was the father of J. P., or "Iron Joe," Dave, George and Louis LaValley, and "Little Joe." Will, Lucie and Juliette were all children of "Leather Joe" LaValley.

As will be noted, almost everybody was some kin to everybody else, in the old Burr Oak days.

Byron tells elsewhere of a "farewell party" which he attended at my father's home, in early December, or late November, of the year 1869.

"By" tells how he and others used to play tricks on Jim Porter, after he went into the hotel business at Burr Oak. Jim Porter had a light at the front door, a large glass case, "By" says, with an oil lamp inside. When Mr. Porter was not looking, "By" and the rest would slip up the front stairs and turn the light up so high that it would smoke and get red hot. Then they would hide and soon Mr. Porter would come out, turn the light down and burn his fingers. "But he would not swear," "By" says. "We would have a good laugh at him and as soon as he went back inside we would repeat the performance. We kept it up until he got on to us."

"By" then tells of how his good friend and neighbor, Matthew Relihan, had a lot of pigs which sometimes wandered into "By's" cornfield. "By" says he went to Mr. Relihan about it, who said that there was some mistake, because his pigs never left his own place.

"So the next time we went to my cornfield," "By" says, "the pigs were there again. George Sullivan was with me, and my dog. We had a large box in the wagon and I told George we would catch all of the pigs we could. We caught six fine pigs and penned them up in my yard. Two or three days later it was raining and, looking out of my window, I saw Mr. Relihan out in my barnyard. I went out and passed the time of day, and he said, ' "By," you have my pigs there in your pen.' 'Oh, no, Mr. Relihan,' I said. 'I got these pigs in my cornfield and you said your pigs never left your place, so they can't

be yours.' 'But they *are* mine,' he said. He then asked what the damage was and paid it, and we never had a bit of trouble over them after that."

"By" says that he well remembers Elisha Robinson's old horse, "John," on which Anna Moore and Ella May Robinson used to practice circus stunts. He furthermore remarks that the said noble John looked more like a dromedary than a horse! Whether the two girls' constant use of John was responsible for his dejected appearance is not stated.

Ab Lincoln reminds us of a certain stubborn Holstein calf that "By" Blackmarr owned. This calf simply *would* not learn to drink milk. George Sullivan was working for "By," and Albert says that once when "By" was going away he told George to "teach that calf to drink or kill him." When he returned, he asked George how he got along with the calf. "All right," said George. "Did you teach him to drink?" inquired Blackmarr. "No," said George. "Then what did you do," persisted Blackmarr. "Killed him," said George.

Of course this story may not be true. Ab Lincoln told it, and it will be noted that he liked killings and general slaughter.

Byron speaks of Forest West, younger brother of Nathan West, and tells the story of how, when Nathan was helping William Peard burn lime on the Peard place, Forest, who was not over eight or nine years old and very small for his age, was bitten in the hand by a rattlesnake. He had been down to where his brother was working, and was on the way back. The boy, who was alone, got a club and killed the snake and then went on home. He recovered, but Byron says he carried the scar in his hand for years after.

Byron was married on July 3rd, 1870, and speaks of how he and his wife (who was Edna Wood, daughter of Rev. R. R. Wood, a Methodist minister at Burr Oak), with Rob and Olie Blackmarr Thomson, played croquet the following day with Rev. Cruzan, who followed my father as pastor of the Congregational Church at Burr Oak.

Byron says that J. C. Rollins came to Burr Oak in 1865, and that he and Ed Blackmarr, with O. C. Mason, built a cheese factory. Byron goes on to tell how he (Byron) organized the Cream Company the last year he was there (1890) and gathered the first cream that was churned in the factory. Byron says:

"I brought the machinery from St. Paul, and, right here, I want to say that I claim to be the first man—or one of the first—that has made old Winneshiek County the best county in the United States for draft horses. I brought the first imported stallion into Winneshiek and my old friend John Stiles brought the next."

Byron gives the history of the schoolhouse bell as follows:

"A man named Michael Folgum was selling bells for some eastern firm. The school directors said a bell would be a useless expense, but I told them if they would put up a belfry I would get the bell and take up a subscription, asking the people to give what they could. I asked Mr. Glidden to give a dollar toward the price of the bell and he said, ' "By," if you get a bell that I can hear at my place, I will hitch old Charlie to the buggy and come down and give you that dollar, day or night!'

"The bell arrived one night about dark and I set it up on two boxes in front of the school and rang it good and hard, not thinking of what Mr. Glidden had said, but just ringing it for my own satisfaction. In less than thirty minutes after the first stroke—we were all around the bell—we heard a buggy coming, with the horse at a gallop, so we stopped the bell long enough to see whose horse was running away. Mr. Glidden drove right up, jumped out and handed me a dollar, true to his word. The bell cost twenty-five dollars."

Byron says he remembers the first drum corps they had during the war, and that Square Brace played the flute, Simon Houck the snare drum, and Wm. Wilford the bass drum. As noted elsewhere, there is a wide divergence of opinions regarding the per-

sonnel of this justly famous drum corps. However, Myra Briggs Smith and Mrs. Maria Brace Baker (Square Brace's widow) agree with Byron about Simon Houck and Square Brace, but not about Wm. Wilford.

Byron states that he thinks my father was a member of the school board which elected Philip Miller to teach the first year in the new brick schoolhouse. I don't remember about this, but it may have been.

Byron is sure that Dan Bowerman taught at Burr Oak the Winter of 1870-71 and, to prove it, tells of the famous fighter, yclept "Bismarck," who could whip any rooster in the country. The "Iron Chancellor" was at that time fighting the French, and hence the name. The boys became so interested in "Bismarck's" prowess that they used to desert the school for Blackmarr's place, and "By" says that Dan Bowerman came over to remonstrate, but "By" told him to keep his scholars away from his place, which Bowerman, of course, could not do.

"Bismarck" was responsible for certain crimes on the part of one "Ab" Lincoln, for Byron tells how the said "Ab" brought his mother's favorite rooster over to whip "Bismarck." As it happened, "Bismarck" almost killed the Lincoln entry, and when Mrs. Lincoln inquired of Albert concerning the animal's battered condition, "Ab" told her that he thought probably one of the horses had stepped on the rooster (yet this "Ab" person has dared to say *I* was a bad boy!).

"Bismarck's" latter days are shrouded in mystery. The unfeeling Byron was going to dress him for the market, along with a lot of other chickens, when Mr. Loomis intervened and "Bismarck" was spared, being sold to Mr. Loomis for the sum of twenty-five cents. He was then taken home and incarcerated in the Loomis barn, which was the last known record of "Bismarck," as the peerless fighter was spirited away that night by some parties or party unknown. (Note: This should not be construed as a reflection upon Frank Robinson and Ed McAllister.)

Recently Byron sent me a picture of "the three champion lady heavyweights of Winneshiek County." The picture appears in this book. The ladies therein are Mrs. Edwin Blackmarr, who weighed 257 pounds at the time, Mrs. John Waggoner and Mrs. Young, wife of the Methodist pastor at that time. Byron says the three women weighed something over 800 pounds, as both of the others outweighed his mother. The men in the picture are Mr. Waggoner and Mr. Young.

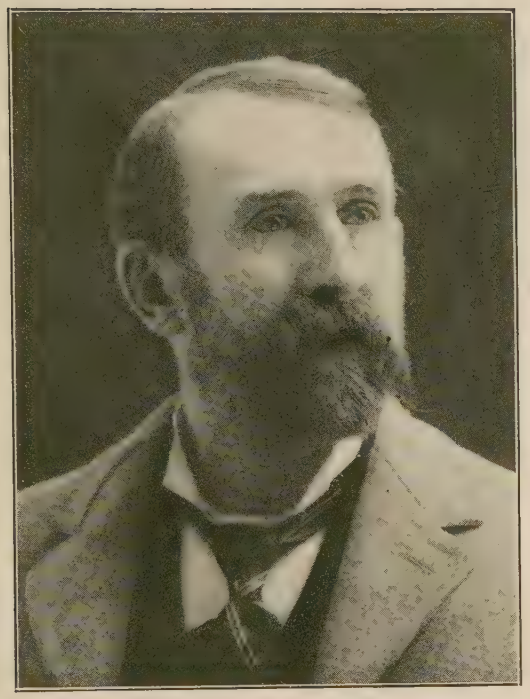
Elsewhere, Silas Brace tells of how "By" Blackmarr used to entertain them at the summer lyceums, after he had been away to college at Fayette, Iowa.

"By" went to Burr Oak somewhat earlier than many of us did, and therefore has been able to go a little further back into its history. He and Mrs. Blackmarr live in Salt Lake City, as do the Thomsons and Mrs. Maria E. Manning, and we try to have a little "reunion" whenever I am passing through Salt Lake City.

Byron certainly has been of much assistance to me in the preparation of this book, and I have found his memory to be "unusually" reliable.

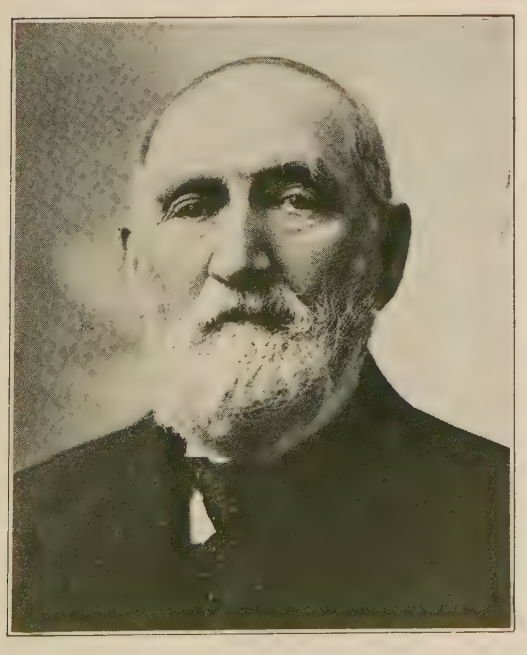
To digress a bit—and for the benefit of those "outside"—would say that "unusually" is a great word in California. Anything that is not perfect is "unusual" for California. There are not many bona fide natives in California, but it is said that when a native child is born, the first word he speaks is "Mama," the second is "Unusual," and the third "Climate."

Returning to "By" Blackmarr, he has, in addition to his various word pictures, sketched for us a map of Burr Oak, as he recalls the old town in 1866.



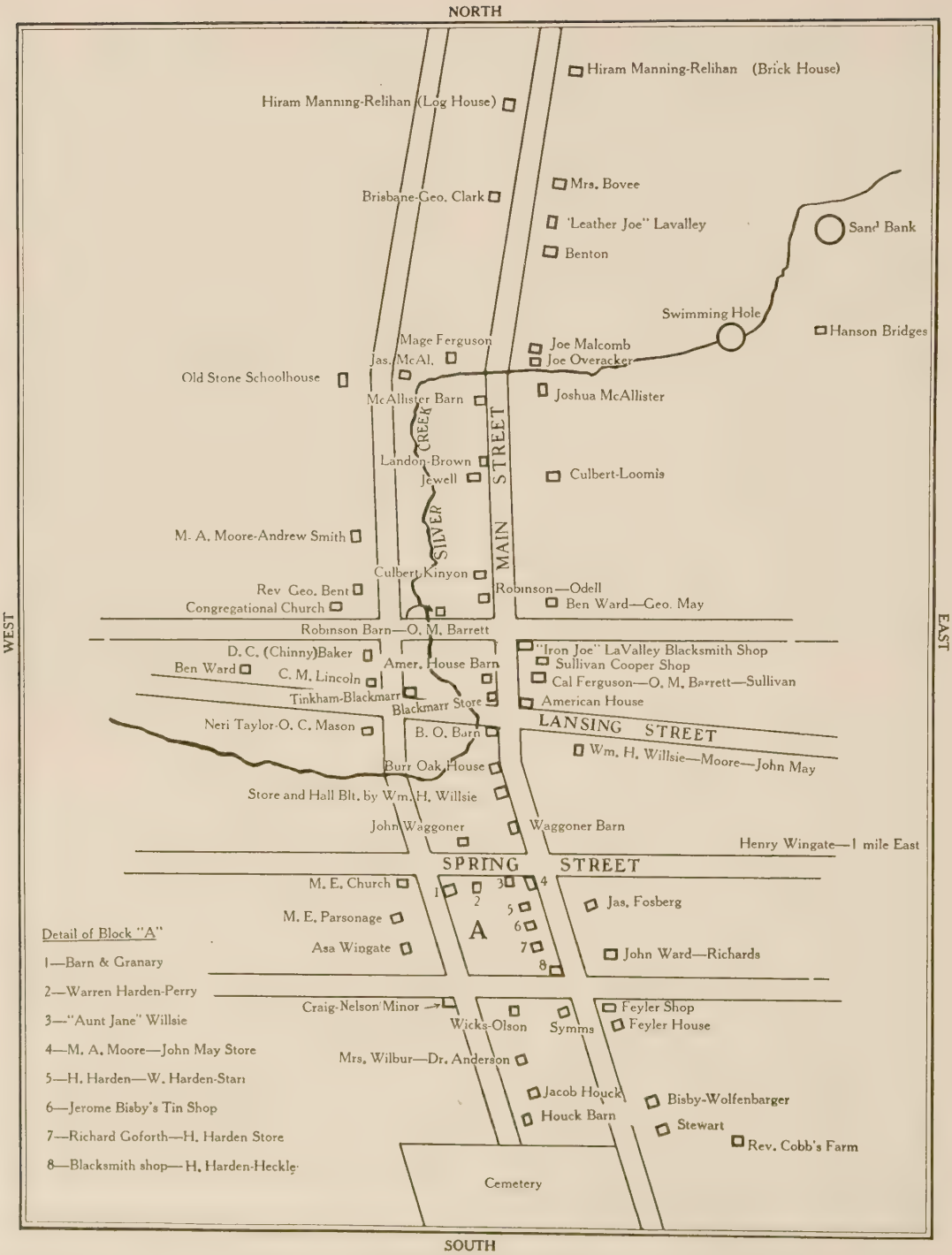
BYRON D. BLACKMARR

BYRON D. BLACKMARR
A later picture



REV. R. R. WOOD
Father of Adda, Ida, Edna and Celia Wood

The three champion heavyweights of Winneshiek County —Mrs. Edwin Blackmarr, 257 lbs., Mrs. John Waggoner, Mrs. Young, Mr. Waggoner and Mr. Young. The three ladies together weighed more than 800 pounds.



BURR OAK, 1866

For assistance in the making of this map, I am especially indebted to Messrs. Lincoln, Brace and Wingate, also to Mr. Blackmarr, who made the original sketches.-G. P. B.

Chapter Six

SILAS C. BRACE

"When all the world is old, Lad,
And all the trees are brown;
. . . . . .
God grant you find one face, Lad,
You loved when you were young."
—*Charles Kingsley.*

SILAS C. BRACE was perhaps the closest of all my boyhood friends, and I am glad to say that after so many long years, he is again living near me, at Inglewood, California. He has been of great help to me in the preparation of this book of reminiscences and has repeatedly drawn upon his own memory, as well as that of his three aunts, Mrs. Abbie Lamb Meader (sister of Lafayette, Silas and Lealdus Lamb), Mrs. Maria Brace Baker (whose first husband was "Square" Brace, Silas' uncle), and Mrs. Mary West Lamb (widow of Silas Lamb).

The Braces seem to have been related to a great many of the Burr Oak pioneers. Silas' grandparents, Calvin and Elmira Brace, were drowned by the big flood of August 6th, 1866, and are buried in the Burr Oak Cemetery. "Uncle Jared" Ferguson was the father of Calvin, Major ("Mage") and "Aunt Fannie" Ferguson, who were Silas Brace's cousins. Porter and Ben were sons of "Mage" Ferguson. "Port" was a religious boy and quite a good singer, as some of us remember.

Louis Ferguson, who was connected with William Peard in the sawmill enterprise on Silver Creek, was no relation to the other Fergusons. He had a son named Louis and another named Allan.

Of the Lambs, Silas taught the winter term of 1855-56, presumably in a certain log building, the location of which we have been unable to fix with any degree of certainty—as mentioned elsewhere. The following winter (1856-57), after the stone schoolhouse had been built, Moses Brace, brother of William, Mark and "Square" Brace, taught the school for the winter term of 1856-57. According to his sister, Mrs. Abbie Lamb Meader, Lafayette Lamb—who, with his brother Lealdus, helped to build the stone schoolhouse—was one of the early teachers in it, presumably in 1857 or 1858. He taught one or more terms, then enlisted in the Civil War and died in the year 1861. Silas Lamb seems to have taught another term later on, as elsewhere his sister Abbie tells of an interesting school exhibition he put on during the early days of the Civil War. Zylpha Lamb, after the death of her husband, Lafayette Lamb, married Daniel Wager; she was his second wife.

J. R. Jones, who ran the American House for a time, married one of the Braces and was the father of Eugene Jones and Mrs. John Jester.

"Aunt Mint" Harden was also a Brace. She was first married to a man named Butler, who is said to be the first person buried in the Burr Oak Cemetery, and her second husband was Warren Harden. Many of us recall Joel Butler, brother of Lysander, whose hair was so curly that he had to wear it in ringlets, making him something of a curiosity to strangers. Mrs. Rasey, mother of Mary, Delbert, Frank and Eddie Rasey, was a sister of Mrs. Rosilinda Brace (Silas' mother). It will be noted that there were quite a few Lambs, as well as Braces, among the Burr Oak pioneers.

I quote Silas in regard to some of the old Burr Oak days and "doings" as follows:

"My father, Mark Brace, came to Burr Oak in the spring of 1852 or 1853 with Calvin Ferguson, a cousin. Each selected forty acres of land, west of Burr Oak. Calvin had his on the north side and father's

was on the south side of Silver Creek and each built a log house thereon. My mother, Rosilinda Brace, came to the new home in the fall, with myself and my sister Mary, a baby in arms.

"In the fall of 1859, father contracted a severe cold, resulting in what is now called 'tuberculosis' but was then known as 'quick consumption,' while working in a stone quarry on Silver Creek, west of the old Burr Oak house. Thinking that it would benefit his health, he took his family and went back to Cattaraugus County, in 'York State,' as it was then called. He only lived about a month after arriving there. It was lonesome for my mother then, and she became so homesick for the home and the good friends in Iowa, where she had lived a pioneer life for six years, that she left her father's fine home in Ellicottville and, with her two children, then aged nine and seven, went back to Burr Oak, hoping to earn her living there with her needle.

"This was in 1860, to the best of my belief and knowledge. It was at this time that Reverend and Mrs. George Bent and son, George P., came to live in our home—while Reverend Bent was building his own home, on which he immediately began work. It was wonderful to me, because his house was to be a 'frame' house, not a log house, as ours and most of the other homes in Burr Oak at that time were.

"George P. and I became companions, he being seven and I nine years of age—if I remember aright. Of course, being so *much* older, I had to see that George kept out of mischief and danger, and I am now of the opinion that the task was well performed (for evidence, see George).

"Mr. O. F. Southwick came to Burr Oak about this time and started a 'select school,' which we attended. His school was in the old Methodist church. He was quite popular and at the close of the school term put on what was called 'an exhibition.' Some of his principal actors were William Symms, Marietta Bovee and others I cannot now recall. The uniforms and sword practice were of course wonderful to us kids and we all had to be very small to have plenty of room the evening of the exhibition."

(As mentioned elsewhere, I did not attend the Southwick school, being too small at that time, but I did visit the school, and was much impressed, it being the first school I had seen in operation.)

"Oh, those good old days," Silas continues, "when Silver Creek was so full of beautiful speckled trout that could be caught with pin hooks! And the old swimming hole! What tricks we used to play on each other there and on the way! One favorite was—when the grass got high enough—to tie two strong bunches of grass together across the path as low and as much out of sight as possible, which would trip up the unsuspecting victim and we would laugh to see him fall.

"Going to school, what discomfort, what misery, was ours! Sitting for hours on the *soft* side of a hard oak slab in the old stone schoolhouse. Among early wielders of the birch in those days were Miss McNair, of Decorah (who later became a Civil War nurse), Lafayette and Silas Lamb, a Mr. Warren, James Cameron and Mrs. Landon.

"There was also a lady teacher, who used a strong hazel switch on the bare legs of Frank Wager, my cousin. Crinoline was in fashion then and the lady wore pretty large hoops. Cannot recall her name at present, but we clearly remember how she chased Frank around and around that old box stove, at so lively a pace that the hoops were frequently in evidence. They were of steel, not the older bamboo.

"May I name some of the old schoolmates, so few now living, after the passing of sixty years? Frank Robinson, Edgar and Pliny McAllister, Ed and Frank Wager, and their sister Mary, Byron and Eddie Moore, Jasper, Julia and Martha Jewell, Dwight and Mary Manning, Wayland Houck, Albert and Elwin Lincoln and their sisters Albertine and Imogene, Porter Ferguson and his brother Ben, George McCrary, Nancy, Elder, 'Mike' and 'Buck' Johnson, Edgar and Myron Harden, Dallas and Addison Taylor and their sister Frances, Hester Willsie, Bet-

sey Ann Berry (daughter of Steve Berry), George Albert and Frank Peacock, with their sister Sarah, Frank, Byron and Anna Waggoner, Joe La Valley, Henry and Eugene ('Hank' and 'Gene') Bovee with their sister Marietta, Byron and Oliette Blackmarr—although I am not so sure of the last two having attended school in the old stone schoolhouse.

"In addition to schoolmates already named —among those at school in the new brick building, the last term of school we attended in Burr Oak—were Darwin Symms, Eugene Jones (who was living with Grandmother and Grandfather Brace at the time they were drowned, in 1866), Clara Wingate, George P. Bent, Asa Willsie, Hattie Harden, and many others whose names I cannot recall. This was the winter term of 1869-1870, and Philip Miller was our teacher.

"At the Lyceums, 'Dar' Symms and Charles Willsie used to entertain us. Byron Blackmarr was then attending school at Fayette, Iowa, and came home during vacation, so was in attendance at one of our Lyceums, and, being called on and urged to speak, took the platform and in substance told us that because he was attending college, we thought that he must be full of wisdom and could entertain any crowd, but, on the contrary, he had found that he knew so little that he was not sure he knew anything.

"In naming over our schoolmates, I have given the family names of most of the old pioneers, but there were some of them who had no children to represent them at school, among them being 'Uncle Cal' and 'Aunt Fannie' Ferguson, 'Uncle Asa' and 'Aunt Charity' Wingate, 'Uncle Feyler,' and 'Aunt Elizabeth,' etc.

"It was in quarrying stone for the Tinkham store-building foundation that my father contracted the cold that eventually resulted in his death."

Silas tells how once, when he was very ill, and Dr. Battey reported before a session of the Grand Templars' Lodge that "the boy could not last over an hour," Olie Blackmarr, with three of her friends, volunteered to go and "sit up with the remains." "A very kindly and customary act," comments Silas, "and much appreciated by my mother, whose only child I then was, my sister Mary having died some time before. But 'the remains' were not prepared."

Silas says that Olie Blackmarr Thomson reminded him of the incident some ten years ago, in Salt Lake City, and said that it occurred when the Braces lived in Hesper, after leaving Burr Oak, and that Olie Blackmarr was either living in Hesper or going to school there.

It would appear that the case of Silas was that of Mark Twain, who said that the reports of his death were "greatly exaggerated."

Silas then goes on to tell various stories of the old days, and he, like Frank Robinson and others, remembers "Mage" Ferguson's "sugar bush" most pleasantly. He says that Ben and Port Ferguson, with himself and several other boys, would cross Silver Creek near Steve Berry's and go on down the deep ravine where "Mage" had his sugar-making outfit. The boys would help gather the sap and drink all they wanted, then boil what was left. Each boy would get a basin, pan or trough, fill it with snow, and "Mage" would cover it with syrup.

"My, how good it tasted," Silas says; "better than any candy the kids get nowadays."

He goes on to tell how my father used to preach in the old stone schoolhouse before the new Congregational church was built, and he tells the following story about one Sunday's escapade:

"During the time the Bents were living with my mother in the old log house, one Sunday in summer, we went to Sunday school, before preaching. When Sunday school closed, three or four boys got out of the room and when church was called, we did not go in, but went instead to the north end of the schoolhouse, where there were no windows, and commenced to laugh and play. One of the boys discovered a striped gopher, ran it into a hole and then we secured a pail of water and drowned it out. In our

excitement we made so much noise that we seriously annoyed the congregation and the speaker. When I got home, I was met with a severe reprimand from mother, and several 'looks' from Reverend Bent, which all made me very uncomfortable, to say the least."

Silas also tells how, at the First Burr Oak Old Settlers' picnic, Mrs. Landon told from the platform about Frank Robinson's truancy during the term she taught in the stone schoolhouse, the summer of 1861. Silas says:

"She told of Frank being brought back to school by his mother, who used a strong hazel switch on his bare legs. There he came, up the tree-covered lane, through the oak grove in front of the schoolhouse (south) and through the open door up the aisle to his seat. You can imagine Frank's cry, '*Don't,* mother,' each time the switch made the circle over his head. In telling this, Mrs. Landon lifted up her skirts and hopped up and down, to show how Frank came up the lane and into the schoolhouse."

I wonder if the old school looked as good to Frank then as it looked to him when he drew it, from memory, for the book!

Silas tells of another "school exhibition" in the late sixties, held in a tent east of the May or Willsie home and north of the brick schoolhouse. A scene from Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" was given, and Dar Symms as "Roderick Dhu" and Ed McAllister as "King James" fought a duel with swords. Most of the others recall this affair.

Silas has given some most interesting reminiscences anent the Tellyer murder, also; however, it was decided best to omit same.

Silas referred to a certain engagement between himself and Albert Lincoln, and when questioned, Albert gives his version of the affair as follows:

"As Silas is too modest or too much afraid of hurting my tender feelings, I see *I* will have to give you an account of how he licked me in the old schoolhouse grove.

"We had nothing against each other, any more than we have had for the rest of the sixty-five years we have been the best of friends. I was the aggressor. I think it was about the only time I ever picked a fight. I remember running around and saying: 'I can lick Sily Brace! I can lick Sily Brace!' until goaded on by the boys, he pitched in and licked me good. He had on boots and I was barefoot, and I laid it to that. I borrowed some boots, and we went into battle again, but the result was the same. I think we were about ten or eleven years old. There were about two dozen of the boys there and I well remember our march downtown. However, I did not feel near as smart as I did before the battle. I ought to have been able to lick Sily, as I was *two days* older than he was."

Silas tells us of the flood on Weisel Creek, most interestingly:

"It was on the morning of August 6th, 1866," he says, "that Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Brace (my grandparents) hitched their old horse 'Peter' to the democrat wagon and started out to visit their friends Mr. and Mrs. David Weisel, who lived on what was then called Weisel's Creek, some eight or ten miles away.

"Ten years before Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Brace had driven overland from Cattaraugus County, New York, to Iowa, 'Peter' and the democrat wagon being their conveyance, accompanied by their sons, William, Aaron and Squire Brace, who with horse teams and wagons hauled as much of household goods and supplies as they could on the long journey. Eugene Jones, their grandson, was also with them. They came to Burr Oak Township where Calvin Brace secured half a section of land just south of John Stead's place.

"Now, having retired from active farming, being seventy-two and seventy, respectively, the Braces, with their grandson, Eugene Jones, were living in a dwelling just west of the bridge across Pine Creek, near the Stead place. It was from there that they started out to visit the Weisels who were also from Cattaraugus County, New York, leaving Eugene, a lad of fourteen years, to care for the home alone.

"Before they reached the end of their journey, it began to rain, and by evening it rained so much as to cause Mrs. Weisel (who told the writer the story the next fall) some uneasiness, especially as their house and mill were located just below the junction of Lenora Creek and the Newberg Creek—Lenora Creek flowing in a northeasterly direction and the Newberg Creek more nearly north.

"About nine o'clock that evening, Mrs. Weisel went down to the creek bank and found that the water was rising rapidly. On returning to the house she advised going to the hills. They went upstairs and talked over the plan of going to the hills, sitting around on the beds. There was a balcony and outside door leading to it from the room they were in. The balcony fronted on the south, where a good view could be had in daylight of the two creeks; however, now only the flashes of lightning revealed their condition.

"There were six people in the room, Mr. and Mrs. Brace, Mr. and Mrs. Weisel, Mrs. Weisel's mother, a lady of over eighty years of age, and a grandson of about twelve years of age. Mr. Weisel went to the door—no doubt thinking to view the situation—but the instant he opened the door, it seemed as if he pitched forward into the wall of water that had just struck the house. Mrs. Weisel (the sole survivor) said that when he disappeared the whole house seemed to fall to pieces and the next thing she realized was that she, with Calvin and Elmira Brace, were clinging to the bedstead and floating along in deep water.

"Every few moments Mrs. Brace would cry 'Calvin' and he would answer her. Then suddenly Mrs. Weisel heard a groan. 'Calvin,' Mrs. Brace called again, but there was no answer. A few seconds more and 'Calvin' again. No answer, and a flash of lightning revealed to Mrs. Weisel that she was alone. Soon she struck a pile of driftwood and on it crawled to safety. Mrs. Weisel was so frail when I talked to her that I have often wondered how she could have survived that awful night. She could not have weighed over ninety or a hundred pounds; however, it is possible that she was not so frail at the time of the flood, for the experiences of that terrible night were enough to have unnerved anyone. Sixteen men, women and children were drowned along that stream the night of August 6th, 1866."

Regarding this same flood, "Ab" Lincoln and others recall that the Wellington home was also washed away and some of the family drowned. Robert Thomson states that Cyrus Wellington's father, Jonas Wellington, had sold his farm the day before, and returned home with the money in his pocket. He perished in the flood, as did his wife, Cornelia Wellington. It is said that Cyrus Wellington searched up and down the banks of the creek for days, hoping to find his father's pocketbook. He did find the pocketbook, at last, but all of its contents had been washed out with the exception of his father's commission as Captain in the Massachusetts Volunteer Service, in the War of 1812. Mr. Thomson says that "Cy" always carried that commission in his inside vest pocket, thereafter.

Chapter Seven

ALBERT LINCOLN

"Here's to the world—
We enter it naked and bare,
Go through it with sorrow and care,
We leave it and go—we know not where,
But if we're thoroughbreds here,
We'll be thoroughbreds there."

—*The Philistine.*

ALBERT LINCOLN was one of the very first Burr Oakers that I remember. He and his brother Elwin were next to Silas Brace in my affections and reminiscences of the early days. I used to be, and am still, very fond of these old Burr Oak boys, but they were, I must admit, very, very mischievous, whereas I was a good boy.

As stated elsewhere, I used to voraciously devour that, to me, most interesting paper, the *New York Ledger,* at Albert's house, and it is clear that if he had not had it, I could not have read it. But just imagine how different my autobiography would have read, had I persisted in becoming an author—incited thereto by having read the thrilling tales of Henry Ward Beecher and others, which appeared in the Ledger!

In those days, the Lincoln family were our nearest neighbors. Albert was two years older than I, and Elwin was a little younger. Albert and his family, with his two sisters, Imogene and Albertine, have lived in Decorah for years. Elwin lived in Minnesota for a long time, but of late years he, too, lived with Albert in Decorah. I used to see them all each time I made a trip back to Burr Oak, but now—Elwin has passed on.

Albert used to make, and sell to us boys, toys and catskin mittens. I say, but "Ab" denies, that he used to—when in need of catskins from which to make up a fresh supply of mittens—line up a lot of cats and, after stunning them, place their heads under a fence rail, put one end of the rail under the bottom board of the garden fence and then stand on the other end of the rail, and choke the unfortunate cats until each of the nine lives of each cat was ended. I can remember just as well as though it were yesterday that these poor cats would try to yell and wave their tails as they perished.

Albert says this is a base libel, but I know that it is absolutely true, and, while I do not wonder that he denies it and wants to forget it—as being a species of cruelty—the fact is that truth is mighty and will prevail, and I still live in hopes that Albert Lincoln will ultimately confess his sins of omission and commission and give me credit for telling the absolute truth. Truth sometimes hurts, and it seems to have done so in Albert's case. He certainly knows and admits that he made catskin mittens, and where was he going to get catskins unless he killed cats? I do not now remember the price of the mittens, but I know that I had a pair of them, and I know that I got some of the toys which he made.

I know, too, that his mother used to cut my hair, there being no barber in Burr Oak. She would put a soup-bowl over my head and cut around it in due and proper form. She was also a great nurse. Especially was she successful in treating diphtheria, which was then prevalent in Burr Oak. All of the Lincoln children had the diphtheria once and some of them had it twice, and she nursed them all successfully, as she did the Bent children. She was a wonderfully good woman, one never to be forgotten.

Albert tells some good stories about the old Burr Oak days, and has been of great help to me in preparing the book. He was just a trifle coy about sending me a photograph of himself, but when I explained to him that it was my desire to embellish the

book with portraits of *beautiful* people, he understood at once that the picture gallery would be incomplete without *his* likeness.

Albert refers to the old school days, when each boy's spelling, reading, etc., would be checked by the other boys. Albert says that he is quite sure he didn't make near as many mistakes in his work as Ed. Moore and myself professed to find therein, and he claims that we were just as hard and unjust to the others whose work we checked. He does not say how we fared at the hands of the other boys.

Regarding the prize picture painted on a dustpan by James Cameron and given to me for good or bad behavior, Albert has not made any insinuations, but he claims that that year he got the second prize for *good* behavior, Gertrude Benton taking the first. He says that while Gertrude had first choice of the paintings, the one that he got was the one he particularly wanted, so every one was happy. "I think," says Albert (no doubt truthfully, for once), "that this was the first and last time I was ever good in school."

Albert also speaks of the Sabbath school in the old stone schoolhouse, where Theodore Brode was the teacher.

Albert tells of how Martha Jewell once went to Dr. Starr and asked for some medicine, telling him that she was not exactly well, could not take any interest in things and events, and that her chief trouble seemed to be in getting interested in the sermons, on Sundays. Albert says that one Mr. Richardson was the M. E. Minister at the time, and that no one has ever been able to decide whether he or Martha Jewell was most at fault because of her failure to find his sermons interesting.

Albert also remarks that he and Will Houck remember Reverend Cruzan as being somewhat pedantic and vain, as do Robert Thomson and myself. "But," he continues, "Mr. Cruzan, so I am told, went on out to California, where things were crude, and made quite a hit." (It must be remembered that this slur upon California comes from one who is doubtless envious of those who have decided to live in it, instead of dear old Iowa, the land of the freezing winters and the frying summers. Never having visited California, how does he have the nerve to slur and slander the state as he does?)

Albert reminds me of the tragedy in which Edgar Harden and "Jap" Jewell were the principal actors. This deplorable affair is, of course, well remembered by old Burr Oakers.

And he tells also of a pet coon which the "Iron Joe" LaValleys at one time had. This coon had the run of the house, and once when Boone Shark, who was "courtin'" Phenie LaValley, was seen approaching, Mrs. LaValley, who naturally wanted everything to look just right, called out, "My God, Phenie, get that coon out of the *churn,* Boone, he come." Albert says this was a little Burr Oak byword for awhile.

Albert tells of George Culbert who was considered quite a horse trader. Once he traded for a horse and, going home, the horse balked going up the hill in front of the Robinsons. Mr. Culbert was much too wise to whip the horse and advertise to the world at large that he balked, so he conveniently had business in the store, and got into an argument that lasted so long that the horse was more than ready to start by the time Mr. Culbert got back to him.

Albert tells how the boys used to go out each fall and knock the hickory nuts out of the trees with clubs. The Moore boys were usually a little better supplied with funds than the rest of the boys and would sometimes buy things which it was up to the rest of them to beg, borrow or, acquire otherwise. Albert goes on to tell of how they approached Sam Baker to buy some nuts, and Sam said, "I won't solt you a quart, but if you'll come on over, I'll gin you some." "This certainly showed Sam's big heart," Albert says.

No doubt all of the old Burr Oak boys remember the creek where we used to slide on the ice and sometimes take hard tumbles on the backs of our respective heads. Albert says he never shall forget the beautiful assortment of colors he saw once when he fell.

"Do you remember how we used to slide and skate on the creek?" asks Albert. "I used to have a big pair of sheepskin mittens" (wonder they were not catskin), "which I always tried to keep between me and the ice when I fell—how we used to have chilblains in the winter and stone bruises and stubbed toes in the summer! Elwin stubbed the nail off one big toe twice in one summer.

"The boys used to go to the creek from the old stone schoolhouse, fishing and swimming in summer, and in winter trying to see just how thin ice would hold us up. Elwin used to shine at this sport and counted the day lost when he didn't break through the ice and get wet feet at least twice."

Albert tells another on the silver-tongued George Edgar McAllister:

"I bought a piece of timber down on the Canoe," he says, "and got Ed Mac to help me chop. We took our dinner and built a fire in a hollow stump to thaw out our dinner. Afterwards, Ed got up on the stump to make a 'stump' speech and he burned his boots. He took them to the Norwegian shoemaker, who had made them, to get them fixed. It seems that he had taken them to this man to be repaired shortly before and the shoemaker said to him: 'Yes, I fix them, tomorrow! You burn them next day, I fix them the next day after!'

"That rather 'got Ed's goat,'" Albert remarks, "although that expression was not in use in those days."

Albert is kind and (perhaps) truthful enough to say that "yours truly" was not into *all* of their scrapes, and says he doesn't think that I used to go with them to the "ol' swimmin' hole," where "mud wallows" were enjoyed. Albert qualifies his statement by saying that I was "looked after" a little closer than some of the boys, so it may be that he means to insinuate that if left to myself, I would have wallowed in the mud and indulged in the wholesale skinning of helpless cats, with the worst of them.

He says that they used to have great times at the swimming hole, first wallowing in the mud and then striping themselves most artistically. By the time they got the mud thoroughly washed off, they were certainly quite clean.

Albert tells how we all used to ride down the steep hill and across the creek on shovels, tin pans and bobsleds. Aunt Julia McAllister would say, "Now children, don't you ride down on that bob; you'll kill yourselves, and break your arms or your legs."

Albert recalls the old "regular balance to your partner, grand right and left" dances that used to be held at Burr Oak. Every Fourth of July there would be a big dance at the American House or the Burr Oak hotel, and Albert says once it rained so hard on the Fourth that they had to carry straw and build a place for them to walk through the mud and water to the old Burr Oak House barn where the dance was held.

Albert speaks of "Pete," the negro boy, whom Captain Moore brought home from the army. He was a great curiosity to all of us who had, until then, seen few, if any negroes. And now, Albert says, Pete has a red-headed grandson!

A good story about Asberry Brisco is contributed by Albert Lincoln, who tells of the time a certain leading light of the Methodist church, a Mr. Murrer, was caught stealing corn for his chickens. This naturally made lots of talk and Asberry said, "To think of that old man stealing corn! Now if it had been me, you wouldn't have thought anything about it."

Regarding the following interesting event, I quote Albert thus: "Ask Silas Brace if he remembers the time he, Port Ferguson and myself found and killed the skunk. We were after the cows, and none of us had ever seen (or smelled) a skunk. I found it and called, 'Port, come quick, here's a *Wild Animal!*' The wild animal did not run very wild and we killed it with a club. Then Port and I took turns carrying it home by the tail. 'Sily' was a little bit more fastidious than we were, so he walked off about ten rods to one side, holding his nose, but *nothing* could stop Port and me from taking the wild animal home with us. You can imagine the reception we got

when we reached home. I guess that is where I got my start killing cats."

This reminds me of the story of Weston Wingate, who got his cousin, Charlie Bishop, to go along with him in the middle of the night to carry "game" in case he got the skunk he was going after. Charlie went along, all unsuspecting, and carried the game, but it is said that he never quite forgave Weston for it.

Albert goes on to tell how he and Frank Robinson used to wrestle and how Frank would get him down in a hollow and make him give up. "And say," remarks Albert in telling this, "sometimes he had to keep me there for a *while*. I hated to give up, but Frank was a little the stronger of the two." (It will be noted that this person always has an alibi handy.)

Another time Frank had a piece of glass broken off of a chandelier. (We old timers all remember how really beautiful these old chandeliers were, with their dangling prisms of scintillating glass.) Albert's simple, youthful heart yearned for the possession of this bit of glass, which showed such wonderful rainbow hues when held between boyish eyes and the sun. Naturally the more Albert wanted it, the more valuable it became to Frank. Finally, Albert says he got it, but not until he had swapped Frank everything in his pockets for it, which rather dampened his joy of possession, but taught him a lesson he never forgot.

Speaking of Albert and others, I hope this book of mine is not going to shatter too many hitherto irreproachable reputations. I told Albert about "By" Blackmarr's good story of the fighting rooster, "Bismarck," in which story Albert was quite prominently, if not flatteringly, mentioned, and Albert, who apparently had been "posing" as a sober and sedate citizen, says he repeated the story to his grandchild, who said, "No wonder *I* get into so much mischief, with such a grandfather!"

Albert says that Allan Ferguson used to dish out parliamentary law to the boys, and when there was anything to be decided, would always say, "Let me put the motion" and then, "All you what are manifest, say 'I'!"

Albert says that John Feyler used to make good, strong wine and "reduce" it with alcohol (I do not like to insinuate that Albert is, or was then, an authority on the subject, but I leave it to the readers' good judgment).

It was predicted about that time, that the stars were to fall, and some of the boys, including Jimmy Briggs, Will Houck and it may be, Albert himself—though he does not say—decided to stay awake and witness the aforesaid falling of the stars. They got some of this "good, strong wine" to help keep them awake, but alas, they were later found under the old Blackmarr store, in among the straw, pumpkins and other cow feed, dead to the world! Jimmy Briggs had used a partly frozen, soft pumpkin as a pillow, and, when found, the heat of his head had thawed and "squashed" the pumpkin, so that it made a perfect hood for him, which fitted nicely around his face.

Sam Rice and Mr. Peacock lived just across the road from each other and each had hogs, those of Mr. Peacock being white, while those belonging to Sam were as black as their deeds. Sam's hogs used to get in, once in a while, and bother Mr. Peacock, so one day he saw some hogs in his field and called George Albert, his son, telling him to bring the dogs and they would run Rice's hogs home. So they "dogged" the pigs and clubbed them; they almost wore the pigs and themselves out, and still the pigs would *not* go home to Sam Rice; so, finally, Mr. Peacock sent George Albert over to get Sam, and when he came, he told Sam that if he did not take his hogs home, and keep them there, he was going to shoot them. Sam told Peacock to go ahead and shoot them for all he cared, and, after they had "dogged" them for awhile longer, Sam let the Peacocks in on the news that they were "dogging" Peacock's own hogs, which had got into the mud so thoroughly that they were black, and not white.

Albert tells of how one cold "Burr Oak" morning when the temperature was at twenty below, he and Charlie Porter and a lot of

the other boys, including "Ed Mac," went out to get a Christmas tree. The one they particularly wanted was up the side of a steep bluff, about thirty feet above Pine Creek. They did not get this one, although Ed Mac gallantly offered to catch it if they would cut it down. Compromising on a smaller and more accessible tree, the boys loaded it and started home.

"It was twenty degrees below all that day," Albert says, "and we boys would keep on running behind the sleigh. Then when we got tired, we would run up and fall on the sleigh, sometimes partly on and sometimes wholly on the tree. Pine twigs are brittle, when it's twenty below, and by the time we got back, there were not more than three or four small bunches of needles left on that tree—if it could still be called such. We stuck it up in an unused pump, in front of the Burr Oak house, but it was scorned by the 'powers that be,' and next day another committee, composed of Uncle Asa Wingate and others of his age and dignity, went out and, the weather having moderated a little, succeeded in getting a better tree."

Albert also tells of a certain Fourth of July celebration in the schoolhouse grove, which he had been looking forward to, boylike, for a long time. When the great day arrived, however, both he and "Wayla" Houck were in the throes of mumps and, as Albert says, "We had to console each other while the others went to the affair, and we couldn't even drink lemonade, which was a great treat in those days."

Albert speaks of the various Burr Oak doctors, and wonders if anyone has mentioned their part in Burr Oak history. He says: "The first doctor I remember was Dr. Pickett, who lived in the Taylor house, just south of us. I think there was also a Dr. Shaw, but I do not know when he was there. Then there was Dr. Anderson, the Danish doctor. He came early, and he was very poor in those days. I remember once Frank and I took Frank's team and went over west of Burr Oak and picked up a load of wood and hauled it to him, either out of the kindness of our hearts, or to do a big thing, I forget which. He lived in a log house in the southern part of town.

"After that came Dr. Lawton, a young doctor, but a pretty good one, if I remember right. He used to drive a roan pony with the arch on the under side of his neck, instead of the top. Dr. Starr came sometime later, and he and his family made quite a part of Burr Oak society. Say, we had some crowd in those old days and something was always going on. Dar Symms and Ed Mac always lent their aid as best they could, to make things lively."

Albert tells how once, later on, when the Burr Oak young folks were preparing for a Christmas Tree in the Methodist church, he volunteered to go with Wayla Houck after Lily Hobart, whose "steady" Wayla was. It had been snowing heavily that morning and the night before, but Albert got his bob sleigh and his team of colts—which were notoriously lively—and away they went. Albert says that they got Lily all right, but that Wayla and she got in the back, with the buffalo robe wrapped around them and pulled up over their noses, which made it *very* interesting for Albert, sitting in front in the cold, driving.

"By the time we got to town," says Albert, "I was about fed up on it, so I began to cast around for means to get even. I quietly got out on one of my colts and took the lines with me. Just as we got into town, I put them into a dead run (remember there was a good foot of loose snow). When my passengers felt the sleigh going so fast they pulled the robe down from over their heads and you can imagine how the flying snow struck their faces. I got them to the church on time, all right, but Wayla never could see the joke. I could, however."

Albert tells of a little incident concerning the Darling family:

"I suppose," he says, "you all remember the time Maybee's menagerie Sundayed in the old schoolhouse grove, in 1866 or 1867. We spent most of our time that day looking at the animals. Nearly everyone from the

country came in, too. Mr. Darling had no horses at that time, but had a very lively pair of oxen. They would follow a horse team on the road and trot when the horses trotted, even as far as Decorah and back, which was most unusual for oxen. The Darling family got into the wagon—which had a wood rack on it, with dry goods boxes to sit on—and came to town. Not wishing to waste the trip, they first went to the store and did a lot of trading—for the stores were open, even though it was Sunday. Then they went to the grove to see the animals, on their way home, as it was but slightly off their regular road—that is, they *started* for the grove.

"When they were near enough for the oxen to smell the animals, they turned around so short they almost tipped the wagon over, and started running. Mr. Darling jumped from his seat and tried to get to their heads, but they were too quick and, in their excitement, they did not heed the one cut he gave them, across their faces. They ran south, crossed the creek a couple of times, and started west. Mrs. Darling and the children clung for dear life to the wood rack and the oxen ran on, shedding bundles of store goods along the way. Going up the hill east of the stone quarry, some of the family spoke to the oxen, and they, being somewhat over their excitement, stopped. Presently Mr. Darling overtook them, his arms full of recovered bundles. They got back on the home trail and went on home without going near the animals, which was a disappointment to the children, if not to the oxen."

Albert speaks of A. J. Cratsenberg, who came to Burr Oak about the time I left. Albert says Mr. Cratsenberg had a lot of dry humor about him and was always glad to get a joke on anyone. One dark night a storm came up and it was exceedingly black and rainy. As usual, a number of the men were congregated in the Cratsenberg store, and some one of them, when he could no longer postpone venturing home in the inky blackness, asked Cratsenberg if he had any lanterns. "Yes," he said, "and seeing as this is a real dark night, I am going to sell you a lantern for fifty cents." This seemed so cheap that someone else said he would buy a lantern, too. First and last several of the men bought lanterns at that price, and then someone asked Cratsenberg what he sold lanterns for at other times. "Fifty cents," he said, dryly.

(Mr. Cratsenberg had the general store, and was also postmaster at Burr Oak for many years. Alvah, Alma, Frank and Ella were his children, and another child, Fanny, died young. Ella was my wife's chum for quite awhile.)

Albert Lincoln then tells how George Heckle was trying to teach a calf to drink milk. It was an exceedingly obstinate calf and George had a hard, hard time. Everyone at the store was laughing at his experience with the calf. Bill Baker had a grudge against George Heckle for some reason or other, and saw a chance to give him a dig, so he drawled out in his inimitable way: "By - Gawd - a - man - to - teach - a - calf - to - drink - has - got - to - know - more - than - the - calf." Then they *did* have a laugh on George.

Albert recalled to us the time Ed. Blakeman's boy, Willie, just a little over two years old, wandered away and was out in the woods two days and nights. Of course I remember this, for I was quite a "big boy" when it happened and like everyone else that was able to go, I went out with one of the searching parties. But the incident had entirely passed from my memory until Albert recalled it. The whole country turned out to search for the youngster, who was found across Pine Creek, some six miles or more south of the Blakeman house. Olie Thomson tells of this in detail.

Albert says, "I can hear 'Cal' Glidden now as he rode in with the child in his arms, shouting, 'The lost is found.' If I remember rightly, Reverend Bent was the leader of the organized hunt that was made the day the child was found. There was about as much excitement over this affair as there ever was around that part of the country. It

ranked with the Indian scare and the Tellyer murder."

Albert speaks of the different exhibitions put on by the Burr Oak talent. There was, for instance, a "tent show" which was put on in a tent because neither the church nor the school seemed to want it. Therefore, the actors put the show on in a tent, and the proceeds went to themselves, after the expenses were paid. Albert says he had nothing to do with the show; that A. J. Cratsenberg was manager and it was largely owing to his grit that it went ahead, after both church and school had "sat down" on it.

"We certainly had *some* shows in those days," Albert says. "I was manager of some of them, later on, and I remember playing the lead in 'Solon Shingle' and 'Deacon Peek.' In one show, I recall that 'By' Blackmarr had to hide in a barrel to overhear something said between others in the play. In order to give By room, we had to cut a hole in the stage floor. Later, in the hurly-burly of the closing scene, the barrel was set aside and Hank Bovee, in running around, fell into the hole. I guess we had better draw the curtain over what followed.

"We once put on two big shows on following nights. I was general manager. One was a temperance play and W. H. Reid was star and stage manager. The other was, I think, 'Enlisted for the War,' and Willard Seely was star and stage manager. There was quite a little rivalry among the different stars and I had my hands full to keep things going smooth. Those were great days in Burr Oak." (My wife says the temperance play was "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."—G. P. B.)

Albert also speaks of the exhibition put on by some one of the "select" schools at Burr Oak. This seems to be the same show Dallas Taylor spoke of having taken part in, during the beginning of the Civil War. Albert says it was a military play, with swords and uniforms belonging to Mr. Symms, who had been a British officer. They also had speaking, or reading as it is now called, and Albert says he will never forget how Labana McLaughlin rendered "Paul Revere's Ride." "He had a fine voice for it, and it sounded grand to me, a kid."

In speaking of the different houses and the builders thereof, Albert recalls the Overacker house, which was on the creek bank a little north of Joshua McAllister's. Once during the night the creek came up and Mr. Overacker, waking up and hearing the water rushing through the house, jumped hastily out of bed. As it happened, the trap door leading into the cellar had been swept entirely away during the night; consequently Mr. Overacker's jump took him clear down into the cellar, which was just about full of water. "Such is life on the raging main," Albert remarks.

Iowa used to have, and still has, a little bit of every kind of weather—blizzards, rain, hail, sleet, snow, electric storms, wind—and anything else being given out by the weather man, yet those who still live there, or elsewhere in the east, dare to sympathize with us Californians when we have a tiny little "shake" once a year!

Albert speaks of "that illustrious combination, 'Izzy' McAllister and 'Lut' Ferguson." Izzy was a cousin of Ed and Pliny McAllister, and "Lut" was Louis Ferguson, son of that Louis Ferguson who was associated with William Peard in the steam sawmill business.

Albert was anxious to make sure that the stories of the various expeditions to Mage Ferguson's sugar bush—as recalled by Silas Brace, Frank Robinson and others—be given proper prominence in the book. However, Albert claims that he was not present on the occasion Frank has so graphically written of, when the hungry boys were frightened away from the syrup by a pack of hungrier wolves. Albert smugly announces that he did not have to get *his* sugar that way, as he was one of Mage Ferguson's "blue-eyed boys" and was there and in the aforesaid sugar bush many times with Porter and Ben Ferguson, who were his chums. He goes on, as the others do, to tell about how good the "jackwax" was, and how when they were down in

the sugar bush they would make spoons out of red cedar, to eat the syrup with.

Albert speaks of Professor Dockum, one of the early Burr Oak teachers, and recalls the following "poem" of which Dockum was the inspiration. Albert says he thought when he first heard this "poem" that it was original, but later decided that only the word "Dockum" was original. I suppose we all agree with him.

> "The Devil came flying from north to south,
> With Professor Dockum in his mouth,
> And when he found he had a fool,
> He left him here to teach our school."

Albert speaks of Mrs. Wager, who died in Burr Oak in 1860, or before, leaving her husband with seven children—Alice, Mary, Ed., Frank, and three small children. All of the authorities recall that one (Etta) was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Quimby, who were members of my father's church. (It seems that Anna Brackett, later a teacher at Burr Oak, was also adopted by the Quimbys —she was, I believe, their niece.) Susie Wager, apparently, was adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Batty, of Hesper, the third little girl being adopted by a man named Smythe. According to "By" Blackmarr, Alice married George Douglas, and Mary married Dr. Batty's son, Eugene, who was quite a musician.

"Ab" reminds us of the "pole spring" wagons in which it was customary in the old days to haul wheat, pork and other produce to Decorah from Burr Oak and nearby points. Ab says that buggies were not so plentiful at that time, and perhaps they were not practical when the roads were at their worst; hence the young ladies who wished to go to Decorah, shopping or visiting, frequently rode in with a load of wheat or whatever might be the load at the time.

Ab speaks of a certain one of our feminine correspondents and collaborators—then as now a pretty and most popular girl—who once rode into town with him on a load of wheat. A heavy cloud came up and, as the lady in question tells us, she was much concerned for the safety and dryness of her new hat, so, at Ab's suggestion, they put the precious headgear in a safe spot and covered it with several wheat sacks. Then the rain came down in torrents. "Ab" says that these pole spring wagons, as we old timers will recall, had seats swung high above the wagon. His was tilted back so far that the seat of it held quite a bit of water as the rain came down; consequently he and the lady companion of his ride were thoroughly soaked and "sloshed around considerable" in the heavy downpour. "But," as Ab goes on to say, "both she and I had quite a sense of humor and got a good laugh out of it."

I have no desire to tell tales on the young lady, and would omit the following story if anyone but Ab Lincoln were mixed up in it; however, I feel that he deserves all of the publicity he gets. Of course the lady is entirely guiltless except in having been unwise enough to associate with such a character as A. Lincoln was and is.

It seems that Ab and the young lady in question were picking berries one day when somebody's cows came along. The lady suggested that they have milk with their lunch, whereupon Ab proceeded to milk one of the complacent cows. Meantime the lady washed the starch out of her fresh and frilly sunbonnet (remember the kind they used to wear?) and they strained the milk through the crown of it. The lady now remarks that she often wonders what the owners of the cow thought when milking time came that evening. I would not for worlds tell you the name of the lady in the case—in fact, it has not been mentioned, but I note that in quoting certain remarks of hers about Mr. Feyler, Ab states that "Uncle Feyler once fixed her ears up for ear-rings." I make no accusations, but it is always a good plan to "fess up" to the "historian" in the first place, for several times during the writing of this book it has been shown very decisively that "murder will out."

I am not sure whether there is any truth in the rumor that, since the collecting and broadcasting of data for this book has been

going on, it has become quite customary for Mr. Lincoln to receive from his numerous friends various and assorted letters and cards on which cats, large and small, are pictured. But if it *were* so, it would be only just.

It seems that, contrary to general opinion, *all* of the cats unfortunate enough to reside in the vicinity of Burr Oak were *not* destroyed by Ab Lincoln. Ab tells us of one day when "Mel" Little went over to the Lincoln home to play with the boys. The Lincolns had not finished dinner and Mel took a seat in the dining room to wait for them. Not desiring to fall too far out of the public eye, Mel picked up the large, black cat (which some kind Providence had spared from death at Albert Lincoln's murderous hands), and, as she rubbed and purred in Mel's arms, he put her long black tail to his mouth and pulled it slowly along. Evidently Mel did not really care for the taste of cat fur, for he quickly spat it out and throwing the cat to the floor, said, disgustedly, "Aw, she's sheddin'."

In presenting facts and re-telling old stories, I am sure we have all endeavored to deal gently with Mr. Lincoln, and "whitewash" his character as much as possible, but there are times when it seems almost impossible to hide his little failings from the general public. It is, of course, perfectly natural that one of so gentle and shrinking a nature as "Ab" should be deeply wounded by certain facts which, in my innocent love for the truth, I am compelled to disclose in the book.

Recently, writing to Olie Thomson, I quite carelessly alluded to Ab's passionate thirst for knowledge concerning the details of a murder case in California involving a certain well-known motion picture actress said to have been born in the large and growing city in which Mr. Lincoln resides. In excusing my friend Lincoln—as is at all times my earnest desire—I said that it was but natural that he should be interested in murders, wholesale or individual. In order that you may see for yourself how the misguided Albert has misunderstood and perverted my well-meant defense of himself, it is but necessary that I quote his own letter (for to prove to him what a friend he had in me, I even went so far as to send him a copy of my letter to Mrs. Thomson). Albert's letter follows:

"Mr. George P. Bent,

"Near Hollywood, California.

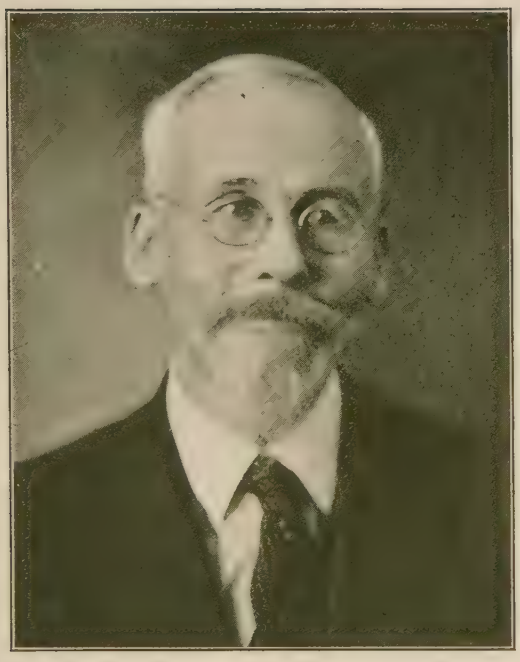
"I note with pain your references to me in your letter to Mrs. Olie Thomson—however, it seems to be my fate to be misunderstood.

"The actress in question was born in Decorah, and if she had stayed in this county would have been a quiet and sedate young woman, undoubtedly. But just think what the climate and environment of California have done for her. Can you wonder that I am all anxiety when I think of you and Albert Wingate being subjected to the same influences and temptations! How would I feel to see your names blazoned forth from one end of the land to the other on account of some of your escapades in Hollywood!

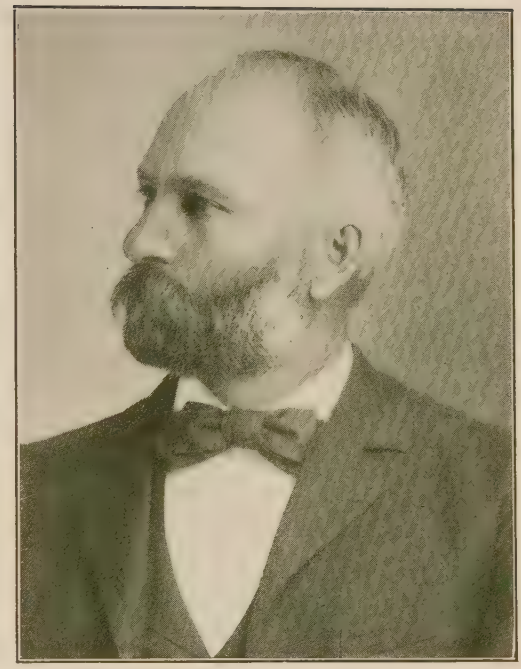
"I note, also, your insinuations as to my murderous tendencies in my youthful days. I may have killed a few cats in my youth, but we cannot *all* be good from the start as Mrs. Sage (poor, deluded little woman) says *you* were.

"I am quite different now. Yesterday, I found a little stray cat in my barn and I said, 'Kitty, kitty,' and let her pass out quietly. Don't you think it much better to be a little fierce in youth and gradually mellow with age than to be *so* angelic in youth (according to Mrs. Sage) and grow worse with age?"

Heartbroken at having been so misconstrued by my sensitive friend, I at once replied that, in the case of Albert Wingate and myself, California was all right, but admitted that it might have had a bad effect on those whose murderous proclivities and naturally criminal tendencies made them dangerously susceptible to the "climate and environment" of California. I also said it was perhaps fortunate for all concerned that Mr. Lincoln had lived in Decorah instead of coming to California; then went on to state that none would be surprised to learn that the little



FRANK NELSON ROBINSON



ALBERT LINCOLN

Albert Lincoln and Granddaughter, Albertine Appy

Lincoln Home (now Fred Ward's)

The old Waggoner Barn

Houck's Store

The American House

Jerry Wolfenbarger, George May, Peter Pfeiffer, Eugene Bovee

Ed McAllister, Z. B. Landon and "Lige" Briggs

Mrs. Rachel McLaughlin and "Aunt Jane" Willsie

Jerry Wolfenbarger, Ed McAllister, Will Ward and Murray Marsh

kitty he found in his barn had "passed out" with surprise at his gentle treatment.

In reply to this Ab attempts to drag Sily Brace into the fight and advises that he keep an eye on Albert Wingate and myself and leave California if the effects of the climate, etc., proved too disastrous in our case. Ab does admit, however, that *he* (Silas), never killed cats, stole chickens, read or wrote novels, or showed any such signs of early depravity. He concludes by begging me not to do "anything that might influence Ed Mac to go near Hollywood." To those who know Ed Mac, the inference is plain.

Recently, Albert told me of an accident in which Will Houck, who was hurrying up the steps of his home, slipped and broke his leg. He was carrying three bottles of milk and, as Ab says, "He now brags that he never broke a bottle. His leg is doing nicely."

Replying to this, I said, "It all goes to show what narrow prejudice will do. Now if anyone had slipped in or near Hollywood, with the same freight, no one in the outside world would have *ever* believed that he had three bottles of *milk*. But you can get away with many things in the wilds of old Iowa, and, too, we never have icy steps in Hollywood, California."

And to this, Albert could only declare that both he and Will Houck scorned my insinuations about the milk and that "it *was* milk, too!"

Since then, I have not heard again from Albert, but wish to state that there is absolutely no truth in the rumor that I am afraid to go back to Burr Oak and Decorah on my next trip east.

Inasmuch as Albert Lincoln has dared to insinuate that if Mrs. Sage thought or said I was a good boy, he did not think she was much of a judge of character, I would merely remark in passing, regarding this base aspersion upon my character and Mrs. Sage's manifestly good judgment, that, in the light of the foregoing chapter, I look upon Albert Lincoln as being one who, living in a paper house, should avoid the careless handling of matches.

Chapter Eight

FRANK NELSON ROBINSON

So much can be said, in truth most sublime
Of dear old Mother, in this little rhyme;
We'll hit just a few spots that garnish the hue
Of this dear woman who lived for the few;
Whose life was devoted from first peep of day
To the wee hours of night, when all laid away
In their snug little beds, to slumber and grow
In the eyes of her love, that worshipped them so.
Her labors were done when no more was to do.
Her hours of rest were severed in two.

With vigils and cares for the loved ones around,
So devoted was she 'til the last waning sound
Had died in the valley and over the hill;
When she crept into bed, when all was so still,
For much needed rest, with all dreams to borrow—
Of wonderful plans for the babes on the morrow.
Why must it be so, with worries and care,
Which gives to mothers this uneven share?
But stands she proud on pedestal of fame—
Stands there alone without tarnish or blame.

She has not a fault and she reigns like a dove,
Majestically clothed in her undying love;
So grand doth she smile 'neath ringlets of hair
That mere youthful beauty can never compare.
The sculptors of time, with honor and grace
Have chiseled with care this lovable face.
How well we remember her loving embrace,
When, leaving home for the world's sturdy pace,
She fondly decreed that naught could befall
The success and the fame that awaited this call.
"Mother!"

—*Frank N. Robinson.*

I HAVE a very clear remembrance as a small boy of Frank Robinson and his sisters, Francelia and Ella May. Frank is now a resident of Minneapolis, Minn., and of late years I have seen him many times. He left Burr Oak before I did and I did not see him for twenty-five years. He came down to Chicago as a member of a militia regiment of Minnesota, to the World's Fair, and called upon me. When we met, he said he did not think I knew him, but I called his name instantly; a good illustration of the tenacious memory most people have of early scenes, occurrences and people, in their childhood.

Frank has some delightful stories to tell about Burr Oak, its people and happenings there. Recently at Minneapolis he met Mr. C. E. Southwick, son of O. F. Southwick, one of the first teachers at Burr Oak. Frank says that he boarded with the Robinson family, when he taught at Burr Oak in 1859.

Frank tells some very luscious stories about Asberry Brisco, who was known to and by most of the early settlers at Burr Oak. Frank says that his character was hard to define and describe, and that one needed to meet him face to face to know and appreciate his actions. He tells of some of his acts which serve to denote his character.

One day Asberry dropped into the barn of Joshua McAllister and found on top of a barrel two eggs that Joshua had carefully placed there. Asberry grabbed them and stuck them in his pocket and said to Joshua, "They'll do to settle me coffee." It is also said of Asberry that he was so much of a liar that even his chickens could not and would not believe him when he undertook to feed them. They also said of Asberry that he bragged about owning a wood-lot from which he hauled wood and sold it to the people of Burr Oak. His wood-lot was a myth, and John Waggoner discovered it to be so when he bought a load of wood from Asberry which was cut from his own land. He suspected that the wood came from his lot, and asked Asberry to bring another load the next day. Then he asked "Art" Hitchcock, who was a deputy sheriff at that time, to make an observation and report. Brisco went after the wood, discovered Hitchcock watching him, and attempted to escape, but in Silver Creek the kingpin of his wagon flew out and left Asberry to the mercy of the sheriff. Hitchcock assisted him to reassemble his wagon and took him to town, and on Waggoner's complaint, Joshua McAllister, who was justice of the Peace, gave him a light fine and a reprimand, which ought to have worked a wonderful reformation—but did not!

One time Asberry burst into the office of the Burr Oak House, of which at the time John Waggoner was the landlord, and asked for the loan of some sacks, saying that his wheat crib had "busted" and was covering the ground. In the hotel office at the time were two crafty Jew salesmen, selling cloth. They sold this cloth to the farmers, taking their notes for it. Waggoner saw the drift of Asberry's scheme and was anxious to see his operations, so he told him to go to the barn and help himself. The Jews followed Asberry, supposing him to be a prosperous farmer, and each tendered him a bolt of cloth, telling the merits of the goods in glowing language. Asberry hemmed and hawed and scratched his head (it may have been necessary), and said, "I'm a mon of few words, besides I haven't the time to banter. I'll take this piece, and that one there," pointing to the one on the arm of the other salesman, and he quickly signed his notes and lugged off the cloth.

Finally Asberry came to grief and was sent to the penitentiary for stealing a horse. After he had served a part of his time he told one of his jailers about his trouble, and said:

"I never stole that hoss. I was comin' along the road, goin' towards home, not thinkin' much about anything, and I chanced to spy a halter-stale in the road, and it looked so much like mine that I jes' picked it up and trudged along home, and when I got home I saw a hoss was tied to t'other end of that there halter.

"I looked him all over pretty close, but I couldn't believe that he belonged around here and so I stuck him in the barn."

Frank also tells about John Waggoner's delight in taking George Edgar McAllister up to the proprietor of every circus that came to Burr Oak and offering him as a great clown. The proprietors would ask, "What makes you think he is a great clown?" "Well," Waggoner would say, "he ain't good for nothin' else, and everything is made for somethin'."

Deacon Alpha Manning, for whom I worked on his farm for two summer seasons, 1869 and 1870—was very fond of oratory. Sometimes in the harvest season he employed some of the Burr Oak boys—seven or eight of them—to bind up the grain after the reapers. Ed McAllister, who was the real worker—of the boss—would, when he grew tired, throw down a bundle of wheat, using it as a rostrum, and begin to orate. The boys would flop and listen. Edgar used gesticulations which emphasized his remarks. The boys could not understand what he was talking about, but they knew they were getting a rest and their money's worth.

"Uncle Alpha used to listen with open mouth to the oratory. Ed's vocabulary and gesticulations would call a halt then, as they do now, since he has become a legislator and political spellbinder. Finally, Uncle Alpha would realize that time was fleeting, and would say, 'Come, come, boys! We must be on the move.' The boys, with a sincere thankfulness—and to show their appreciation of the rest they had had—would bend to their tasks and work on, but not long, for Edgar would soon put down another bundle and begin on 'Philology Treating on the Egyptian Syntax,' which was as clear as mud to Alpha, as also to the bewildered boys, and so, just to see how he would come out of this avalanche of words, he was allowed to continue much longer than usual. Alpha finally woke up and hustled them along. With little longer intervals, he kept this up until noon, when the boys were released for dinner.

"The high pile of home-made bread in the center; the luscious potatoes, boiled with their jackets on; the fresh pork on the plates, submerged in delicious gravy—besides the many delicacies—made the boys' eyes bulge with anticipation, knowing the code of Uncle Alpha's table. There were few formalities, but it seemed to the boys a long time before their abnormal appetites could get going. Once started, however, a mere suggestion that there was a lack in their performance would be a travesty on their capacity.

"Just imagine Bill Baker, with that overgrown proboscis of delicate azure blue and long hair as curly as a match, feeding from both sides and with much more dexterity than he manifested in binding wheat. While Bill's knife was too sharp for fast work, he did

very well for a while, but finally managed to make an incision of sufficient depth to draw blood, though not sufficient to make him miss a stroke until interrupted by the merriment of the boys.

"Comments were fired in rapid succession, which amused Uncle Alpha very much, although he did not feel that he ought to participate in their enjoyment."

Frank Robinson also tells a good one about the time when some hogs belonging to Matthew Relihan made a raid on John May's corn. Mr. May was a large man, and following the discovery of the hogs' misdeeds, he called upon Mr. Relihan in no lovable frame of mind, and with blood in his eye.

Mr. Relihan, who was quite a musician, was either practicing upon his flute or purposely began to play when he saw the irate Mr. May approaching. He continued to play after Mr. May's arrival, and when he finished—Mr. May's anger having by that time totally subsided—Relihan explained that he had just remembered an old, almost forgotten tune and dared not stop until he had finished it, for fear he would forget it again. The story goes that the two men then shook hands and were good friends, after the playing was done.

In writing this book of reminiscences, I was very anxious to have appear in it a picture of the old stone schoolhouse at Burr Oak, but upon inquiry among old Burr Oakers, it developed that none of them had even a tintype or snapshot of the old schoolhouse, and it is supposed that no photograph was ever made of it.

In this emergency, Frank Robinson came gallantly to the fore, and stepping into the breach and drawing upon his memory, sketched the old schoolhouse so well that he might almost be said to have flattered the old building. I am sure that none of us considered it a very beautiful building in those days, when, boylike, we usually approached it with considerable reluctance. However, time has softened our memories, and when we look at the cut made from Frank's sketch, which appears in this book, we can easily believe that the old schoolhouse was just as handsome as Frank has pictured it. As a matter of fact, we did have some great old times there.

Reminiscing about the old schoolhouse, the story is told of Frank Robinson, that, upon going back to Burr Oak and renewing old acquaintances, he called upon Mrs. Landon, who had been one of his teachers. Naturally, after so long a time, Mrs. Landon did not know him, and before he gave her his name, Frank asked her who had been the worst boy in her school, and she promptly said, "Why, Frank Robinson, of course, and you're he!"

Elsewhere the story is told of how Mrs. Landon brought Frank's "past" up to confront him, after so many years—at the First B. O. Settlers' Picnic.

They also tell another good story on Frank about the old Burr Oak House. It seems that Frank and Ed McAllister were going into the dining room at the Burr Oak House, and on the way to the dining room—which was by a very steep stairway, as old Burr Oakers will no doubt remember—Frank fell and landed with his feet in the kitchen, and his head in the dining room. Ed McAllister promptly yelled at him, "Drunk again, as usual!"

Frank himself tells about the time he and Ed McAllister—who were usually in pretty close proximity to each other and any possible excitement—were tempted to skin a calf on Sunday.

This unfortunate young bovine, a very valuable animal belonging to one George Culbert, had the misfortune to expire early one Sunday morning, at the tender age of some six months. Not being desirous of soiling his conscience (or his Sunday shirt, perhaps) Mr. Culbert looked about him for help, and his eyes fell upon the aforesaid George Edgar McAllister and Frank Robinson, who naturally were not far absent from such excitement as the death of a calf afforded—although, in all fairness to them, it is not even hinted or supposed that they were instrumental in killing the calf.

Mr. Culbert must have supposed that Frank and Ed McAllister were walkers of the straight and narrow path, and that it would

require considerable persuasion to make them wobble, for he recklessly offered them no less than fifty cents to separate the late lamented from its hide. The boys fell with deplorable promptness, and ran off to get their knives, desiring to get the deed done before the spendthrift Culbert could withdraw his rash offer.

By the time they returned, Mr. Culbert had dragged the calf right out into the road, almost opposite the church; however, that worried the boys not at all; neither did the fact that they knew nothing whatsoever about how the job should be done. Had the writer of these reminiscences been present, he might have suggested that they appeal to Albert Lincoln for advice, he being an authority on the skinning of cats, if not calves; however, Frank and Ed Mac were not thinking much about the job itself, it was the princely reward that concerned them most—the untold amounts of apples and candy and other luxuries that could be bought for that fifty cents, divided by two.

The owner of the calf must have grieved over its death until his keen perception was somewhat blunted, or perhaps he was of a naturally trustful disposition. At any rate he departed, after telling the boys to be sure and not cut the calf's valuable hide, and the boys fell on. The "autopsy" proceeded furiously, and soon the boys had punctured not only the calf's valuable skin, but their own, in numerous places. Blood spattered everywhere, particularly on their sleeves, which they had not considered it necessary to roll up.

It is said that Ed McAllister was quite a laughable sight as he worked with the various legs of the calf, and as nothing was said concerning the appearance of Frank Robinson, my authority for these hitherto unpublished "inside" details of this affair should be apparent. Likewise, it is claimed, but not proven, that the eloquence of the Honorable Edgar's grief-stricken oratorical outburst far exceeded that of one Mark Antony over the remains of his ex-playmate Caesar; however, no comparison is possible, Mark having long since gone to join Caesar.

To resume: Unfortunately, just as the brave boys were about to finish their task in a blaze of blood and glory, my father came along (so the story goes), and sent them home to prepare for Sunday school, which was then about to begin. How the boys ever got home and into clean clothes without discovery and punishment, and so quickly, is a mystery second only to that of Ann's age, but they were on time at Sunday school, as clean and, perhaps, a little more sober, than usual. As to whatever became of the calf, its once valuable hide, or the princely reward offered for the separation of the two, history sayeth not.

Frank Robinson tells another one about a midnight foray wherein Byron Moore, Bert Wicks, "Wayla" Houck and, *of course,* Ed McAllister and himself, essayed to levy upon "Mage" Ferguson's sugar bush. Pliny McAllister was not one of the desperate band upon this particular occasion—not that he was above it—but, on account of his extreme youth and embonpoint, Pliny was voted by the ringleaders and elders of the expedition as being merely "excess baggage," incapable of standing the ardors of the three-mile voyage. So Pliny had to be content with hearing all of the plans made and was left behind, much against his will.

The boys decided that it would be a pity to disturb their respective parents' occupations and meditations by bringing so trifling a matter to their attention, so they considerately departed from their homes without asking permission—in fact, it might be crudely said, that they sneaked out. They met at nine o'clock, as agreed, and the march was begun in splendid formation. However, as they crossed Steve Berry's old and decrepit bridge, that veteran of many careless feet squeakingly protested, and Steve Berry's brindle dog—very large and ferocious, but not at all old and decrepit—gave voice and rushed forth. A near panic ensued; however, a hurried council of war gave the wiser heads a chance to point out that the faster they ran the faster the dog would follow; hence, it was decided to put up a stiff bluff and, with a remarkable display of the brand of courage made famous by General Sheridan, the intrepid heroes advanced, in slightly more solid formation than before.

With the double incentive of an audience who could not get away, and with the desperate hope of disgusting the ferocious dog, the Hon. George Edgar McAllister, as usual, began an oration. Far from appearing bored, however, the dog seemed to think it was a good chance to improve his hitherto elementary knowledge of the whatever-it-was selected by Ed as a theme for his discourse. He followed the boys, barking loudly to show his appreciation, but unable to actually land upon any of the heels of Achilles or otherwise, without interrupting the flow of Ed's eloquence.

Fortunately, some kindly soul heard the dog, and never dreaming that Rome was about to be attacked, called him off. The boys forthwith fell into a faster pace, and got away from thence while the getting was good.

At the old cabin which was their destination, all preparations had been made—by the men who had gathered the maple syrup—for a fire under the big kettle, in which there was enough syrup for even a bunch of hungry boys. The fire was started and, gathering around it very close, spirits soaring high, the boys began to boast, in true camping style, of their courage and prowess; what they would do in case of an Indian attack, etc. All this time, as the syrup boiled, they could hear what they supposed was their recently shaken friend, the dog, barking in the distance, but no attention was paid to it until it came closer and closer. There was some speculation about it, but it finally ceased entirely, and all was well until it was discovered that the wood was all burned and the syrup was not yet sugar. No one seemed particularly anxious to go out into the blackness and hunt for wood (and possibly Indians, or other terrors), but it had to be done, and so they finally agreed to all go together. Then it was that the brave (?) campers saw what appeared to be a row of diamonds flashing at them in a circle all around their firelight. It was nothing less than a pack of wolves, which had been creeping up closer and closer since their barking ceased! The boys were terror-stricken. The wolves appeared rather hungry themselves, but *not* for maple-sugar. Again, the older heads came to the fore with wise counsel, and remembering having read that a firebrand will scare off a wild animal, each boy was accordingly instructed to grab a torch from the still blazing fire and make for the log cabin, which was about ten rods away. It is said that very little time was lost in getting the embers from the fire and beating a retreat, and there is no record of any address to the wolves having been made by the silver-tongued orator of the wheatfields. They fled to the cabin, with but one stopover, caused by Eddie Moore having fallen over a log, which he perhaps thought was a wolf, at any rate he yelled pretty loud for just a log. Reaching the cabin in safety, the boys soon had the door barred and, with their wind, their voices and courage came back. Many were the tales of individual bravery disclosed in the late adventure, but on one point all agreed. *No one had been afraid!* There was an inviting bed in the corner of the cabin and one and all the boys found repose. Brave as they were they did not seem to care to disturb the wolves any more that night. The boys slept so soundly that they didn't wake up until far past the usual time, and as they were hurrying away, who should they meet but Mage Ferguson coming down the hill to begin the day's work. Mage gave voice to his suspicions, and made them go back to the sugar bush with him, but after he found that no harm had been done, he let them off with a lecture and even the promise of sugar any time they wanted it—but not this time. And so the great adventure ended and, in no time, the boys were bragging again and telling each other what a wonderful night they had enjoyed.

The following record of crime is evidently from the pen of one of the criminals. We mercifully refrain from giving his name, but a glance at the heading of this chapter might help. Particular attention is called to the last lines of the closing stanza, which should help to prove that the person referred to was far from being the mischievous young reprobate that he is said by certain old Burr Oakers to have been, and on the contrary, his first and only false step was in associating and continuing to associate as much as possible, all through his life, with these same Burr Oak

boys. The poetic record of erstwhile crimes follows:

"Jerr'd had a melon-cholic patch
Where—bad boys should know;
And faithfully he watched this patch,
To see that none should go.

The melon-cholic days are come,
You can't keep track of boys!
They'll get your melons sure, Old Man!
With scarce a trace of noise.

Yes, melon-cholic days are come,
The saddest of the year,
When bad boys jump the melon patch,
With a bull-dog in the rear.

Those melon-cholic days are past,
Your help was never lent!
To rob a patch, you'd surely shun,
You did it not, George Bent!"

Frank's genius as a poet sometimes got him into trouble, in cases where it was brought into play *before,* instead of *after,* the commission of crime.

Silas Brace told the story of how certain of the boys played hookey from church and went after a gopher instead. I naturally supposed Ed Mac and Frank were "in" on this, but Frank claimed as an alibi that he was not in Burr Oak at the time of the famous gopher hunt, or that he wasn't in church, or something of the sort, so I told him that if he was not mixed up in that escapade it was the only one he and Ed McAllister were *not* into.

Then Frank went right on to tell how, as mentioned above, his poetry got him into trouble.

"I remember," Frank says, "the witticism that was quite disastrous to the peace and dignity of Mr. Cameron, who taught in the stone schoolhouse, just following the last term of Mrs. Landon's successful school." [Please note that Frank calls it "successful" now. But according to this same Mrs. Landon, in the days of old, when she taught there, Frank on at least one occasion had to be marched into school under heavy maternal guard.—G. P. B.] But to resume:

"Some miscreant youth," Frank says, "had written ever so nicely on the blackboard, in the absence of Mr. Cameron:

"'The Lord from above,
Looked down with love,
Upon our school committee.
They hired a fool,
To teach our school,
Who came from Hesper City.'"

While no names were mentioned, this bit of poetry (?) seems to have been taken to heart by Mr. Cameron, who hailed from Hesper, "by a coincidence," and Frank says that he was absent from school several days and, of course, the verse was ascribed to him. He admits that the handwriting was a sword in the hands of his enemies, but says that if he *did* write it, some more sophisticated youth dictated it, because his own poetic ability had not then reached such heights. Frank does not come right out and admit that he wrote it and Ed McAllister dictated it, but—we know them both.

Another shameless escapade of Frank Robinson and George Edgar McAllister, the beefsteak and onions—I mean the Damon and Pythias—of Burr Oak history, came to light in a roundabout way. Frank, it seems, was trying to get Albert Lincoln (another bad egg) to confess that he was in the following mischief, along with Frank, Ed and others, but Albert, feeling, no doubt, that he had too many ghosts of innocent little cats (and large ones, also) already on his soul, refused to confess anything. On the contrary, he burst forth with the assertion that he never even levied illicit tax upon Mage Ferguson's sugar bush. Although he wants all of Frank's crimes to go upon the record, I believe that this Albert is trying to convince the world at large that it was even a mistake about the cats. However, I, for one, refuse to be convinced. I am not positive that he stole melons, but I *do* most distinctly remember those poor, innocent, slaughtered cats. My memory may not be what it should be, and I confess I have forgotten many things, but I have not forgotten about those cats and I do not intend to let Albert forget them.

Frank's melon-stealing expedition, mentioned above, might have remained a secret, had it not been for the well-known propensity of all criminals to talk about their own crimes.

It seems that Trip Finch had a melon patch, and one night the boys made a foray upon same, entering the melon patch from the road up near the Darling schoolhouse. The same night, as it later developed, a bunch of boys from Looking Glass went into the patch on the west side of the cornfield; therefore, as Frank's party approached the patch, they heard a rustle of corn leaves, and being sure that it was Finch coming after them, they took to their heels and, simultaneously, the Looking Glass boys, hearing the noise made by the other boys, ran for their lives, to escape as they believed, Finch the avenger.

Later on, "Cal" Glidden was telling of an attempt they made to get melons from Finch's patch, and how they were "chased out by Finch and his dogs." Ed McAllister happened to be present and dates were fixed. Ed immediately told Cal of their being there, and told him that his crowd had stayed and had a fine feast of melons, which, of course, chagrined Cal very much.

Frank asserts that at the time of General Lee's surrender, various soldiers home on furlough thought it good fun to make every one in town drink to the victory. Frank and Albert Lincoln were on the stairway to the hotel part of the American House, and the soldiers chased them up and made the boys drink beer, too. Frank says that when he got home he was "dizzy," and when he tried to climb up the bureau it fell over on him, so his mother got up and assisted him to bed. The next morning Frank's mother went over to see Albert's mother, who was, as I have mentioned, a wonderful nurse and woman, and of whom Frank speaks as "one of the most lovable women that ever lived in Winnesheik County, good and kind to all."

To resume: Mrs. Robinson told Mrs. Lincoln how Frank had acted and wanted to know what she should do, as Frank was a little sick, whereupon Mrs. Lincoln told her that the boys had been given beer the night before, Albert having told her about it. The "sickness" was then, of course, no mystery.

Like all great souls, George Edgar brooked no competition in his chosen line. Frank says that once Jim Jewell seemed inclined to go after Ed's laurels. He told certain stories and exploits one day, down in the Blackmarr store, and Ed Mac listened and said nothing, but waited until another day when Jim and all of them were there, and then Ed started in telling *his* exploits, which were verbatim to what Jim had told several days before. Of course, Jim and all of them got wise at once, and everybody all around had a good laugh.

Frank tells of a certain hard shaking up he got. Ed Moore, he says, offered him a big red apple to jump off the shed of the old barn and alight on his pants. Frank says that after many trials he succeeded in doing it, but that it was decidedly painful.

"It was not the distance," Frank says, "but the manner of alighting, which caused me so much pain—but I got the apple."

Frank states that it was the custom of the worst of the Burr Oak boys (which, of course, includes himself, the McAllister kids and *perhaps* others) to pry loose a board from any henhouse that chanced to be strategically placed. Another board would then be inserted under cover of darkness and carefully held under the roosts until such time as a nice fat hen would alight upon the board. Both board and hen would then be withdrawn, and the marauders would retire to a point of safety with their prize. A fire would be built, the hen roasted in the ashes, and a general good time and feast enjoyed by all but the hen.

I was not at all surprised to hear of these nocturnal prowlings on the part of Messrs. Robinson and McAllister, but when Frank goes on to mention in detail one occasion on which the writer of this autobiography was not only present and voting, but led the marauding band to Reverend George Bent's own henhouse, where the usual procedure was observed with great expediency and success, owing to the familiarity of Reverend Bent's son with the premises, I can only remark (confidentially, of course) that it is really pitiable how poor Frank's memory is failing. He may remember just how the old stone schoolhouse looked, and he may shake a wicked pen at poetry. He may tell graphically and with all veracity stories of his own misdeeds, and those of Ed McAllister, but when it comes

to dragging the innocent author of this truthful-at-any-cost biography into his crimes, I contend that Frank's memory is inconvenient, not to say unreliable.

Mr. Jewell, as some of us may remember, spoke very slowly and with great deliberation. He and Hiram Manning were neighbors, but were not particularly friendly—in fact, rather the reverse. Frank Robinson tells us how Mr. Jewell came along one morning, and leaning over the Manning fence, inquired of Hiram Manning:

"What—did—you—tell—me—you—gave—your—horse—for—the—botts?"

Mr. Manning, without looking up, replied briefly: "Turpentine."

So Mr. Jewell went on to the store and bought some turpentine. Returning home, he gave it to his horse, which forthwith died. A few days later Mr. Jewell again leaned upon the Manning fence and asked Hiram if he had understood him about the medicine. Hiram said he had—again without looking up from his work. Mr. Jewell then said:

"Well—I—got—some—turpentine—and—gave—it—to—my—horse—and—he—died."

And Hiram Manning, still not looking up, replied, "So did mine."

This may be the original of the story that I have heard in many different places, for the past forty years, as Mr. Robinson says it actually occurred as above.

Both Robert Thomson and Frank Nelson Robinson have reminded me of the wrestling match they once engaged in; however, I do not recall it personally. It seems that Mr. Thomson had just started his first term of school in Burr Oak, and the big boys did not yet realize that Robert Thomson was of a different mold from many of their former teachers, whom they had been running over at will.

Frank had the reputation of being quite a wrestler in those parts, and naturally considered himself invincible. There had been some small passages at arms between Frank and Mr. Thomson in school, and afterwards, in the old barn where the boys were accustomed to congregate and hold their wrestling matches, etc., the other boys began to guy Frank and tell him that Mr. Thomson was said to be quite a wrestler himself, whereupon Frank declared in effect that he could beat Thomson at wrestling or almost anything else he happened to start. This remark was, of course, quickly brought to Thomson's notice, and when opportunity presented, he not only engaged in a friendly wrestling match with Frank, but beat that young man at his own game. Doubtless this all went to convince the boys that Mr. Thomson intended to rule the school as long as he taught it, regardless of what other teachers had put up with at the hands of the big boys of Burr Oak.

The following verses were written by one Frank Robinson, but no one has any idea who they refer to (Perhaps "Ed Mac").

"His hat full of holes, without any rim,
And stuck on a head that made him look slim,
While his head was so large that he never could run
And keep his balance, and have any fun.
But, say! he was adept at 'skinnin' the cat.'
And all us boys, we envied him that.

"He could talk so fast, and the words he'd use
Would take our breath, and much amuse.
He had little ways of avoiding work,
But he couldn't be called a regular 'shirk.'
At Alpha Manning's, one harvest galore,
He talked and he talked, as never before.

"He'd set up a bundle and look very solemn
And quote Old Shakespeare, more'n a column.
All the men in the field would stop, of course,
And give rapt attention to this discourse.
They would never move till the boss would say:
'Come, come, now, boys; we'll lose the whole day!'

"Pshaw! he wasn't so bad; he might have been worse,
But just how you'd fix it 'thout calling a hearse
Is still a great mystery among those who know
Of things that were done in those days long ago.
But stranger than fiction, this little boy
Has grown up to manhood for us to enjoy.

"He has honored his name, and also his friends
By the rectitude of purpose his life intends.
The lie he has given to predictions made,
He has lived to outshine those who'd wish to degrade,
While up on the hill, 'neath the old pine tree's shade,
Those gloomy old prophets are carefully laid."

Chapter Nine

GEORGE DALLAS TAYLOR

"TEMPUS FUGIT"
By George W. Woodruff

I'm growing old; the days rush by,
  Nights come and go as but a dream,
And, like a meteor in the sky,
  They leave no trace, so swift they seem.
I was a boy but yesterday,
And now my hair has grown quite gray.

I feel no symptoms of decay;
  I find myself both strong and hale;
Nor can I see in any way,
  My hold on life begins to fail—
And yet by many things I'm told
That I, also, am growing old.

I see it in my love of ease;
  I see it in my hate of noise;
I see it in my wish to please;
  I see it in my grown-up boys;
I see it in (so plain it is)
My long-drawn reminiscences.

I see it in my love of truth;
  I see it in my hate of show;
I see it when I wish all youth
  Would try to see things as I do.
I see it, too, whene'er is sprung
That pleasant phrase, "You look so young."

My friends have all proved tried and true—
  I have no pessimistic tinge;
Life gave to me what was my due,
  Although it often made me scringe;
And if at times I've been made sad,
I've had enough for which I'm glad.

"DALLAS," as he was more generally known, contributed a wealth of anecdote and data to the book. That he should have passed on before the book was completed has been and will be a matter of deep and sincere regret to all of us who knew him and have kept in touch with him through the letters which have passed between us in regard to "old times, old friends, old loves," the memory of which has been kept so verdant through all the years that they were easily revived by the "excuse" of collecting data for the book, and so keeping in touch with each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor (who was Sarah Chase, one of Burr Oak's most efficient school teachers), celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1921, they being about five years ahead of wife and me. In a letter which he wrote me about that time, Mr. Taylor spoke of how enjoyable their celebration had been and expressed the hope that they might be present at ours, "although," as he said, "we will be very near the eightieth milestone then."

Mr. Taylor was born in "York State." The family moved to Illinois when he was but two years old and later moved to Fillmore County, Minnesota, in 1857. They then moved to Burr Oak, where, in 1864—when Dallas was seventeen years of age—he enlisted in Co. F, 46th Iowa Vol. Inf. At the close of the Civil War he returned to Burr Oak and, on October 19th, 1871, was married to Miss Sarah M. Chase. They left Burr Oak soon after.

Mr. Taylor died very suddenly in his office at the University of Minnesota. He died "in harness," on April 7, 1923.

The last letter I had from him, dated April 2nd, seemed more than usually cheerful and interesting. I was about to leave for the east, and we were to get together in Minneapolis, with the two McAllisters, Pliny and Ed., and Frank Robinson. But that "was not so to be."

Regarding the Indian Massacre of 1862 in Minnesota and at Spirit Lake, Iowa, Dallas Taylor said:

"I was at that time fifteen years of age, living with my parents in the little stone house north of the American House at Burr Oak. Rumors of depredations for several days had been coming to the settlers in southern Minnesota and northern Iowa, which caused much anxiety to all. Finally the road from the State line to Decorah became lined with teams and pedestrians leaving their homes in great fear of being scalped, in the event of their procrastination.

"I remember many taking breakfast at our place, some of them bringing their rations. They would scarcely take time to satisfy their hunger. After a report that the Osgood house was being burned, our family, with what few provisions could be handled, was huddled into a wagon and started for Decorah. Bloodcurdling reports from all joining us at crossroads, as to whole families being massacred and homes devastated and burned, added to the terrors of the trip.

"Decorah, fortified by every conceivable form of firearms, seemed ready for an attack. We stayed overnight there—that is, the women and children did—while many of the men returned to their homes determined to protect their stock and crops.

"For many days the youngsters, and even older people, did not care to go very far from home and especially after dark. When they did, they reported seeing savages in their war paint behind trees."

Byron Blackmarr also gives interesting recollections of the Indian Scare, in the chapter bearing his name.

"After I became a man and was married, I moved to Murray County, Minnesota," Dallas Taylor continued. "We lived near New Ulm, as well as near Lake Sheteek—the scene of the massacre—and often visited the place and the little log cabin where the Eastlakes were murdered. It was still in a good state of preservation; also Slaughter Slough, where so many hid in the tall grass, and were later discovered and met their death by the tomahawk. The Smith house had also been kept intact. . . . . The Indians were afterwards tried and executed.

"It is said that many of the settlers turned out to do battle with the Indians, taking their own horses and guns. The United States Government pensioned some of them for their services.

"It might be interesting to know that the Indian Massacre began by the killing of the Baker and Jones families, in the town of Acton, Meeker County, on Sunday, August 18th, 1862, by a party of five Indians.

"The Indians challenged the white men to a trial of skill at target shooting. After firing one round, they refused to shoot more. The whites failed to reload their guns, but the savages loaded theirs, while walking back to the house. After asking for and receiving a drink of water, the Indians shook hands with the whites, stepped back a few paces, turned around and fired.

"Baker and his wife were killed in the house, Webster was shot on the door step (Mr. and Mrs. Webster were neighbors who had driven up in a covered wagon), Jones was killed near the corn-crib; Mrs. Webster remained in the covered wagon during the entire fray, escaping unharmed. Mrs. Jones, with a child in her arms, fell into a cellar in trying to escape and was saved."

Much of this information about the Indian Massacre was contained in the last letter Dallas wrote me, under date of April 2nd, 1923, just five days before his death. This same letter also gave me what he remembered concerning the Burr Oak presentation of "Ten Nights In a Barroom," in which he played "Mr. Romaine, the Traveler."

He gives the cast as follows:

Sample Swichel, "The Yankee".....Ed. McAllister
Simon Slade, Prop. "Sickle and Sheaf".A. M. Perry
Joe Morgan, "The Drunkard".....Ambrose Gates
Frank Slade, "The Enterprising Son".Henry Bovee
Harvey Green, "The Gambler"...B. D. Blackmarr
Mr. Romaine, "The Traveler".....Geo. D. Taylor
Willie Hammond, "The Young Squire".....
.....Darwin Symms
Mrs. Slade.....Mrs. A. M. Perry
Mrs. Morgan.....Addie Symms
Mary Morgan.....Winnie Perry
Mehitable Cartright.....Emma Stuart

Dallas says of his own performance, as "Romaine," that, had the original "Romaine" been present and heard some of the lectures he gave to Simon Slade, etc., he would doubtless have been more severely critical than some of the audience were. Mr. Taylor said this show was put on in a tent, in 1871, before he was married. He mentioned another show which was put on before that (at the close of the school taught by Mr. Southwick), in which he and Maria Manning took part. This show, he told us, was called "A Quiet Family" and was put on in the M. E. Church, where the school was taught.

Mrs. Sage, a schoolmate of Dallas Taylor, tells of how one Professor Dockum, who taught school in the stone schoolhouse, the winter of 1863-64, had a pleasant little habit of making the scholars write "compositions," then taking them to the hotel and criticizing them freely and unkindly. This came to the ears of the big boys and they rebelled. Each one was supposed to read before the school what he had written, then lay his composition on the teacher's desk, to be disposed of as he saw fit. Dallas Taylor, Mrs. Sage says, was the first to tear his paper to ribbons, after reading it aloud, and put the pieces in his pocket. Then came Joseph McLaughlin, who read his paper, folded it carefully and placed it in the inside pocket of his coat. "What happened then?" is a question we cannot answer.

Dallas spoke most interestingly of his recollections anent the Tellyer murder, but it was decided by all of us that it was unnecessary to give this gruesome affair more than passing mention. It may be remembered by some that his father was the Justice of the Peace before whom the preliminary trial was held.

Dallas spoke of the poems Pliny McAllister and Frank Robinson wrote, some of which appear in this book. He said he was no poet himself, but appreciated the output of the others, who were. He also quoted a little poem by Gerald Beaumont, which reminded him of old times and touched his heart. (I am sure many of you, like myself, remember Gerald Beaumont more for his corking good stories of the baseball diamond and the race track, football field, etc., than for his poetry.)

The poem Dallas mentioned is quoted in part, as follows:

"Ah, lads that I knew, you were tried and true,
And I mind how your glad cries rang;
But your lips are dumb, and the words won't come,
For gone is the old school gang.

Now the hot tears start; my harrowed heart
Is pierced with a poignant pang,
As I backward gaze on my boyhood days,
And I dream of the old school gang."

Various of Mr. Taylor's reminiscences are quoted elsewhere and he stated, in giving these reminiscences, that his boyhood memories seemed to him the sweetest of his life. He has declared himself to be no poet, but as we read the splendid word picture he has drawn of Burr Oak as it appears today to those who knew it of old, and as we note especially the sweet and wholesome philosophy of his soliloquy at the end of it, we realize that a poet's heart has given us something very beautiful for the book.

I quote his resumé of the last visit he made to Burr Oak, ad verbatim.

"In my last visit to the old home town, I rode through the long crooked street of the village (Main street). Although in former years it had been so hilly, it now seems very level. Many of the old homes are long since gone to ruin. The old "American House," which was my home when I went into the Army, is fast going into decay.

"We spent many happy hours there in the days of McLaughlin, Dr. Jones, Porter, Cratsenberg and others. It is one of the oldest structures in the town, to us, so famous. It was a stage office for M. O. Walker's line between Dubuque and St. Paul when I came there in 1857. The old Tinkham store and post office is no longer.

"Silver Creek is now a mere thread. If we boys spent the entire summer constructing a dam I doubt if we could conserve water enough for a frog pond, let alone a 'swimming hole.' The old stone quarry is grown over with moss, and the famous Waggoner spring and trout pond has long since gone dry. The Burr Oak Hotel is yet in a good state of preservation. The old grout store and barn are things of the past.

"While I do not hesitate to acknowledge the familiarity of all of these things, I was surprised to find how many unfamiliar faces I saw. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep and impenetrable gloom seemed to hang over and pervade it all. It was possible, I reflected, that a different arrangement of the particulars, or

details of the scene, would be sufficient to modify or annihilate its sorrowful impression. Going to one of my schoolmates in front of the old hotel, I took up the subject of the many changes since our school days. After a very pleasant visit, I informed him that I desired to visit all my old-time friends. He said:

" 'Dall, there are few left; however, I will go with you to the Burr Oak Addition, where many have gone.'

"I accompanied him to the cemetery, where he showed me marker after marker containing names and ages of many old-time friends. The names suggested to me some of the happy days in my youthful life.

"The Gliddens were foremost in our 'May-day Picnics.' I remember one in particular, held at Cold Water Spring. We hiked over, but got Mr. Punteney to bring us home. The conveyances were a lumber wagon, and a hay rack drawn by two oxen, old 'Buck and Bright.' We have yet to find more pleasure in the automobile, than we experienced on that ride home.

"To those unfamiliar with the noted spring, I will say that the little canyon and towering bluffs—the home of this fine resort—is surpassed by none and equalled by few, this side of the Rocky Mountains. The stream issued from a spring in another cave in the bluff, which was large enough to turn a team around in. Still further back in the rocks was an inner cave containing a lake which was accessible only through a low archway, generally by canoe. The stream which flowed from this spring abounded in speckled trout. This rock formation towered some two hundred feet above the stream. Fifty feet from the base, with ladder, and fifty feet from the summit, with rope, was not too far to carve our names and those of others on the face of the cliff. There are many other parties of most pleasant recollection connected with that most famous Spring.

"But let me shake off this spirit of the past, which is like a dream, and scan more of the real surroundings as they are today. It would not need the eye of a scrutinizing observer to discover numerous changes, such as a bank building on the site of what was once a street just south of the 'American House,' a Lutheran Church on the east end of the May property, a department store on the corner of the Waggoner block, a new M. E. Church, also an A. C. Church; several new dwellings on the hill west of Main Street, etc. The 'new' brick schoolhouse, like the old stone one, has served its day and a new frame one has taken its place.

"And now, having gone around the circle of reminiscences, I am going to return to the old play ground at the stone schoolhouse, nestled cosily in what is known to us as 'Waggoner's Grove,' where all the Fourth of July orations of the spread eagle type were delivered. Also all of the Sunday School picnics and festivals were held there, which delighted us when we were brought together for pleasure. They are now in memory only. Not a vestige of rock where the schoolhouse was, and scarcely a tree in the grove. We can remember no place where we have spent more happy hours than in 'Waggoner's Grove.'

"It may be interesting to some of you readers to know that our little town was at one time a wholesale town. William Henry Willsie at an early day conducted a large business, purchasing furs and robes and having them manufactured into garments; sending out teams as far as Mankato and up the Minnesota River, exchanging commodities with trappers and Indians for their catch.

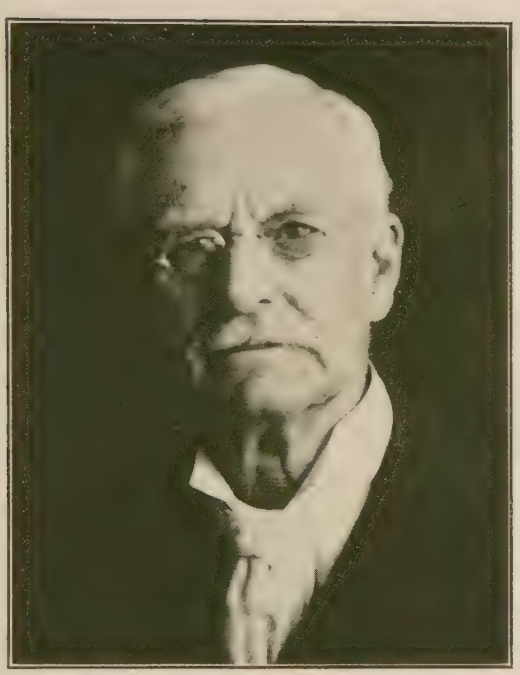
"The May home was erected by him and used as his home for several years. This was a most delightful place to go to in the holiday season. The most luscious and largest doughnuts you ever tasted, as well as mince pie, were always on hand for visitors.

"The old town now seems to me like a corpse, and there is not room for interment. Yet, a few of our friends are still in love with the old home. All look back to it as a sort of Mecca.

"And what is it to grow old? For, after a certain distance, with every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner and thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind

us we see our contemporaries growing fewer. By the time a man gets well into his seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle. He lies in bed at night thinking that there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day.

"Do the old mind it? As a matter of fact —No! They were never merrier. When they arrive on the scenes of their younger days, memory acts as a magic genii to enliven and repaint the familiar objects and fill in those that are gone."



GEORGE DALLAS TAYLOR
An old Burr Oak friend, living until his recent death, at Minneapolis. Mr. Taylor was of great help to me in the writing of this book.

INA HUGHES
A schoolmate. (Ina was a step-sister to Pliny and Geo. Edgar McAllister, Mrs. Hughes having been Joshua McAllister's second wife.)

The Joshua McAllister house
The McAllister home is one of my earliest remembrances of Burr Oak.

Geo. Dallas Taylor, Mrs. Geo. E. McAllister, Pliny W. McAllister, Mrs. Geo. D. Taylor and Geo. Edgar McAllister

THE BOY IN THE HICKORY SHIRT

With one suspender and a rimless hat,
  The face unwashed and his hair a mat,
With a whistle shrill and an eye alert,
  Danced a happy boy in a hickory shirt.

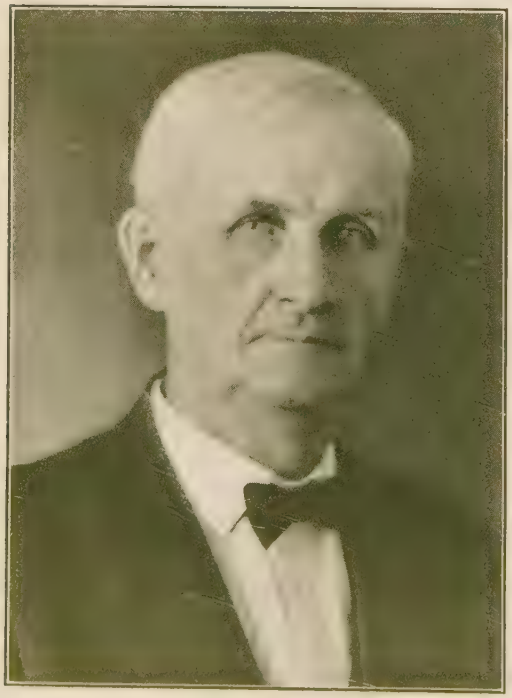
His feet were bare, with a stone bruised heel,
  He'd a sunburned back, where the skin must peel,
A bleeding toe, that a "stub" had hurt,
  But his heart beat light, 'neath the hickory shirt.

Blue overalls scarce reached his knees,
  While a "letter" fluttered to the breeze,
But he sang all day, in his rags and dirt,
  Did this happy boy in a hickory shirt.

May he know no care as he goes through life,
  His heart keep light in the world's great strife,
May the God of love all pain avert,
  From the cheery lad in the hickory shirt!

"THE BOY IN THE HICKORY SHIRT"*
(Poem by P. W. McAllister, sketch by F. N. Robinson)

*Several efforts were made to obtain front view of subject, but in each case the camera was broken before picture could be made.—G. P. B.



GEORGE EDGAR McALLISTER

PLINY W. McALLISTER

Chapter Ten

GEORGE EDGAR AND PLINY W. McALLISTER

THE DESERTED CHURCH

Thy windows broken and thy doors unhung;
Thy past forgotten and thy fame unsung;
Thy steeple's point which seemed to pierce the skies,
Struck with decay—now in the churchyard lies.

Thy bell, whose silvery tones called men to worship God,
Fallen and cracked, lies rusting on the sod;
Thy rotting frame, seems, in its sad decay,
To point a truth: "This, too, shall pass away."

The willing hands that raised thy walls so high,
Long since have passed to "mansions in the sky."
The truths they taught will live for aye, and be
A lasting monument to themselves and thee.

—*Pliny W. McAllister.*

WHEN I started to write this book, I intended to go right at it and finish the job in about two months. It has taken nearer two years, and George Edgar McAllister is the cause of it all! My secretary says that every time she gets the copy all ready for the press, somebody writes in regarding another escapade of George Edgar McAllister and then we have to stop proceedings and beg and implore and plead and threaten the Honorable George Edgar for months before he will condescend to give us his own more or less garbled account of the matter. I believe he has written perhaps six letters to me since I have been collecting data for the book, but each one of the six is fairly bursting with interesting though doubtless untrue stories of the old days, without which the book would not be complete. Not long ago, when the need and desire among old timers for a letter from "Ed Mac" became acute, I did succeed in arousing him to action by the simple means of rebroadcasting a certain letter he wrote in 1911, and stating that I did this to prove that "Ed Mac" did know how to write, whether he did it or not. He then sent in a bunch of good stories, which will be found further along in this chapter.

George Edgar and Pliny W. McAllister, who figure in so many stories of the old days always have possessed the gift of eloquence, which, in conjunction with an unusually keen sense of humor, has not only made their contributions to the book most enjoyable, but has made it possible for many very good stories, in which Ed and Pliny are leading figures, to get into the book, said stories being told by Frank Robinson and various others who were in the old days, and still are, very fond of the daring and brilliant brothers McAllister, as may be witnessed by the mercilessness of the stories in question.

Pliny and Ed, like their father before them, have been more or less politicians for many years, representing the state of Minnesota in Senate and Legislature. I have never achieved fame, but they *have,* and along with fame have doubtless come other things—I wot not what. They *could* tell if they would, but I presume they will not.

Along with Dallas Taylor, Frank Robinson and other old Burr Oakers, the McAllister brothers settled in Minneapolis, where during the last few years, the writer has seen them frequently, with the rest of the old guard who live in Minneapolis.

George Edgar and Pliny are busy men, but they have not been too busy to help me out with the book whenever called upon to do so, and I believe that in telling these various rich stories about the McAllisters, all of the old boys have done so with the knowledge that Pliny and Ed are ever the first to enjoy a good laugh on themselves.

Many cuts that appear in this book are made from a Burr Oak Scrapbook which Pliny loaned me. He said at the time that whenever he got to thinking of old days, he would get the book out and "visit Burr Oak." If this book of mine may perchance help others of the old friends to "visit Burr Oak," I shall be content.

Pliny says his father, Joshua McAllister, was a member of the Drum Corps, and that Wm. Fosburg played the drum.

"Wm. Fosburg, a brother of Mrs. Bovee, was a Democrat," Pliny relates, "and on one occasion he asked my father, a staunch Republican, to help him out by playing at a Democratic meeting up at Preston, Minnesota, which Father cheerfully did. But there was trouble ahead, for 'Leather Joe' LaValley, a very strong Republican, went after Father hard for playing at a Democratic meeting. However, as Father told him, Wm. Fosburg, a Democrat, had played at several Republican meetings, and he thought it best to return the compliment. He advised 'Leather Joe' to broaden out a little, but it was some time before the two were friends again.

"Dave LaValley had a splendid team of horses that he was very proud of. One day he was telling of the horse race he had, and he said he got up in the wagon and said, 'Get out of this, you loust of the woods, and you otto seen him clim.' "

Pliny goes on to state that this incident so impressed Ed—who was poetically inclined it would seem at that time—that he wrote a poem for the Lyceum paper that brought down the house. (How I wish it were possible to have a copy of this famous poem in the book!)

Pliny goes on to speak of the splendid talent we used to have at the Lyceum meetings. "Cy Wellington, for instance, who was for many years—in fact, up to his death—attorney for the Great Northern Railway; Charlie Willsie, too, who was district attorney in Kansas for years, and others whose names I cannot remember."

Pliny himself is a poet of sorts, as the following poems would indicate. They are printed "By courtesy of the author."

MY SWEETHEART

I look into thine eyes and see reflected there,
My image true as life, but others share
Thy sight. I am displaced and just as true,
Another's face appears and is reflected, too.

Into thine heart I fain would look,
Into its depths, its farthest nook,
And note if others share love's gleam,
Or if alone my image reigns supreme.

HAVE YOU EVER?

Have you ever heard the cooing
  Of a babe upon your breast?
Have you felt his arms about your neck
  As he's dropping off to rest?
Have you heard his cunning laughter,
  Seen his look of perfect joy?
Have you ever had that pleasure?
  It is bliss without alloy.

Have you seen his baby fingers
  Crossed upon his tiny breast?
Have you felt the pain of parting
  When he's laid away to rest?
Have you seen the world grow darker,
  Till it shook your firm belief?
Have you ever had that sorrow,
  It is grief beyond relief.

Do you know the gates will open
  When you're through with this dull life?
Do you know there's rest in Heaven
  From the earth's turmoil and strife?
Do you know beyond those gates of pearl
  Your baby boy you'll meet?
You can fold him in your arms again;
  'Twill be happiness complete.

THE OLD POLE SWING

Swinging away up in the tree tops high,
  Touching the farthest limb;
The winds seem to meet you as you pass by,
Filling your lungs to the brim.
Oh, poets have sung of the "Old school days,"
  "The old swimming hole's" had its fling,
But the greatest pleasure for me always
  Was up in the Old Pole Swing.

Working your way to the highest point,
  Your sweetheart close by your side,
Watching your rival, "his nose out of joint,"
  While your heart is near bursting with pride;
Oh, there's surely no pleasure, truly no joy—
  No matter what poets may sing—
Can compare with that, found by a maid and a boy,
  Way up in the Old Pole Swing.

Chorus:

Swinging, swinging "till the old cat dies,"
Your arm round the girl you love, time just flies;
Oh, the world may smile, or the world may scoff,
I care not a whit, but my hat I'll doff
To the maid and the boy who joyously sing,
As they fly through the air, in the Old Pole Swing.

THIRTY YEARS LATER

I've been to the old home again, boys—
  Down the street, by the graveyard and hill—
And I've brought back some pictures to show you,
  As the old town would give you a chill.

The houses are small and unpainted;
  The hills that were mountains to climb
Are scarcely a rise in the landscape,
  As all show the havoc of time.

My sweetheart was wrinkled and toothless,
  And I "view with alarm" the close call,
And I thank the Good Lord that I missed her,
  For a look fairly made my flesh crawl.

This lesson I've learned by my trip, boys,
  That the ways of our Maker are wise,
And what we consider misfortunes,
  Are blessings, in fact, in disguise.

So up with your glasses, up high, boys,
  Let us drink a farewell to the past;
Let us live for each day as we meet it,
  And taste every joy while it lasts.

THE HAPPY DAYS GONE BY

When you sing the songs we used to sing together,
  Will you miss the chord my voice had always filled?
Will you think of me who's sleeping 'neath the heather,
  Will you miss the voice that's now forever stilled?

Will you give a thought to days gone by forever,
  Will a tear-drop dim your eye for just a space,
When relentless death our loving ties shall sever,
  Will you think of me as in the old, old days?

For old times' sake, just give a thought unspoken,
  Let memory dwell on days that used to be,
And place upon my grave a loving token,
  That all may know you still remember me.

Chorus:

Just think of days gone by—so full of pleasure;
  Let memory dwell again on days of yore;
Sweet dreams of youth within your heart still treasure,
  Until you meet with loved ones gone before.

MY VALENTINE

Just a word so loving, then a fond "Good-bye,"
Just a kiss, a sweet caress, then a longing sigh,
  Just a flood of memories round my heart entwine—
We two must part,
The tear-drops start—
  Farewell, my Valentine!

Just a hope of Heaven helps us in the fight,
Just the thought "we'll meet again," keeps us in the right,
  Just a love that's deathless, now and ever thine—
A kiss, a sigh,
A last goodbye—
  I'm with my Valentine!

Pliny is sure that Philip Miller taught in the old stone schoolhouse half a term—in 1867—and finished the other half of his term in the new brick schoolhouse. He says he well remembers when the change was made from the old to the new schoolhouse.

"My uncle, Leonard Tubbs, was one of the carpenters on the building," Pliny says, "and I used to go and watch him at his work, and I also remember Philip Miller teaching upstairs.

"One thing that impressed my mind was his punishment of Sam Baker. Philip took him over his knee and said, 'Now, Samuel, I will be mild but firm with you.' Whereupon he plied Nature's means of punishment.

"Sarah Willsie and Katie Symms used to have a great time running behind the seats as Mr. Miller could not see them. I do not think they ever received the punishment allotted to Sam Baker."

THE BOY IN THE HICKORY SHIRT

With one suspender and a rimless hat,
  The face unwashed and his hair a mat,
With a whistle shrill and an eye alert,
  Danced a happy boy in a hickory shirt.

His feet were bare, with a stone bruised heel,
  He'd a sunburned back, where the skin must peel,
A bleeding toe, that a "stub" had hurt,
  But his heart beat light, 'neath the hickory shirt.

Blue overalls scarce reached his knees,
  While a "letter" fluttered to the breeze,
But he sang all day, in his rags and dirt,
  Did this happy boy in a hickory shirt.

May he know no care as he goes through life,
  His heart keep light in the world's great strife,
May the God of love all pain avert,
  From the cheery lad in the hickory shirt!

(Written by Plin. McAllister and dedicated to George Edgar, "who is still out of jail and unhung, despite the dire prediction of some of his elders, whose 'wish was father to the thought.' ")

George Edgar McAllister tells the following story about the Burr Oak boys climbing a high board fence around Mr. John Feyler's orchard and vineyard, and abstracting therefrom, as their needs required, apples and grapes. Finally, on one occasion when they knew that "Uncle John" and his wife, "Aunt Elizabeth," were absent in Decorah, the boys rigged up an effigy of Bill Baker and hung it up in one of the apple trees. When he returned home, Mr. Feyler spied this and called upon Bill Baker to come down or he would shoot. (By means of a string, the boys were able to make the effigy move a little.) Bill, of course, did not come down—or his effigy did not—and finally the old gentleman went into his house and returning with his gun, gave the effigy of Bill Baker both barrels. The boys had it fixed so that a strong jerk caused the effigy to fall out of the tree. Mr. Feyler thought sure he had killed Bill Baker and quickly went into the house. The boys, as soon as it was dusk, carried the effigy away, and for several days Mr. Feyler, supposing that he was guilty of murder, did not make an appearance in public. This incident, famous in Burr Oak annals, has been immortalized in poetry as well as prose, by Pliny McAllister. His poem about this and other Burr Oak crimes was published some years ago in the Decorah paper, and appears elsewhere in this book.

George Edgar, even as a tiny babbling infant, was noted for his strict and passionate regard for the truth (?); this has doubtless already been noted by the reader. His spotless reputation for veracity has pursued him all of his life, as the following story, which was discovered in the July 6th, 1908, issue of the *Decorah Republican,* will show. It will be remembered that this was soon after one of the old Burr Oak picnics, when George Edgar, with many other old Burr Oak boys, had been to the home town for a visit.

Mrs. Landon, who was for many years Burr Oak correspondent to the *Decorah Republican,* was also a teacher in the Burr Oak Schools, in the year 1861, so she was probably in a position to know whereof she spoke.

"I think I'll tell of a little experience that Ed McAllister had while here," the clipping reads. "He very much enjoyed visiting the different places he used to frequent when he was a boy, and among them—where the old grout schoolhouse used to stand, and among the debris—he said he found a quid of gum that the teacher (Mrs. Landon) took from him exactly forty-seven years ago and threw out of doors. Ed said he knew it was the same gum, because the prints of his teeth were still on it. No one who knows Ed will for a moment doubt his veracity." [George Edgar explains this incident by saying the "chew" was petrified. This party never lacks an alibi, as we all know. G. P. B.]

Regarding this same George Edgar, would say that, in preparing the book, a certain base canard came to my ears, through devious channels, to the effect that upon one occasion in his youth, Ed was chased by a "spotted critter" which belonged to Ed Stevens. It is said that this critter was quite ugly and broke out of barns and fences as his sweet fancy dictated. He seems, at various times, to have indulged in foot races with most of the population of Burr Oak.

On the occasion in question, it is claimed that on perceiving that he was honored with the critter's attention, George Edgar departed from thence so hastily as to fall into Silver Creek, which, though now but a dried-up rill, was then a very wet and very muddy creek.

On hearing this story, I at once communicated with the Honorable George Edgar, stating that, although I felt I knew him well enough to believe almost anything that was told on him, still, I was loath to include this story in the book, without his verification, because, from what we all knew of him, he would have been much more apt to turn upon the pursuing bull and stop him in his tracks with one of his ever-ready orations.

However, either Ed's conscience was not clean, or else he has been kept too busy of late "throwing the bull" to give me the inside details of this famous pursuit of brains by brawn

for, up to the time of going to press, I have had neither his verification nor denial, therefore am publishing the story for what it is worth.

One thing is certain and that is, that George Edgar was built for speed and had the creek not gotten in his way, he would have doubtless left the critter in the rear long before he did.

Referring to Pliny's poetical tendencies again, would say that, in the course of our correspondence in regard to this book, "By" Blackmarr unearthed and sent on to me the poem which was read at one of the Old Burr Oak Settlers' Picnics, as mentioned, and later published in the *Decorah Republican*. The authorship of this poem was for a time in doubt, and various letters were exchanged in reference to same. Both McAllisters and Frank Robinson were under suspicion, but after a time, unable to sustain the novel sensation of being accused of something of which they were *not* guilty, both Frank and Ed burst into ink to deny their guilt. As near as one could gather from the Honorable Edgar's letter, he admitted being guilty of everything--everything *but* poetry. He confessed that it was in the family—Pliny being the author—but stated that *his* time was too taken up in formulating practical jokes on various victims (whom he remarked were far from unsuspecting, since they always immediately suspected him, and not *always* with excuse). He then remarked, out of his own base suspicion and blackness of heart, that some one was evidently trying to get even with him for his misdeeds of the past, in trying to accuse him of being a poet! He entreated me with tears in his eyes to set him aright in the History of Burr Oak, therefore I am doing so with great promptness and pleasure, since it will, to all of us who know him, be a great joy to know that there was at least one crime in Burr Oak's History of which Ed McAllister was *falsely* accused. Personally, however, I think he is jealous of Pliny's poetical ability. I suppose that the language in which the silver-tongued orator of the wheatfields gave utterance to his thoughts was too rare and too lengthy to be rhymed, hence the fame of Pliny was not for him.

As for Frank, while he denied writing this particular poem, he could not, as Edgar did, deny the crime of poetry as a whole, since it will be noted elsewhere in the book, that Frank likewise courted the muse.

One of the latest of the many good stories that have been told on Ed McAllister, comes to me differing slightly in the two versions, which are given by the principal parties thereto, who *ought* to know.

It will be remembered that George Edgar McAllister was renowned as a tamer of Burr Oak teachers. And it will not be forgotten that Robert Thomson came to be famous in time as a tamer of Burr Oak scholars who had been hitherto considered untamable. Eventually the two met—hence the story.

Now Ed recalls that he received a "violent licking" at the hands of Mr. Thomson at the same time that he chastised Oliver Billings. But when reminded of this, Mr. Thomson "denies the allegation and defies the allegator," and says that he merely gave George Edgar a third degree, as it were. Had him stand for quite a while at his desk, and, after considerable time had been employed by George Edgar in standing there, contemplating his sins and wondering just what awful punishment he was destined to receive, Mr. Thomson remarked to him that if he did not study he was going to get an awful licking, or words to that effect. Looking back upon the affair from the distance of some fifty years, and after hearing both sides of the story, it appeareth to the writer as though Mr. Thomson, having established his reputation upon Oliver Billings, merely *scared* George Edgar into something approaching respectability, for the time being at least. George Edgar now admits, after talking the matter over, that he may have been, for once in his life, mistaken. He says that he was in the habit of receiving so many other than verbal chastisements from the hands of various ones that he must be excused for getting his dates mixed.

Both Mr. Thomson and Edgar agree that Edgar "got back" to a certain degree when, one day in early February, he announced that the room was too cold for one of his delicate organism to endure, was given the key to the

cellar, and granted permission to restoke the stove. This is the unbelievable part—that a man of Robert Thomson's astuteness should have trusted George Edgar McAllister alone with even a stove! But perhaps he knew no better, at the time.

At any rate George Edgar left the school room and returned soon after looking like the traditional cat that ate the canary. Forthwith the room was filled not only with heat waves, but with smoke screens as well, which soon obliged Mr. Thomson to close school for the day. While this crude work on George Edgar's part certainly showed lack of originality, it was effective. It seems that he went down cellar and by force of the arguments employed in one of his famous orations, knocked the stove pipe off the furnace!

The lady who was then Clara Wingate recalls this stove as the cause of many holidays. It was a long, narrow stove, set in a fireproof brick compartment with an opening only large enough for the stove door through which wood was put. It had a lid on top and some genius among the bright, studious youths of Burr Oak discovered that with a long stick the lid could be raised, allowing smoke to circulate freely. School would have to be dismissed until the stove grew cold, for the only way to get to it was to lower a boy with a rope through the pipes, to put the lid back.

Joshua McAllister appears to have been almost entirely impervious to the persuasive eloquence of his tall and talented son. Edgar himself is my authority for the statement that Mr. McAllister constantly applied the lash at the end of a blacksnake whip and that it was his custom to take Edgar across the street to the barn there to inflict severe punishment. Edgar says he had worked out a beautiful scheme. He placed a barrel in a certain corner, into which corner he would back when pursued by his irate parent. When he had his son cornered, Mr. McAllister would apply the lash with gusto, but owing to Edgar's strategic foresight, the barrel received most of the strokes of the blacksnake, although Edgar yelled and jumped with each stroke. Eventually Mr. McAllister discovered this ruse on Edgar's part and soon thereafter took occasion to administer another lashing, *not* in the accustomed corner. This time Edgar "suffered in silence" and this appears to have somewhat nettled his father. "Why don't you yell *now?*" he inquired of his son, "the barrel's not here *now.*" But it appears that for once Edgar was convinced of the futility of speech.

Ed Mac also mentions the time he and Ben Kinyon sat together in school. Ed pushed Ben off the seat and on the floor, in return for which playful act he states that Ben "lambasted" him all the way home, with snowballs.

Ed also accuses Ab Lincoln of being, or having at one time been "a Norwegian," but owing to the general unreliability of both parties to the story, the author has never been able to get the straight of this affair. However, Ed tells a good story on a real Norwegian; a young man who was working for Dr. Anderson, the Dane doctor, building fences. It seems that Ed and the other Burr Oak boys were in the habit of enjoying the old swimming hole down in Jared Ferguson's pasture. As all of the old Burr Oak boys know, this pond could not have been more than two or three feet deep at most. On the occasion in question, the boys were just getting dressed. Ed Mac was still in the pond, sitting down, and as the water was up to his chin, it appeared quite deep to the young Norwegian, who came up to them just then and tried to make friends, telling them, as best he could in his broken English, how he and others used to dive into the ocean on the Coast of Norway. Apparently an idea entered Ed's bright(?) mind at once, for he waited until the Norwegian's back was turned, to come out. He and Ed were about the same height and he evidently concluded that if the water was up to Ed's chin it was deep enough for a practical illustration of how he used to dive in Norway.

"He 'peeled,' stepped back and ran out on our spring-board,"—as Ed tells the story, "went up in the air like a sky-rocket and came down like 'a thousand of bricks.' When he had dug up mud enough for two or three town lots, he needed no field glasses to discover a bevy of boys, their sparse regalia under their

arms, scrambling up the hill and into the brush. 'Them was the good old days!' "

The Honorable George Edgar also arises to declare that the much discussed Phillip Miller was *not* cross-eyed but was what is called "wall-eyed!"

Ed Mac suggests that I ask a certain one of my correspondents who was, in the old days, one of Burr Oak's most popular girls, if she still has a love letter written to her by an old Burr Oak boy who, while he is not a contributor to this book, was then well known to us all and still lives in that neighborhood, being married to another of the Burr Oak girls whom we all well remember.

I made proper inquiries regarding this missive, and was informed by the lady to whom it was purported to have been addressed that while she had frequently had the pleasure of having this letter read and re-read to her by her brother-in-law, and one Ab Lincoln, she had never actually had it in her possession and, in fact, was of the opinion that it was a concoction of the said Ab Lincoln and her august brother-in-law. It is not quite clear how Ed Mac figures in the transaction, but apparently, like all other Burr Oak mischief, he was into it, sooner or later.

Ed Mac wants to know if we all remember "Leather Joe" LaValley's trick of hanging his tongue out of his mouth as he worked away at his shoe bench. "And Mrs. Jewell," he goes on, "who puckered her mouth up until it looked like a nail hole in a pine board and who, at evening prayer meetings in the Methodist church, would arise and in tremulous tones announce that she wished to 'set an example worthy of imitation'; after which she would go home and lambast Bill and Martha until she would almost scare the freckles from their faces. They used to say that Bill had two layers of freckles on his face, but I did not start that story.

"Do you all remember how the Baker family used to walk single file down the street, the old man's jaws masticating an ounce or two of fine cut with a regularity that suggested perpetual motion; Hollis in the center of the file and Bill bringing up the rear, cracking his side-splitting jokes (purloined from Ayer's Almanac), while his pear-shaped nose spread a roseate hue over the landscape equalled only by a red switchlight or better still, a June sunset.

"Then there was Charley Heath, whose religious zeal led him to bombard the Throne of Grace in such stentorian tones that gophers felt like returning thanks that they were well under ground. He told me once that he was *sure* to go to Heaven when he died. I suggested that he had better take along some kind of a silencer, or he would disturb the harpists. He said I was a bad, wicked boy. Nobody would believe that of *me,* so I did not care. Think of that in connection with the ability of a boy who worked so hard to set a good example to the other Burr Oak boys!

"Do we all remember Hialmer Benton and his dog, 'Painter,' that used to frighten us kids into absolute silence; and Byron Moore, who taught a lot of the scholars to dance; and "Singing" Baker, who used to regale the crowd at Blackmarr & Mason's store with some rather weird music (?) while he beat time on the counter with his elbows and hands?

"In thinking of Uncle Harry Wingate, I am reminded of a rather amusing episode that occurred in Blackmarr & Mason's store one evening. I had 'blacked up' for a little minstrel performance, put on at a meeting of our debating society or lyceum, in the brick schoolhouse. After the fun was over a lot of us adjourned to Blackmarr & Mason's store.

"I was still in full regalia and the other boys were having considerable fun with me. Uncle Harry was standing up by the little two by four showcase near the front of the store, reading *'The Montreal Witness.'*

"Hearing the racket at the stove, he lowered his head, peered over the top of his 'specs,' double-quicked to the stove, throwing the boys right and left, and in indignant tones told the boys to 'leave that colored boy alone, he has as much right here as you have.' It was quite a job to placate him, for Uncle Harry was *some* abolitionist."

Chapter Eleven

EARLY BURR OAK SCHOOLS AND THEIR TEACHERS

"I've wandered to the village, boys,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse playground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, boys,
And few were left to know
Who played with us upon the green,
Just forty years ago.

. . . . . .

"Well, some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, boys,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved,
Some forty years ago."

—*Anonymous.*

DESPITE the admittedly angelic disposition and demeanor of myself and the various other pupils, teaching the Burr Oak young idea how to shoot must have been something of an endurance test. Many teachers were called but—not so many were chosen. Changes were frequent, and, in most cases, appear to have been welcomed with mutual relief by all concerned,—certainly by the teachers.

W. H. Reed, in his "History of Burr Oak Township" (1905), which history I have quoted extensively elsewhere, states that school was taught for a term or two, in a log building down the creek, southwest of town, previous to the summer of 1856, when the stone schoolhouse was completed. This statement is also confirmed by a good many authorities—some of their own knowledge and some by what they had been told by their parents. It has been impossible to determine the exact location of the log building in question. Considering how few buildings, log or otherwise, there were in Burr Oak in those days, it seems probable that the school, which must have been quite small then, was taught in one room of some one of the dwelling houses. In this connection, it will be noted, upon reference to the obituary of Mrs. Thomas Willsie, which is given in part in the chapter devoted to the History of Winneshiek County, that it is very clearly stated that the Willsies came to Burr Oak in 1854, and, the first Sunday after their arrival, preaching was held at the log school building. The article then goes on to locate the school building as being between what was later "Houck's Corner" and the spot where Mrs. Feltis' home later stood. Unfortunately I am unable to ascertain, twenty years after this obituary was written, just who was the authority for the data given therein. It seems probable that some one of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Willsie, of whom there were five when the family moved to Burr Oak, gave the facts to Mrs. Landon, who was the writer of the article in question. However this is merely presumption, and presumption is decidedly out of place in a "history."

The earliest Burr Oak teacher of whom we have record is Silas Lamb, whose widow, Mrs. Mary West Lamb, states that he taught in a log house, the Winter term of 1855-56.

Mrs. Phoebe Wright taught the first term in the stone schoolhouse, the Summer of 1856, followed by Moses Brace, the Winter of 1856-57. Mr. Brace bears the honor of being the first teacher at Burr Oak, of whom it was said that he could not get along with the big boys. He was not the last, by any means, as will be seen. Marietta Bovee-Johnson was a pupil of his, as were Silas Brace (his nephew) and Byron Blackmarr. Albert Sage (who later married Rachel Ward) was also a pupil, according to Byron Blackmarr.

O. M. Barrett was elected to teach, following Moses Brace, but although he drew his salary, he did not even get a chance at the big boys, as shown elsewhere.

Lafayette Lamb, brother of Silas Lamb, taught in 1857, a Summer term, according to Silas Brace, and it appears that he taught more than one term at Burr Oak, before he enlisted and was killed in the Civil War in 1861.

Dallas Taylor and others recall Josephine Barrett as having taught in a log house during the Fall of 1858, so it is presumed that she taught a private school.

Mr. O. F. Southwick taught two or more very successful terms of private school in Burr Oak, beginning in September 1859. All old timers will recall Mr. Southwick, whose "select school" was held in the old M. E. church. He appears to have been the first teacher to make "school exhibitions" popular in Burr Oak. Silas Lamb, who apparently taught again in 1861, put on a later school exhibition, which was also most successful.

Mrs. Z. B. Landon is remembered with much affection by the boys and girls who were her pupils in 1861. Apparently she taught the summer term that year, and it is probable that she taught more than one term, but this is not confirmed. Her husband, Z. B. Landon, was afterwards for many years postmaster at Burr Oak, and most of her old pupils managed to keep in touch with her, as the years passed. (A picture taken with some of her old-time pupils, many, many years later, is shown elsewhere.)

Kent Cameron, of Hesper, is named as the teacher who followed Mrs. Landon. Professor Dockum taught the Winter of 1863-64, and was another who had trouble with the big boys. One of the "big girls" is my authority for the statement that on some occasions the big boys got slightly the better of the engagements, as was, in fact quite often the case. It has been hinted before that when the teachers left Burr Oak and the scholars there, they left willingly, nay, thankfully.

James Chase taught in the early sixties.

Eugene Monroe is named as a teacher at Burr Oak, with no suggestion as to when he taught, or as to whether he taught in the stone schoolhouse or the brick. Some think he taught a private school.

Miss McNair and Miss Mary Jewett are remembered as teachers in the stone schoolhouse, and while we have been unable to fix the date, it seems probable that they taught in the middle sixties—perhaps earlier.

Miss Lottie Wheelock was another teacher of the sixties. She appears to have taught in the stone school, with Miss Ella Marlow as assistant, teaching the primary grades in Bisby's Shop. Miss Wheelock, who later married Byron Benedict (my father performed the ceremony, in 1867), was a sister-in-law or half sister—some relation—to Mrs Phoebe Wright, teacher of the first term of school in the stone schoolhouse.

Ann Edmund was another teacher in the late sixties. There is a conflict of opinion as to just when James Cameron taught, but it was sometime in the late sixties, and whenever it was, he was my first teacher. I myself am of the opinion that he taught the Winter term of 1866-67, for I know that I was twelve years of age when I started in public school.

Regarding Philip Miller, there has been endless discussion. Many of his old pupils are certain that he taught in 1869-70, and others are just as sure that he taught the last term of school in the stone schoolhouse, the Summer of 1867, and began the first term in the new brick school. After exhaustive research into the matter, I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Miller really taught in 1867, as stated, and again in 1869-70. It seems certain that he did teach twice, inasmuch as at least five or six of us agree in each case, each side being positive as to the year, but some of them believing that he taught twice. My own memory is that he taught before Mr. Thomson did, in the brick school, but those who remember that he also taught after Mr. Thomson, in 1869-70, are too clear in their memories to be mistaken, which also applies to the authorities who remember that he taught part of a term in the old stone school and finished it out in the brick school.

The old stone schoolhouse, having been outgrown by the attendance, to such an extent that it was often necessary to divide the school and teach the different grades in such separate shops or dwellings as might be available, was replaced the winter of 1867-68 by a new brick school building. It has been said that Mr.

Miller appears to have taught part of the first term of school in the new building, late in 1867. Miss Ann Hathaway followed him, beginning in January, 1868, and teaching only a short term, as the big boys almost wrecked the building under her management. Miss Leach (who later married Ed. Blakeman), Retta Stockwell and Olie Blackmarr were early teachers at the brick school. Robert H. Thomson followed Miss Hathaway and taught several successful terms, summer and winter, after proving that he was able to handle all of the trouble the big boys offered, and then look for more. Then came Philip Miller again, in 1869-70, followed by Dan Bowerman, who taught two terms, 1870-71 and 1871-72. Miss Mary Murphy, who also taught two terms following Mr. Bowerman, was one of the most successful of the lady principals. She had as her assistants, Ann Brackett—who was a niece or adopted daughter of the Enoch Quimbys—and Adda Wood. Mr. Thomson again taught a summer term in 1873, before he deserted teaching for the study of law. Of course, as we all know, he married Oliette Blackmarr. Other teachers in the early seventies were Eliza Willsie, daughter of Thomas and "Aunt Jane" Willsie, and Sarah Chase, who married Dallas Taylor.

During the later seventies came T. A. Lantry, followed by Nels Kessey, Will Reid, Henry Elvidge, Maggie Mahaffey, A. S. Kingsbury, Miss Harvey, O. A. Porter (who married my wife's sister, Elsie Wingate) and H. L. Coffeen.

The only teachers I remember personally are James Cameron, Robert H. Thomson, and Philip Miller. There was another teacher, a lady, who came before Mr. Thomson. I remember going to her, as mentioned elsewhere, and while I do not remember her name, it is apparently Miss Hathaway that I have reference to. Mr. Thomson was the first to arouse my ambitions—my desire to succeed.

Getting an education in those brave old days was not the easy matter it is now. A glance at the map of Burr Oak will show that many of the children had to go quite a distance to the stone schoolhouse, which served a widely scattered number of families. But the children came, through snow and mud and blizzards, and all of the assorted weather which Iowa, was and still is, noted for. I did not have to go such a great distance as some of the others. The Jewell children, "Jap," Martha and Julia, for instance, had quite a distance to go. Silas Brace recalls how one morning the youngest Jewell child, Julia, came running into the schoolhouse almost exhausted, and told of how she had been frightened by a big black bear, which came out from the other side of a straw stack just as she was passing, stopped and looked at her. She screamed and ran, and the bear also ran—fortunately in the other direction.

Brace also tells of the killing of another "big black bear" west of the stone schoolhouse, and north of the Ferguson home. "Cal" and "Aunt Polly" Ferguson were then living on what was later the Jared Ferguson place. A lot of men with rifles and shotguns figured in the killing of the big bear, Brace says, but the hero of the occasion was Cal's dog "Pete."

Brace also recalls that when he was attending the summer term of school taught by his uncle, Lafayette Lamb, a large number of Indians passed through Burr Oak on their way to Decorah, to recover the remains of their chief, "Tecoah." Mr. Lamb dismissed school so that the children might see and hear and be frightened by the Indians.

It will be noted that "school kept" almost the year around. It was customary, it seems, to have at least three terms of school a year, the Winter term beginning early in December and running into the Spring, then a short vacation, followed by a term of three months, from May to July, usually, then another breathing spell followed by a Fall term, then in due time, the Winter term again. This was done, I presume, in order that those of the boys and girls who could not be spared to attend school all of the time could at least have every opportunity to get in as much time as they could, at any season which chanced to be most convenient.

When I first decided to write of the early teachers at Burr Oak, it was my intention, out of the innocence of my inexperience as a "historian," to show a neat little list of teach-

THE OLD STONE SCHOOLHOUSE
(Sketched from memory by Frank N. Robinson)

ROBERT H. THOMSON
As he appeared when he was principal of the Burr Oak School. (Shown below.)

New frame schoolhouse built on site of the brick schoolhouse, after we left Burr Oak, and still in use

The "new brick" schoolhouse, where my wife and I went to school along with many of the contributors to this book.

ROBERT H. THOMSON
A recent photograph

ers and the year they taught, from the beginning of Burr Oak down to the eighties, which list, of course, was to be absolutely correct and authentic. However, I have since learned that not only did the early teachers at Burr Oak lead a stormy life, but, over fifty years later we, their erstwhile pupils, friends or relatives, have faced a most difficult task in even trying to write about them. After so long a time, it has been almost impossible to fix upon the teachers and the dates they taught at Burr Oak, with any degree of accuracy.

I have been able to get in touch with some of the teachers direct. Concerning the time when others taught, I have been obliged to rely upon the memory of their friends, relatives or pupils and, naturally, at this late day, memories have conflicted so greatly that I have refrained from going too closely into the question of the exact year or term of school that was taught by each teacher. The widely divergent dates certain of the teachers are stated to have taught, would indicate that in many cases the teachers in question taught at two different times. At any rate, I venture to say that this chapter, about the schools and teachers at Burr Oak, has consumed more time and has been more difficult in its preparation than any chapter in the book, and now, in presenting it, I can only say that if it is not absolutely clean-cut and accurate, it is through no fault of the writer and a score of "Burr Oak's finest," who have labored faithfully to make it so.

Chapter Twelve

OTHER BURR OAKERS

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW

Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas, may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old—
Those are silver, these are gold.

—*Old Favorite.*

ROBERT H. THOMSON, who was in the old days one of Burr Oak's best teachers, has been of much help to me in regard to matters pertaining to Burr Oak schools and the teachers thereof. His memory is indeed wonderful and I only wish mine were as good.

After Mr. Thomson taught several terms of school at Burr Oak, he studied law and has been practicing for many years. His home is in Salt Lake City, but he is engaged in the practice of law at Mt. Pleasant, Utah, near Salt Lake City. Incidentally, in writing of the old days, he and I have wandered far afield in our discussion of "cabbages and kings." Mr. Thomson's views along theological lines are something on the order of my own, and the discussion of this subject, in particular, has been exceedingly interesting to myself and, I hope and believe, to Mr. Thomson, and others of my correspondents who have read copies of our letters.

I have mentioned that there were two outstanding points upon which it seemed impossible to get the various authorities to agree. I had for years been under the impression that I worked on the Manning Farm the Summers of 1868 and 1869, leaving Burr Oak for Wheaton College in the Fall of 1869. My Wheaton cousins and schoolmates were firm in their conviction that it was not until 1870 that I first reached Wheaton, and others held the same opinion, but the first bit of evidence which induced me to believe that they might be right and I myself wrong was the discovery among other old papers of certain of my school reports for June, July and August, 1868, which proved that I could *not* have worked for the Mannings in 1868. These reports show that Mr. Thomson was my teacher and that I was a very good boy indeed, as there are only a few occasions when my marks in deportment were not high. Naturally, I was glad to have this corroboration of the high opinion of my own youthful conduct I have always held, and it is barely possible that I may have "spread it on" just a little bit in writing of the matter to Mr. Thomson, and also to the old Burr Oak boys who, ex-criminals themselves, have been trying to besmirch my character. *But,* unfortunately for my side of the argument, it developed in the course of our correspondence concerning these reports that Mr. Thomson did *not* make out school reports himself, but simply furnished the blanks to the scholars and had them keep records of their own deeds, good or bad. My readers can readily grasp the fact that this discovery places me at something of a disadvantage and leaves me open to attack by Frank Robinson, Albert Lincoln, the McAllisters and those who claim I was not the angel child I have always maintained that I was. As a matter of fact, it would seem that the only black and white evidence I really have as to my blameless youth, is the letter written by Mother when I was two years old, and she, by some, might be considered a prejudiced witness. However I have the advantage of being the one who is writing the book, therefore those of

my fellow Burr Oakers who disagree with me are forced to read and suffer in silence, or else follow my example and burst into print.

My friend Thomson, by the way, is an author himself. I have read several of his essays and pamphlets which are most enjoyable. He is a deep thinker and evidence of his well trained and well ordered mind is apparent in each letter I have had the pleasure of receiving from him. That his intellectual ability and strength is equalled by his physical prowess will be recalled by many of the old Burr Oakers, particularly by one Frank N. Robinson. I myself managed to avoid physical encounter with Mr. Thomson, simply because I was so impressed with his punishment of Oliver Billings that I saw the handwriting on the wall and behaved myself accordingly.

The story of the great excitement occasioned by the loss of Willie Blakeman has been told by Albert Lincoln in part, but, because Mrs. R. H. Thomson has given such an interesting account of the affair, and because she has gone more into detail than Albert, and has given us the woman's point of view, I am going to let her tell the story in her own words. Mrs. Thomson, then Olie Blackmarr, was one of the women who went to the Blakeman farm and helped make coffee and serve food to the men who engaged in the search for the little boy.

"It had been a very hot day," she tells us. "Late in the afternoon Mr. Blakeman went down into the woods to get a load of wood. Little Willie was playing in the yard and when he saw his father with the team he asked to go with him. His father told him to go back, and supposed he did. Later, his mother went out to see where he was, and not finding him, thought his father had taken him along, until the father returned. It was then about dark.

"They sent the alarm to town. I was sitting at my window upstairs and heard some men over at the store say, 'Willie Blakeman is lost.' I had been watching the storm rolling up from the North, and knew it was going to be a bad one. I went over to the store. Of course everyone was excited. Several men started out on horseback and stayed until the storm drove them in, but nothing could be done until morning, which dawned bright and clear.

"Everyone turned out then, from all around the surrounding country. There were several hundred people on the ground. They would go out in squads, on foot and horseback, and report back to the house to see if he had been found. We had a table in the yard with coffee, sandwiches and cake, where the men would help themselves, and be off again. The parents of the child were prostrated, and gave up all idea of his being found alive. There had been a big fire all through the woods not long before, and there were burning logs all over the ground. If I remember right, the boy was out two nights and was brought in about noon of the second day. About ten o'clock of the second day, a squad of horsemen came in and had some food, then started out again and said, 'Now this trip we are going to bring him in.' We listened for the blast of a horn, as all the men had horns and had agreed that the one who found him was to blow his horn." [We "old 'uns" know full well what sort of horns these were, but for the benefit of younger readers, would say that they were *not* automobile horns, but cow horns. In those days, after death—through accident or design—had made them unnecessary to their original owner, horns were carefully selected, scraped, polished, the tip cut off, mouth piece shaped, and the horns used for every purpose in which signalling was desired. They were used as a summons to meals and by hunters to call their dogs, also, for ages before, as powder horns, until the invention of cartridges. It was the custom, too, when anyone had been on a long trip, to sound their horns as they neared home. In some cases those horns were artistic, as, with care, a beautiful polish and color could be obtained. I have seen, too, many horns covered with the skins of deer, bear, or other animals. The skin would be taken from the leg of the animal and stretched on the horn while "green" and soft. When dry, it would of course present every appearance of having grown there. It required quite a lot of good wind and strength to sound these horns—some of them being harder to blow than others

—and I am of the opinion that few of the fair sex accomplished the feat successfully. G. P. B.]

"The man who found him," continues Olie, "followed a spring brook that he struck and had not gone far before he saw little footprints in the mud. A little further on, the boy was standing, his feet bare and bleeding, his clothes torn. He was at first afraid of the man, but the man picked him up and came as fast as his horse could run, blowing his horn." [This man was Cal Glidden, according to Albert Lincoln. G. P. B.]

"When we heard the horn, we knew Willie was found, but did not know whether he was alive until they came out of the woods and we saw the little fellow sitting there in front of the man. In my mind, I can see the horse quite plainly now. It was a large bay horse, with a white face.

"When they rode into the yard the little boy cried for the food on the table. We asked him where he slept and he said, 'By Willie's fire.' We asked him what he had to eat, and he said, 'Willie's berries.' He was only three years old, and when he was found, he was about five miles from the Blakeman home."

The story of how Olie Blackmarr so kindly offered to sit up with "the remains" of our friend Sily Brace has been told elsewhere.

And Olie Blackmarr Thomson also recalls how she once had her ears pierced for earrings, without the knowledge of her parents. Mr. Feyler did the job for her, with the assistance of an ordinary cobbler's awl. Olie also remarks that Uncle Feyler was a "pal" of hers and that Aunt Elizabeth always gave her something nice to eat when she was at the shop.

Mr. John Feyler was one of Burr Oak's pioneers, being the first shoemaker in the little town. He came to Burr Oak, in 1857. Mr. Feyler was a man of sterling worth and great kindness of heart, but, because he and his wife were Dutch, their little foreign mannerisms and peculiarities of speech were naturally a source of great amusement to Burr Oak youth. And once the boys found that they could tease "Uncle John" or "Daddy" Feyler, as he was called, they were merciless.

The old couple, as will be remembered, had no children of their own, but their adopted daughter Mary (the late Mrs. John Ward) is remembered and loved by us all.

Albert Lincoln tells of one time when the tables were turned and Mr. Feyler perpetrated a joke himself, instead of being the victim of the joke, as was usually the case. Albert says that on this occasion Mr. Feyler sent Mary over to somebody's house to borrow "a stovepipe auger." Mary went, forgetting that it was April 1st, and when she discovered that she was the victim of a joke her mortification was so great that she wept. Albert says that Mr. Feyler was greatly amused and chuckled as he said: "I foolt Mary. I foolt Mary."

Mr. Feyler kept bees, and characteristic of everything he touched, they surpassed those of his neighbors. The old gentleman invariably wore trousers which were open and flowing at the bottom, bell-shaped, like those of a sailor. On one occasion he went forth to work with his bees, his sleeves wrapped close, his neck and face well protected as a precautionary measure, but his trousers flowing loose and free, and his ankles apparently forgotten. The bees were quick to seize upon the opening thus presented. They "rose to the occasion" and soon Mr. Feyler was seen running for the house as fast as one of his size might run, crying, "Lizabet! Lizabet! Come quick, the damn bees they sting me to the debbil!"

Mr. Feyler made exceptionally fine wine, which was in great demand by those who indulged. But in those days, even more than now, churches and church-goers were exceedingly narrow, and it is said that Mr. Feyler, a member of the Methodist Church, often got into trouble with his church because of the wine he made. He was always the butt of the mischievous boys of the village after revivals would start and he would again join the church. In reply to their questions, he would say that he had "joined the damn religion seventeen (or a certain number) times and this time he was going to 'stay joined to it.' "

To the north of his house and shop lived a Mr. Richards, who was at one time trying to buy a lot on the south of Mr. Feyler's place. They were not very good friends and Mr. Feyler was heard to say, as he arose from family prayers one morning and dusted the knees of his trousers: "Damn old Richards, I wouldn't have him on *both* sides of me for anything!"

Many stories regarding Mr. Feyler, as told by Ed Mac, Ab Lincoln, Olie Blackmarr Thomson and others, appear elsewhere in the book, and I am sure that our amusement in the re-telling of these stories does not in the slightest degree clash with the respect with which all of us look back upon the memory of Uncle John and Aunt Elizabeth; pioneers of Burr Oak, childless, but loving all children; teased unmercifully yet loved by the very ones who teased them.

I want to give special prominence to a certain little lady who well deserves it, although she is not at all an *old* Burr Oaker, or resident of Winneshiek County.

Albert Lincoln passed on after the chapter bearing his name had gone to press and, as has been stated elsewhere, that chapter was so much like the Ab Lincoln we all knew that no effort was made to change it. All of his old friends wished to get up some sort of memorial or tribute to his memory. Meanwhile, his little fourteen year old granddaughter, Miss Albertine Appy, wrote the following poem, "Just for her own self," as she says, "to ease her own grief," and all of her grandfather's old friends are of the opinion that she has achieved a very beautiful tribute, all by herself, to her grandfather.

It is characteristic of Albert Lincoln that although we, of course, knew he was not at all well, he ignored almost entirely, in his letters, the fact that he was really sick and never once alluded to the fact that this sickness sometimes caused him pain and suffering. He would say, perhaps, when we asked, that he was "not as well as he might be, but would be better when Summer (or warmer weather) came."

MY GRANDPA

No more the tap of that well-known cane
  Is heard on the dear home stairs,
No more the moan from that awful pain
  Is heard by one who cares.
My Grandpa has gone to rest and peace
  With our dear Lord up above,
But his lingering mem'ry will never cease
  In the hearts that were filled with love.

His seat at the table is vacant, now,
  No other can fill his place;
He was the one to fit, somehow,
  With an air of noble grace.
My Grandpa—he's gone to his Great Reward
  Where no pain will mar his rest,
Where he'll be with his loved ones and his Lord
  In the land where all are blest.

My Mother and Daddy have gone before
  And stand at the Heavenly gate—
They are waiting for Grandpa to reach that Shore
  In the boat that is steered by Fate.
The cards that he played with are put away,
  I could never use them more;
Those golden hours that were passed each day—
  Their loss makes my heart most sore.

No more will we laugh at the little rhymes
  That were spoken for queer deeds done.
The horses that whinny for him sometimes,
  Seem to know that their master is gone.
My Grandpa—his memory with me stays,
  There's an ache in this lonesome heart,
And I long to go back to the by-gone days
  Before death did two sweethearts part.

—*Albertine Appy.*

Some one tells the story on "Cal" Ferguson, who went into Blackmarr and Mason's store and bought some articles. As he was going out, he told Mr. Mason to "charge it to father." As Mr. Ferguson himself looked very old, at that time, Mr. Mason could not believe that he really had a father living, against whom to make the charge. (This was soon after Mr. Mason came to Burr Oak, and before he was familiar with the different citizens.)

Another story told is about Mrs. Landon, who was going to a picnic. The lady with whom she was to go drove by for her and after calling her from the road several times to ask if she was ready, was told by Mrs. Landon that she would be ready "in a min-

ute." The lady waited fifteen minutes and then called again. Mrs. Landon said: "Yes, yes, I will come just as soon as I get the cake made. Lida has been out looking for an egg ever since you first called."

The story is told of how Peter Brode, who had joined the Adventists' Church, lost his newly acquired religion when he had to chase some obstinate cows out of his cabbages. The language he used was both violent and unseemly and a neighbor told him that he was surprised, because he thought Mr. Brode had joined the church.

Mr. Brode replied, "How in the devil *can* a man *keep* his religion when his cows are in his cabbages?"

At sixteen, Albert Lincoln took upon his shoulders the management of a large farm, and all the burdens and responsibilities of a full grown man. The Lincoln farm lay three miles northeast of Burr Oak, on the Hesper road. A mile east of the Lincolns lived the Gliddens. "Cal" Glidden, the son of the house, married Addie Symms, while Lucia, his sister, married Edward Strong and has lived for years in Minneapolis. Mrs. Strong, like my wife and her sisters, is much interested in D. A. R. and other club activities. Mr. and Mrs. Strong, by the way, have been spending the winter of 1923-24 in California and we see them quite often.

Still other ex-Burr Oakers, who have now settled in Los Angeles, are Mrs. Isadore Pfeiffer Shannon and her daughter, Kathleen. Mrs. May Pfeiffer Lane, Mrs. Shannon's sister, has been a recent visitor to Los Angeles. (The Pfeiffers moved to Burr Oak in the early Seventies.)

Marietta Bovee will be remembered by all of her old time friends as a very handsome, vivacious and popular girl and it is said that Hamlin Garland, who has written so many little interesting things about his life at Hesper and at Burr Oak, has made various references to her. It must be remembered, however, that it was Mr. Garland's custom, as he himself states, to almost invariably so change the names of people and locations that with the passing of time he could scarcely place them himself.

Marietta Bovee, now the widow of "Abe" Johnson and living at Sheldon, Iowa, is a little older than wife and I, and for that reason, we did not know her quite as well as did Silas Brace, Dallas Taylor and a few of the older boys and girls. However, we have all enjoyed much the correspondence which has developed between Mrs. Johnson and myself, in the course of my search for data for the book.

"Hank" and "Gene" Bovee were Marietta's brothers. Their mother, Mrs. Lucinda Bovee, a widow (sister to Wm. Fosberg), moved to Burr Oak in 1855, which was earlier than many of us were in the old town; therefore her recollections of Burr Oak are particularly interesting. The Bovees lived on a farm north of Burr Oak, almost due east of the old stone schoolhouse. Mrs. Bovee later married Richard Smith. Marietta married "Art" Osgood, and, after his death, Abel Johnson.

Marietta, referring to the days when she attended the "select school" taught by Mr. O. F. Southwick, says: "I shall never forget a certain day when I went home to dinner from school and found that Mother had gone to visit a sick lady. I thought I would have some fun, so I got some fence wire and put it in my skirt like it was a hoop skirt. But, believe me, I would not go back to school through town; I went around by the Congregational Church. When I got to the M. E. Church, where Mr. Southwick's school was being held, I walked in as though I had always worn hoops, throwing the door wide open so I would have lots of room. But the hoops hit everything in sight, and the boys sitting near the door just yelled with laughter. The Professor looked at me to see what they were laughing at, and my heart came into my mouth. He must have sized the situation up correctly, for he first inquired if my mother was at home when I came to school, and then asked me if I did not think I had better go home and dress myself as I had been dressed that morning."

Marietta tells another story of when, before that, in 1856, she attended the school taught

JULIA WILLSIE WINGATE
(Now Mrs. Joseph Lindsay)

ALBERT J. C. WINGATE
Son of "Uncle John" Wingate
(Many of the cuts in this book are from photographs he recently made for me.)

ELSIE A. WINGATE
(Now Mrs. O. A. Porter)

HOME OF JOHN AND ALBERT WINGATE

THE HENRY WINGATE FAMILY AND THE WINGATE HOME
Taken after wife and I were married there, April 26, 1876

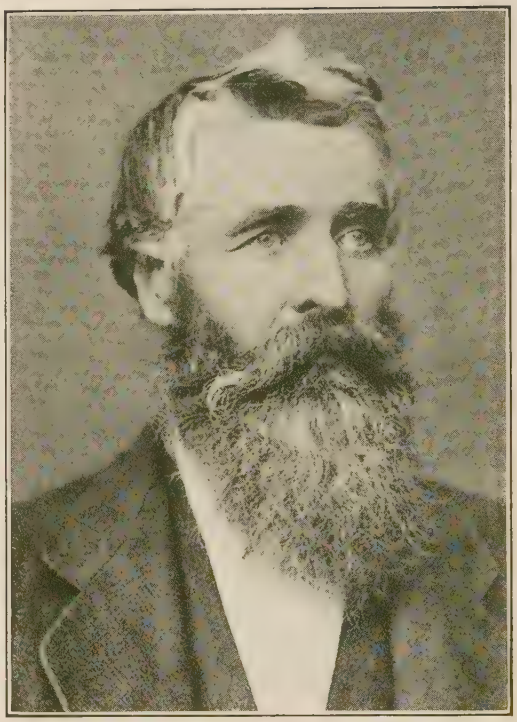
"BEN" WARD AND "RUBE" WOLFENBARGER

"UNCLE RICHARD" GOFORTH

HARDEN-STARR HOME ON MAIN ST.

SILAS C. BRACE
My friend at seven and at seventy

MR. AND MRS. C. T. BRODE



JOSHUA McALLISTER
Father of George Edgar and Pliny W. McAllister

Another view of the home of Deacon Alpha Manning, my first employer.

Charley Miller, "Mel" Little, Murray Marsh and George Little.

in the stone schoolhouse by Mrs. Phoebe Wright. Mrs. Wright, as stated elsewhere, followed Moses Brace, the first teacher in the stone schoolhouse. She taught a summer term.

Marietta tells how in spelling class one day, the boy at the head of the class missed the word given out, which was in turn missed by Ellen Waggoner, next in line. Marietta says by that time she had the "giggles" so bad that she could not pronounce the word when it came to her, though she *could* spell it.

"You may take your seat, Marietta," Mrs. Wright said, and Marietta did. But we will tell you the story in Marietta's own words. Perhaps it will serve to bring back to those of you who knew her, then or later, the Marietta of old. Naturally, a "young thing" like myself cannot be expected to have attended Mrs. Wright's school, being then but two years of age. However, I think all of us have learned, since we started, that almost *anything* may be expected in the collection of data for a "history." At any rate, Marietta's own word pictures of school days, of "the long ago," reveal to us a high spirited, light hearted young girl, ready of wit and not lacking in inventive genius.

"As I went to my seat," Marietta tells us, "it came to me like a flash of lightning that I had heard Ma say scarlet fever sometimes left one hard of hearing, so I thought to myself that would be a good one for me to tell and would clear me all right.

"When class was dismissed Mrs. Wright told me to remain, then she came to me and said, 'Marietta, why didn't you pronounce the word when I told you to?' I said meekly: 'I didn't hear you.' She remarked that it was strange and I told her that I had been hard of hearing ever since I had scarlet fever. She seemed to feel badly about it and the tears came into her eyes. 'I am so sorry,' she said, 'I did not know that.' She dismissed me without punishment.

"You know in those days the teachers 'boarded around' and Mrs. Wright, at the time, was stopping at Mannings, just above our home. She was a little later than usual returning home that night and told Mrs. Manning why. Mrs. Manning said she did not think I had had the scarlet fever and in the morning went down to ask my mother if I had ever had it. Of course, Ma said I had not, and then Mrs. Manning told her why she asked. Ma said it was a matter 'between Marietta and her teacher.'

"When I returned home at noon Ma asked why I had told my teacher I had the scarlet fever, and I said: 'Well, because I was not going to be punished when I was not any more to blame than Ellen.' When I went back to school that noon, believe me, I almost sweat blood, but Mrs. Wright never mentioned the matter to me. She taught only the one term, then went to live with her husband on a farm and it was sometime before I saw her again. A few years later, having married in the meantime, I was boarding one winter at John Jester's home. The Wright farm adjoined the Jester farm, and John said he was going to invite the Wrights over for Thanksgiving dinner. I said that I would like to see her again. When the Wrights arrived, I was in my room getting 'dolled up' and also dolling up my baby boy. When I came out Mrs. Wright met me at the door and said: 'I am so glad to see you again. How is your hearing now, Marietta?'

" 'Just fine,' I said. 'My hearing came back when my baby came. Don't you think it is just lovely and wonderful for me?' She smiled and said that I got the best of her once, but she liked me just the same."

The only fault I have to find with Marietta's contribution to the book is that she is like the fat man who ran to catch the car. He was all out of breath, you know, and as the car passed him up, a sympathetic (?) bystander asked him why he did not run faster.

"Faster?" he puffed. "Why I ran *fast* enough, but I did not start running *soon* enough."

She concludes by bursting into verse, as so many of us will, at times:

> "Now I've sent you my story,
> I've sent you my age,
> So place my farewell
> At the foot of the page."

But we are not at all sure that more good stories will not come from the memory and hand of the sedate Mrs. "Abe" Johnson, in whom it is quite evident that there is still much of the popular, mischievous and well loved Marietta Bovee.

Eleanor Manning Lambert, who now lives at Sierra Madre, California, has written something of her recollections of the early days at Burr Oak. Her father, Alpha Manning, came to Burr Oak in 1857, she states, after having failed in Canada. He at first worked by the day for John Willsie, while his family remained in the East. Then when John Willsie went East on business, he brought Mrs. Manning and two daughters, Sarah and Eleanor, back to Burr Oak with him. Hiram Manning, the son of the house, came to Burr Oak from Canada two years after his father, driving through, and being two weeks on the road. Helen, it seems joined them later, after she had finished her schooling and taught one term in "York State."

Mrs. Lambert tells of how she helped her father roof his new home, carrying shingles up the ladder to him and of how she almost got lost one day, in one of the numerous sink holes nearby. She also remembers very distinctly the first time she saw Mr. Feyler, who on that occasion commented on the strong resemblance Sarah Manning bore to her father.

"We stopped at Decorah overnight," Mrs. Lambert tells us, "and in the morning 'Daddy Feyler' who was very fat, came to the sitting room door and looked in. When his eyes fell upon Sarah he said, 'Mine Gott, how dat chile look like her fadder!' "

Dan. W. Relihan, son of Matthew Relihan, is another of the old Burr Oak boys who has assisted me in the collection of data for that portion of my book having reference to Iowa in the early days. Dan has been practicing medicine at Smith Center, Kansas, for many years. The family came to Burr Oak in 1869, and soon after Matthew Relihan bought Hiram Manning's farm, adjoining the grove where the old stone schoolhouse stood. Dr. Relihan has spoken elsewhere of how he and I worked together for the Mannings, in the Spring of 1870.

Like myself and other Iowans, Dr. Relihan has enjoyed Hamlin Garland's fine stories about the Middle West, particularly Iowa, where Mr. Garland lived in his youth. The Garland family lived on the George Battey farm, near Hesper, for a short time. In one of his stories, Mr. Garland mentions attending a certain picnic in the old Burr Oak schoolhouse grove, and, speaking of this and other interesting allusions made by Mr. Garland to spots which are familiar to us all, Dr. Relihan says he well remembers the picnic in question, because he and Oliver Billings (who will be easily identified by Mr. Thomson's other pupils as "He Who Gets Slapped") had a peanut and lemonade stand at the Grove that day and did good business.

Dr. Relihan thinks that Hamlin Garland later taught a certain school near Hesper, and says that he (Relihan) taught the following year. He says the children came to school with English text-books such as were used in the English schools, Histories of the English people and the Reigning Family, and that he took the line of least resistance and allowed them to continue using the English books.

Dr. Relihan says that he and my wife were classmates and that they were rivals for the head of their class in mathematics.

Will Houck tells a couple of good ones on some of the old Burr Oakers. Felix Ward and Rob Wentworth went to Decorah one cold day, Will says, and on the way home, Rob said he thought they had lost something. They got out and investigated, and discovered that they had indeed lost the hind "bob" and box. They then drove on up to the American House, where Felix Ward proceeded to throw Rob through the window. The date of this recollection of Will's is not given, but apparently it is one of these "B. P." stories. So is the next Will tells:

"A crowd of the Burr Oak boys went to Bluffton to fish," he says, "and of course they fished at the saloon and when they started home they were feeling fine. Bill Baker saw

a big rattlesnake coiled on a stump and he got out and went after him, saying that he was a snake charmer. Bill did manage to handle the snake, but it happened that the other boys had stunned it first. Bill's performance lasted until they reached Burr Oak.

"One day John Waggoner told H. J. Harden that he would beat him having sweet corn. H. J. knew that Mr. Waggoner's corn was a little ahead of his own, so he kept watch on it, and one morning early H. J. went over and helped himself to corn enough for breakfast. Along in the forenoon Mr. Waggoner saw H. J. downtown and told him he was going to have corn for dinner and beat him. "Oh, no, you won't," H. J. told him, "I had it for breakfast."

Eugene Jones, who now lives in Sacramento, arises from the past to inquire if I remember how I used to beg him to teach me how to play cards. I do—what of it?

Eugene with his grandparents, Calvin and Elmira Brace, came to Burr Oak the summer of 1856, he being then a five-year-old. He says he remembers going to church in the old stone schoolhouse. He also refers to the winter of 1869 when he and Silas Brace, with Hattie Harden, all of them staying with "Aunt Mint" Harden, went to school to Philip Miller. Eugene says:

"I remember Edgar McAllister edited the school paper—just once. The lady teachers were the editors but they were busy or away and asked Ed and myself to edit it. We had quite a little squib in it about Hattie Harden and her steady and when we, the editors, read our paper and came to the part about Hattie and her steady, he got mad and jumped up and wanted to know who wrote it. He said he could whip the party who did, but he never found out who it was. They did not ask us to edit the paper again."

Anna Moore, daughter of Capt. M. A. Moore, and sister of Eddie and Byron Moore, was a schoolmate of my wife, and has been a lifelong friend. She now lives at Council Bluffs, Iowa. While Anna has not written very often in connection with data for the book, the letters she has written have been simply crammed with interesting reminiscences of the old days.

She speaks of how she and Ella May Robinson, Frank's sister, used to take "John," her father's old horse—which was "blind in one eye and unable to see very much out of the other"—out on the vacant lot, east of their house, and almost due north of the brick schoolhouse, where there was a ring, and where the circuses were wont to pitch their tents, when they came to town. Anna says they would practice equestrienne stunts daily, hoping that the next circus that came to town would "take them on."

Evidently circus days were red-letter days for Anna, even more than for the average youngster. She says she and the rest of her friends used to follow the circus bands around and enjoy the music just as long as they were permitted to do so.

She also recalls how her mother used to speak of the Spiritualistic meetings, which were held at Mrs. Tinkham's home, Videra Thayer being the medium; and of the table rockings and other strange things that used to happen there. I believe Videra Thayer was a sister or some relation to Mrs. Tinkham.

Anna says she remembers some of the "lady teachers" at Burr Oak and that she has heard her mother speak of Miss McNair, who taught in the old stone schoolhouse and had very pretty hands, of which she was so inordinately proud that she used to wear gloves to protect them, day and night.

Quite a few of the teachers seem to have boarded with the Moores. It is said that Mr. Miller did, for one, as well as many of the lady teachers, at various times.

Then there was Miss Mary Jewett, whom Anna says she has full reason to remember, because once when Anna came in laughing after the bell rang for the end of recess, Miss Jewett "punished" her so severely that she was black and blue for three weeks! It is to be hoped that Miss Jewett did not exhaust her supply of punishment upon the mirthful Anna, but that she occasionally chastised the mischievous male members of

her class, who no doubt deserved it far more than Anna.

Mrs. Sage, whose reminiscences are scattered all through that portion of the book having to do with Burr Oak days, speaks of how my little brother Arthur, before he could speak plainly, used to call her "Shushu Bent," while Charlie called her "Atel." She also tells of the tragic happenings in the family of Royal Mason, who lived near the Levi Moore family, southeast of Burr Oak. They had three sons, William, Jesse and John, and during the epidemic of diphtheria they lost all three. The two oldest boys were buried in one grave and, regarding this, Silas Brace says he, too, remembers their funeral, held at the old Methodist Church.

"Mrs. Mason," Silas says, "was a large, round-faced, pleasant-looking woman. She was so overcome with grief that she could not shed a tear during the services. Perhaps you remember how harrowing those funeral services used to be, and while they were removing the casket from the church and the audience arose, she fainted dead away; then her tears came, when she was revived. The youngest boy had been buried not more than two weeks before.

"It was feared that Mrs. Mason would lose her mind, but she recovered and became active in the A. C. Church, with which they united in 1867. In 1869 they moved to some point in Minnesota, and within a year or two, word came back that Mrs. Mason and a baby girl had been burned to death in a prairie fire."

Mrs. Abbie Lamb Meader, widow of Gus Meader and youngest sister of Mrs. Rosalinda Lamb Brace, tells of how Silas Lamb, her brother, put on a school exhibition one year when he taught in Burr Oak, and how he and she herself had to take the leading parts because no one else would. This exhibition took place in the old M. E. Church. Augusta and Sarah McAllister were in it as were one of the Manning girls, Dallas Taylor, Dwight Manning, Maria Willis, Abel, Myron and Elder Johnson and others, whom Mrs. Meader could not recall. She says that Dwight Manning was a footman, while Myra Brisbane was a lady's maid, and in one place she had to say, "Why, Kingston, dear!" Mrs. Meader says it was a little byword all of the summer with the Burr Oak young folks and whenever anyone wanted to tease Myra, that was all that was necessary.

All of this reminiscing about the old boys and girls whom I correspond with and occasionally see, reminds me of the story told me by Robert O. Foster, of the man who went to see another man's wife whom he had known as a young girl, but hadn't seen for many years. He had a delightful visit, and went back to her husband's office to report what a fine time he had had. He said:

"Why, John, she is a charming woman and I believe she is handsomer now than even in her youth; I suppose you love her as much as you did when you married her."

John replied—"Sure I do."

"Well, do you tell her so?"

"Oh, yes, I tell her once in a while."

"John, you should tell her every day. All women like to be told they are loved, and you ought to keep telling your wife."

When John went home that night, he took his wife in his arms at the door, hugged her, patted her on the back, held her at arm's length, and said: "Mary, you surely are growing old beautifully. You are prettier than you ever were; you certainly have made my life a very happy one, and I love you more and more every day we live together."

Mary broke down; began to cry and sob. John took her in his arms again, saying: "Mary, Mary, what have I said to make you cry this way—what have I done?"

Mary couldn't talk for a while, but when she could, she sobbed out:

"Oh, it's been a terrible day! Willie was sent home from school in disgrace; Johnny nearly cut his finger off; Susie got into trouble with her teacher; the dog was run over; the cook quit, and now—John, you come home drunk!"

The Kinyons are pleasantly remembered by all old Burr Oakers. The whole Kinyon family, I believe, were musical, and used to play in the justly famous Burr Oak bands. Many, many years have passed since Ben and all of us were schoolmates that famous year,

about which there has been so much dispute, in 1869-70, when Mr. Miller was the teacher. The Kinyons after leaving Burr Oak, lived for some years at Clear Lake, and now Ben and Charlie Kinyon live near us, in Santa Ana, California. Many little items of interest concerning the Kinyons will be found in the chapter devoted to Burr Oak Clippings.

Ben's memory regarding the old days has been extremely clear and concise, and he has proven himself to be a reliable authority on matters pertaining to school affairs in particular. However, he has been regrettably coy about contributing actual copy, although, as stated, his memory has been invaluable in verifying or correcting dates and events.

Old Burr Oakers remember Reverend R. R. Wood and his interesting and popular family which consisted principally of pretty daughters of assorted ages. No less than four of them have assisted in the matter of historical data for my book, namely: Mrs. Byron D. Blackmarr (Edna Wood), Mrs. Dr. W. R. Clack (Adda Wood), Mrs. H. M. Rosecrans (Ida Wood) and Mrs. Celia Wood Jones.

Like many of the other contributors to this book, they have helped much in verifying or correcting data concerning old times, but have not contributed actual copy. As a matter of fact, they were not then and are not yet, as aged as some of us, and for that reason, and as the family did not come to Burr Oak until 1869, we must excuse them for not contributing more reminiscences about the wonderful little town of Burr Oak, Iowa, in the early days.

Mrs. Clack tells much that is interesting about the beauty and intelligence of Burr Oak's dramatic talent. She verified much of what Albert Lincoln, Byron Blackmarr, Dallas Taylor and others have to say about these theatrical affairs, and goes on to speak of what she most frivolously alludes to as the funniest occurrence she can remember about Burr Oak, when "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" was put on by local talent. On that occasion, she says that seven Burr Oak girls—Clara Wingate, Ella and Alma Cratsenburg, Fannie Starr, Addie Symms, Lillie Hobart and herself—dressed as old maids and sang between the acts. She says that *some* of the performances may have been crude, in fact were, but she feels sure that theirs was "really classic."

Mrs. Clack says that when Phillip Miller was a teacher in the new brick schoolhouse—that term of 1869-70—I sat directly in front of her and often helped her with her arithmetic. (This should prove something—perhaps that I was both noble and intelligent even in early youth—anyhow, it should prove something.)

Incidentally, I had the pleasure of meeting all four of "the Wood girls" on a recent trip around the circuit of old Burr Oak friends. The letters of Mrs. Clack and Mrs. Rosecrans have been interesting to us all, and Mr. and Mrs. Blackmarr, of course, I see quite often as I always pass through Salt Lake City on my trips East, either going or coming back. Mrs. Jones, I have only recently been in touch with, but she, too, has helped. Indeed, all of the old Burr Oakers have, and in bringing this chapter to a close, I want to say that if it were not necessary that it be concluded, I might go on indefinitely naming over the many old friends who have helped me in the writing of the "History of Burr Oak," and if there be a single one whose help I have failed to acknowledge, I will do so now with the sweeping statement that so far as I know, *all* of the former residents of Burr Oak now living have done their bit towards making the old town famous, through the medium of the historical data which I have endeavored to incorporate in my autobiography.

I have received my greatest help, however, from one of my old school mates whose memory has acted as a check upon mine throughout the book, since (except for about nine years—during the greater part of which time I was engaged in rolling together dollars enough with which to embark upon the sea of matrimony), I have not succeeded in "shaking" this person for long at a time. Later, we were separated sometimes for a few months, during some of my trips abroad, when, as Albert Lincoln has sneeringly and enviously insinuated, I was "investigating the interiors of Turkish harems." In this connec-

tion I want to say that it is an awful temptation not to refer to that sterling old quotation which begins with "Honi Soi," but, although this book may be full of old friends and old times and old loves, there are some things that are too ancient for disinterment. Beside which, I do not like "dead" languages.

Referring further to the old school friend in question, would say that, while she and I have lived in California for about five years, we are not yet divorced, nor do we intend to be, unless she finds in this book something she does not already know concerning my past, present or future, and decides to eliminate me. Fearing this, I have, as will be noted, been extremely careful in speaking of this person, because as has been intimated elsewhere, I caught her young and brought her up carefully, and should hate to lose her just as I am getting used to her. But just the same, this book of mine is showing up many hitherto unsuspected instances of human depravity in those in whom it has been least apparent.

Mrs. George P. Bent and her sisters Julia and Elsie have become exceedingly interested in D. A. R. work and are busily engaged in tracking down ancestors, family trees, relics and what not. I am of the opinion that Julia "had the fever" first and *has* it worst, and that Clara and Elsie caught it from her.

Now, at "Aunt Lucy" Wingate's were two chairs, which my wife's mother started housekeeping with. All three of the girls wanted these chairs and sundry hairpulling and other diplomacy were indulged in. "Aunt Lucy" gave the chairs to Julia. Elsie claimed them, and Clara "threw a monkey wrench into the works" by declaring that one of the chairs at least should go to her because, when her brother Weston was born, she broke an egg in the seat of one and was admiring the pretty yolk in the sun when her "Grandma Wingate" found her and scolded her. This shocking story comes to me through Julia, and my wife appears to be unable to refute it. She has no alibi, neither has she the chair, by the way.

As mentioned earlier in the book, I have always been afraid to look too hard at *my* family tree for fear of finding, as Joe Mann said, "a coon, a hoss thief or a murderer" sitting on one of the branches. However, I certainly did not expect to find my supposedly blameless wife hanging on the branches of any species of tree, and much was my surprise when her own sister Julia, called to my attention the fact that once in her early youth my wife "hung on" to a small but cherished cottonwood tree which was the pride of her family. She was either riding the tree for a horse or broke it off as a switch with which to incite some larger tree-horse to greater activity. However, this was all as I have said, in her early youth, and, in justice to my wife, I would say that she has reformed since she has been associated with me and has not climbed any trees that I am aware of in the last forty-five or fifty years. It is also said that the unfortunate young tree recovered or grew out from the roots and later on, when formally cut down, made "cords and cords of wood."

Albert J. C. Wingate, my wife's cousin, while he is younger than the rest of us who have renewed old memories in this book, has been of much help to me in securing data. When I first began the book, Albert lived at Burr Oak and used to interview the various Burr Oakers and write me all about it. Like most geniuses, Albert Wingate's chirography is thrillingly adventurous and it was sometimes not quite apparent whether the person interviewed was George Smith or Lew Wolfenbarger. This, of course, made his letters all the more interesting. Of late, "Aunt Lucy" and Albert Wingate have been residing in California much of the time, and have become two more of the many reasons why Long Beach is sometimes known as "New Iowa." Also, Albert now uses a typewriter—there is no time for handwritten letters in California, because there are too many more interesting things to be done, out of doors.

And I want to say right now, for the benefit of those who have not yet tried their hand at writing a book, that it is quite a job. The greatest pleasure I have had in connection with it has been the correspondence with old friends, and I think we have consumed enough paper

and ink in our various letters to print several books. But let no one begin a book, especially concerning events covering a period of almost a century, with the mistaken idea that it can be written in a few months or so, or that it is an easy task. Of course in the writing of novels one's imagination may be drawn upon, but when historical accuracy is attempted, to write a book is no easy task. I have thought several times that my book was finished, or would be finished, by a certain time, but now, for the first time, I am *sure* that it is.

Chapter Thirteen

THE BURR OAK OF MORE RECENT YEARS—(1900-1906)

"Where is now the merry party,
I remember long ago;
Laughing 'round the Christmas fireside,
Brightened by its ruddy glow;
Or in Summer's balmy evenings,
In the field upon the hay?
They have all dispersed, and wandered
Far away—far away.

"Some have gone to lands far distant,
And with strangers made their home;
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives are forced to roam;
Some are gone from us forever,
Longer here they might not stay,
They have reached a fairer region
Far away—far away.

"There are still some few remaining
Who remind us of the past,
But they change as all things change here,
Nothing in this world can last;
Years roll on, and pass forever,
What is coming, who can say?
Ere this closes many may be
Far away—far away."

—*M. Lindsay.*

THROUGH the courtesy of Mrs. Willard Peacock, I am able to devote this chapter to Burr Oak during the period from 1900 to 1912. Mrs. Peacock, an old Burr Oaker herself—though not as old as some of the rest of us—saved the clippings covering most of that time, although there are many gaps, and she has been kind enough to place them at my disposal. It will be remembered that Mrs. Z. B. Landon was for many years Burr Oak correspondent to the *Decorah Republican,* from which the clippings quoted, or copies, are taken.

There are many, many little items of grief and joy, interesting to my wife and me, not only in the notices about our pleasant trips back to the old town—and particularly those concerning our daughter Charity, who loved Burr Oak and visited "Uncle John's" perhaps more than any other member of our family—but also as records of the comings and goings of all of our Burr Oak friends. We wanted to, and should have attended each and every one of the Burr Oak Old Settlers' Picnics, had it been possible, but it seemed as though business, or something of that order, would always prevent.

In using these items concerning our old friends and fellow townsmen, lack of space compelled us to omit many we would have liked to use; however, we believe that enough have been quoted to present a moderately fair picture of the old town as it appeared twenty or twenty-five years ago. We hope that this little cross-section, as it were, of the life of the small town we lived in as children, will be interesting to old Burr Oakers and their descendants.

The only item saved for the year 1900, happens to be one of much interest to the writer:

"Miss Charity Bent, of Chicago, is making her annual visit to the Wingate home."

Our daughter Charity often made these trips to Burr Oak and enjoyed nothing more than a visit to "Uncle John's."

A clipping under date of July 23rd, 1901, tells us that "Mrs. Celia Blackmarr Cleveland, of Salt Lake City, is a welcome visitor among her girlhood friends of Burr Oak."

On December 24th, same year, we learn that "Miss Julia Wingate, of Chicago, will spend the holidays in Burr Oak. Always glad to have Julia come home." And, same date: "The beautiful little grove north of the cemetery is being felled. Its present owner, C. T. Brode, is realizing quite a sum of money for the wood. This is right, but we are sorry to lose the grove."

Under date of February 24th, 1902, we are told that Albert Wingate left for Omaha to attend a stock sale, and would visit the family of Ed. Munn in Sherman County, Nebraska, while away.

On March 3rd: "John Wingate started this morning for Farley—object, Shorthorn cattle."

Same date: "Mrs. Addie Wood Clack, of Clear Lake, is spending some days in Burr Oak, her former home, and also in Mable."

On April 7th: "Sorry to hear that Miss Julia Wingate is so badly afflicted with asthma. Miss Wingate was graduated from Valparaiso, Indiana, about two months ago. She now goes, for health, to West Superior, Wisconsin."

Same date: "Quarantine was lifted from a few, among them Frank Robinson, proprietor of the feed mill. The mill is again in running condition and no one need have any fear of small pox. Give Frank your patronage and help him make up for lost time."

Under date of May 12th, we read that "what is remembered as the Alpha Manning Farm was lately sold to Henry Manuel for $10,000. There are 160 acres in it."

On the same date mention is made of the extreme suffering of George Albert Peacock, from cancer.

Under date of May 26th, an item reads: "Some more old timers visited Burr Oak. The McAllister boys, Edgar and Pliny, spent last week in our vicinity, renewing old acquaintances and visiting their boyish playgrounds. But alas! the playmates are scattered, some removed by distance, others by the Great Reaper. The boys are located at Minneapolis, Edgar as Police Inspector and Pliny as Secretary of the Inter-State Gold Mining Company."

On June 2nd, the short announcement that Frank Robinson is going to work in Decorah; and on June 9th, we are told that "Miss Minnie Robinson is the proud possessor of a 'Bergh' piano."

On the same date: "Albert Wingate is visiting friends in Mason City."

Another clipping, of June 9th, tells of the receipt of news from Salt Lake City, of the death of Mrs. Horatio Willis, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hiram Manning, while on the same date we are told of the death of another old Burr Oaker, as follows:

"The body of the late Matthew Relihan is expected to reach Burr Oak today, for interment in the St. Bridget cemetery, in the western part of the township. Mr. Relihan was a resident of Burr Oak for a number of years, but of late has had his home in Sheldon, Iowa."

On June 30th: "Miss Celia Clack, daughter of Mrs Addie Wood Clack, visited three days in town, with headquarters in the Cratsenberg home."

Same date we note that "Miss Julia Wingate came on Saturday from West Superior, Wis. She says O. A. Porter and wife (Elsie Wingate) are well and prosperous, and so is the cat 'Colonel.' "

On the same date we note that "Moses Brace, one of the first settlers of Burr Oak but now of Spencer, Iowa, came into town Saturday to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Martha Butler."

Under date of July 14th: "Miss Julia Wingate closed her visit here and returned to West Superior"; and "Misses Muriel and Charity Bent from Chicago, came last week to spend some time at the Wingate home, while Mr. and Mrs. Bent (George and Clara) are journeying in Europe."

On July 28th: "Mrs. Albert Sage of Parker, S. Dak., who was Rachel Ward when she lived at Burr Oak, is a home-comer after a long absence. Old timers are glad to welcome her."

An item dated August 11th is interesting to me because of the discussion which arose, in fixing, or trying to fix, certain dates in connection with the writer's departure from Burr Oak, concerning the harvest time. This item reads: "Harvest is practically over. Two threshing machines are in town, ready to start the first threshing in these parts."

On the same date we learn, that "Mrs. Alberta Lincoln Appy and her daughter Ernestine, from Davenport, were here last week, in and around town."

And on the 18th of August: "An automobile on the streets was quite a curiosity to some of the boys, also to a few teams, but none became unmanageable." (Remember that was in 1902.)

On August 18th, Albert Wingate went to Des Moines to attend a State Fair, and "Mrs. Rachel Ward Sage left this morning for her home in Parker, after having completed her first visit to Burr Oak in over twenty-seven years."

A clipping dated Sept. 29th states, that "Horace Willsie of Galesburg, Ill., has been the guest of his brother Milo and other relatives here for the past week."

On October 13th: "Word is received of the death of Warren Harden, a pioneer settler of Burr Oak, who has been living with his daughter Hattie at Bridgewater, S. Dak. Interment here Friday."

And on October 29th: "Miss Josephine Taylor has rented a part of her house to Elmer Cassell."

On November 3rd we are informed that "George P. Bent and wife from Chicago, accompanied by some of the little Bents, are welcome visitors in Burr Oak. Always glad to see George and Clara." [And George and Clara were always glad to get back.]

Same date: "Burr Oak people are sorry to hear of the ill luck of O. A. Porter of West Superior. While himself and family were away from the house at a lecture, the house was broken into and about $100.00 taken, also a gold watch belonging to Miss Julia Wingate, a sister to Mrs. Porter."

On November 10th: "Frank Robinson. from Lime Springs, an uncle of Burr Oak's Frank Robinson, has rented the feed mill for the coming year."

And, same date: "George P. Bent, of Chicago, had a gay time all last week, hunting squirrels in company with Albert Wingate. They made the Canoe timbers ring. George enjoys such vacations as this from business. He went from here to Duluth, while Mrs. Bent returned to Chicago."

Same date: "John Wingate starts this morning for West Liberty to attend a shorthorn sale with a view of buying."

On November 17th: "Frank Robinson goes this morning to Mason City to make application for a position on the railroad."

There are three items dated December 8th. The first reads: "Harrison Potter, from Renwick, Iowa, is making Burr Oak a visit. Mr. Potter was an early resident, having lived here when there was but one house, the little log tavern kept by John Waggoner. He gets eloquent over these reminiscences."

The second item of above date advises that "Albert Wingate is in Chicago attending the stock show. John and Albert must be familiar figures at these shows."

And the third tells us that "Julia Wingate came down to take Christmas dinner with her Uncle John and family, as expected. Julia never misses this day and has only missed one Christmas dinner from the same place, that being when her mother was in the hospital in Chicago."

Then comes the year 1903 and all its little records of grief or pleasure, which we look back upon now, from a distance of over twenty years.

On January 12th we are told that "about sixty guests sat at Mr. and Mrs. Milo Willsie's board Thursday. All report a very pleasant evening."

April 6th: "Rural mail delivery seems to have had a bad effect on John Wingate, as he has been ill with rheumatism ever since it was established at his home."

May 4th: "We learn that Frank Robinson, who went to Missoula, Montana, last week, has obtained a position as stationary engineer there in a factory. Good for Frank."

June 8th: "Mr. and Mrs. John Wingate are in Mason City visiting friends there. This is something wonderful for Mrs. Wingate, who has been in poor health for several years."

On July 15th: "Miss 'Chattie' Bent from Chicago and Miss 'Wee-Wee' Wingate, of Kansas City, are visitors at Uncle John Wingate's."

On August 24th: "Miss Charity Bent, who has been spending a month at the Wingate home, left last week to join the family at Chicago."

And on the 31st: "Elwin Lincoln this morning took his daughter Ada and oldest son to Decorah to attend school."

And, same date: "Albert Wingate went to West Superior on Saturday to visit Orin

Porter and wife, and Miss Julia Wingate. They expect to come home today by way of the Twin Cities and will spend a couple of days at the Fair."

On July 27th we are told that the barley harvest is over and oats are being laid low. Threshing machines are being hauled out and gotten ready for service.

On October 19th: "Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Bent and their son Charley, from Chicago, are here on a visit to the Wingate family. Old acquaintances are always glad to see George and Clara."

On the 26th we are told that George Albert Peacock is much worse. Poor fellow, he has had more than his share of suffering.

On the same date, October 26th: "Mr. and Mrs. Silas C. Brace were callers in town Tuesday last, from Mable."

And "Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Bent and children, from Chicago, started home last Saturday. George had a fine time hunting while here." [I can vouch for the strict truth of the latter statement.]

On November 9th: "Benjamin Sheeley rented the farm known as the Henry Wingate farm."

We are also told that George Smith has "that new barn" completed.

Under that same date appears the obituary of Elijah Briggs, stating that he came to Burr Oak in 1855, married Lucy Ervin in 1857, and lived there for thirty-four years, dying on Nov. 4th, 1903.

On December 7th, mention is made of a copy of the *Sheldon Sun* having been received from Mrs. Marietta Bovee Johnson, of Sheldon, containing news of the death of her brother Henry, or "Hank" as old Burr Oakers will remember he was called, at Cozad, Nebraska. It will also be recalled that he married May Hubbard, who used to clerk for Fred Cleveland.

And, to wind up the year 1903 fittingly, we are told that Miss Julia Wingate is making her annual visit to the John Wingate home.

Then come the 1904 items: "It will be of interest to those who lived here in the early days," reads one dated January 11th, "to learn that Hervie Willsie, son of William Henry Willsie, has served two years in the Missouri Legislature. He was a mere lad when the family moved from here."

Then on the same date, we read that "Miss Julia Wingate started this morning on her return home to West Superior, after spending a couple of weeks among friends here. She said that George P. Bent wired her that they were all safe from the Iroquois fire in Chicago."

On Feb. 1st, we read that "Albert Wingate is driving that dandy new team he bought east of Highlandville, one coming three year old, weighing 1400 lbs, and the other, coming four, weighing 1565." On the same date we are told that "Mrs. Martha Willsie is expected to start today on her return trip to Chicago."

On March 21st: "We learn with regret, through a letter from Salt Lake City, that our old friend and townsman, H. C. Manning, has lately had a paralytic stroke."

On May 2, we note the following item, which is copied because it certainly is interesting now, twenty years later: "Potatoes are $1.50, eggs 15 cts., butter 18 cts., beefsteak 15 cts. and flour has been advanced to $1.20 per sack. Fun for the sellers, but savors strongly of money to the poor folks that have to buy." [There is no occasion for the writer to quote current prices for the purpose of comparison, as they are all too familiar.]

That same date we note the obituary of John Heckle who "came to Winneshiek in 1855 and was a resident of Burr Oak for over thirty years."

On June 20th we are told that Mrs. John Wingate was very sick last week, and on June 27th that "she is still a very sick woman." On the same date (June 27th) we are informed that "Pliny McAllister, now of Minneapolis, has attained the dignity of 'Grandpa.' Some of the old people seem to think the time has been so short since he was a Burr Oaker and a kid himself, that he ought to be in short pants yet."

On July 25th Mrs. John Wingate was still very sick and Dr. Jewell came up to consult with Dr. Emmons.

"Miss Charity Bent is making a short stay among relatives here," reads a clipping of July 14th.

One item, dated August 1st, tells us that "the graphophone owned by Dr. Emmons and J. R. Briggs is quite entertaining to a number of people, both old and young. The words can be distinctly heard for a long ways and people in their homes can listen to the daily concerts."

Of the same date: "Word is received of the death of Willard McAllister, son of Joshua McAllister, at Chicago. He died of blood poisoning, due to a boil on his cheek."

Still another item bearing the date of August 1st reads: "It is quite interesting to listen to the old men talk of the days when they used to cut grain with a sickle. Of course, that was 'Way Down East,' but less than forty years ago they used to cut grain here with a cradle, then the reaper, then the harvester, then the header, then the binder. Threshing was done with a flail, a half bushel at a time. But now, oh, my! Two hundred bushels per hour, with their giant threshers."

On August 22nd: "John Wingate and son report a heavy yield of grain. They have cut 200 acres and John says if their hundred acres of corn will pan out as good he will be satisfied. He says they have threshed barley that yielded 50 bushels per acre. I think farmers in general are pleased with their crops and the outcome of the harvest. Corn made a wonderful growth last week and if 'Jack Frost' will only be modest and retiring there will be corn in plenty."

"How times have changed in a few years!" reads a clipping dated September 5th. "I remember when our lamented President Garfield was shot and for eighty days lay dying, that Burr Oak, in common with the rest of the United States, was anxious to hear of his condition each day. There was no daily paper taken at this post office [that was 23 years ago —in 1881]and so a few citizens clubbed together and ordered a daily paper, and all flocked to hear the news when the mail came into Mr. Cratsenberg's post office. Now a majority of the citizens in the township have a daily paper. This is real progress."

On September 12th: "Mrs. John Wingate is very much improved in health; was able to walk around the house and superintend the housework."

"Apples and plums can be bought of Mr. Manuel, on the Alpha Manning farm, for 10 cents a grain sack full. He says he doesn't ask anything for the apples, but wants the ten cents for picking them up."

On the same date (September 26th) we learn that a thrilling "apple exhibition" is on in Briggs' store. Many of them weighed 15 oz., but one that Robert Townsend brought in to Postmaster Landon took the cake, as it weighed even more, and measured 14 inches the longest way. We also read, on October 3rd, of a "potato display," in one window of the post office. One hill weighed 18 lbs. and numbered 21 potatoes of cooking size, while many others weighed 8 or 9 lbs.

On October 10th, we note that "James Wade has rented the Henry Wingate Farm [now owned by J. Wingate and Son] and is doing his spring plowing."

Same date: "The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Manning of Salt Lake City will be glad to know that he has so far recovered from his recent stroke of paralysis that he is able to walk around with the aid of a stick. Mrs. Manning recently was obliged to pass through an operation at a hospital in that city, and is now at her home, much improved in health."

On October 31st we read: "The burial of Hanson Bridges, formerly of Burr Oak, but late of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., took place in the cemetery on Sunday, with five of his children in attendance."

On November 7th: "Richard Goforth died, after suffering for years from asthma."

On the 14th: "Miss Ethel French, daughter of Theodore French, visited the Schanck home," and while she was there, her parents "removed from Dell Rapids to Pierre, S. Dak."

On November 22nd: "Word just comes to us from Salt Lake City, that Oscar, aged sixteen, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Manning, died Nov. 18th of small pox in its most virulent form, after a week's illness. His sister Alice is just recovering."

MRS. ELSIE WINGATE PORTER

MRS. JULIA W. WINGATE LINDSAY

BURR OAK CEMETERY

BURR OAK OLD SETTLERS' PICNIC

FRANK N. ROBINSON, ALBERT LINCOLN, GEO. EDGAR McALLISTER, PLINY W. McALLISTER, WAYLAND HOUCK, SILAS C. BRACE
MARY MANNING STEPHENS and MRS. ZOPHER B. LANDON
All of the boys and girls shown above were Mrs. Landon's pupils, in 1861.

On December 26th we are told that the temperature was at eight below, at sunrise; also that "the funeral of George May was held last Thursday at the M. E. Church."

Then come the 1905 items of interest, beginning with the obituary of James Sharp, Jan. 30th. "Mr. Sharp was one of the pioneers of this section and with the help of Henry Sherwin—another old settler long since dead—broke the sod for our village cemetery and dug the grave for the first burial. This was during the fifties. He was born in Virginia; married Rachel Moore in 1842; moved to Iowa in 1853, and settled in Hesper. Early in 1861, he took possession of the farm he has occupied since, although of late he has lived with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Sharp."

Same date: "Everyone appears to have grip about this time, including the doctor." "Thermometer at thirty below," reads another item.

On February 13th: "Old residents will be pleased to hear of our fellow townsman, James McAllister, who is now living at Seattle, Washington. A son living at Flandreau, S. Dak., sends us the news."

On February 27th we learn that "Miss Elsie Chase married James Willsie on the 8th of February and they are housekeeping in one of Mrs. Rollins' houses."

"Burr Oakers," we are told, "expect warmer weather by the Fourth of July."

March 6th: "Miss Charity Willsie, who has been keeping house for her brother James, can now go to her home, since Brother James has taken unto himself a wife."

On March 13th, quite an interesting little article is noted, being reminiscences of Mrs. Abagail Tyler, nee Kinnison, who came into Winneshiek County in 1849. Because of its length, this article is not quoted here, but has been used in the chapter concerning the History of Winneshiek County.

We note that on March 20th, at the Van Vleit sale, "Prices were satisfactory to all and 24 Plymouth Rock hens sold for 57 cents each. Seems like a large price, but at the price of eggs, it won't take Mrs. Hen long to pay for herself."

On March 17th we note that "John Wingate is expecting to build a fine residence on the site of the old one, and is now having the old one removed."

On May 8th we note the obituary of J. H. Pierce, "one of Burr Oak's pioneers, who came to the township in 1854."

On May 22nd: "Mrs. Martha Manning Willsie, of Chicago, came into town to visit her sister, Mrs. Goforth."

There is an undated clipping then, same being a printed letter from one P. W. McAllister, of Minneapolis, in which he states that he and his brother Geo. Edgar are planning a trip to Burr Oak in June and—well, this was the letter that suggested and started the Burr Oak Old Settlers' Reunions. On June 19th appears a glowing account of same. The Reunion was held in F. C. Schanck's grounds, and we are told there were some three or four hundred present. Rufus Baker, son of "Singing Baker," sang some old-fashioned solos, as did Monroe White. Group photos were made of the most aged, the next most aged, and one was made of a group of seven, consisting of Albert Lincoln, Silas Brace, Frank Robinson, Edgar McAllister, 'Gene Bovee, Sarah Peacock Kimball and Betsy Ann Berry Baker, all of whom were pupils of Mrs. Z. B. Landon in 1861.

Mrs. Joseph McLaughlin was the most aged old settler present, although there were many who were over eighty. Dallas Taylor, who had expected to come down with the rest of the Minneapolis boys, was unable to do so, having been just out of the hospital. Letters of regret were read from Ben Kinyon, Lucinda Walker-Eckert, Mrs. Wm. H. Seavey (nee Jester), George P. Bent and others. Mrs. Martha Manning Willsie, Geo. V. Punteney and S. B. Ervin, Eugene Jones, May Pfeiffer Lane and Minerva White are mentioned as being present.

"Pliny and Frank returned to Minneapolis on Wednesday" we note, but Geo. Edgar stayed over and visited old friends, and "the town was lonesome when he was gone."

Then we note that "Miss Julia Wingate, of West Superior, is making her annual visit to

the family of Uncle John Wingate." Next, on June 26th, "Elwin Lincoln has been enjoying a week's visit from his mother and sister Albertine."

On July 3rd, we regret to note (but are scarcely surprised since it will be remembered that Frank Robinson and Pliny McAllister left town not long after the Reunion was over) "Mrs. Dr. Cady, of Mable, lost a valuable silver spoon at the Old Settlers' Picnic," etc.

Same date: "A letter from Theodore French, of Pierre, S. Dak., expresses his regret in his inability to attend the Old Settlers' Picnic," and "a letter from Ben Kinyon, of Clear Lake, Iowa, locates his brother Charley at Cedar Rapids."

July 17th: "Miss Charity Willsie is a guest of the Schanck family."

July 10th: "Mrs. Martha Willsie who has been spending a couple of weeks with the family of her cousin, Milo Willsie, has returned to the Goforths."

On July 24th, we are told, 'Barley harvest is here . . . . . Other grain is fast ripening and farmers will soon be busy 'gathering in the sheaves.' "

On July 31st: "A Salt Lake paper was received, containing account of the death of Eddie Blackmarr. We are sure that the sympathy of all Burr Oakers goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Blackmarr in the loss of their son."

Same date: "Mrs. Anna Goforth, who has been very ill, has now recovered, and her sister, Mrs. Martha Willsie, will leave tonight for Chicago."

Then comes the obituary of our beloved daughter, Charity Mary Bent, who died on Aug. 3rd, 1905.

On August 7th, we are told that "harvesting is practically over."

On August 21st, appears the obituary of Mrs. Noah Sage, nee Hannah Bisbee. This notice stated that Mr. and Mrs. Sage came to Burr Oak in 1852, removed to Missouri in 1869, where Mr. Sage died in 1872. "They lived on the first East and West road South of this village" this notice reads, and goes on to state that Mrs. Sage was 101 years and three months of age when she died.

"Mrs. Gene Bovee," we read, under date of October 2nd, "went to Milford, to visit her brother, Will Osbern."

"Not everybody likes Dakota," reads another clipping dated October 9th; "Harry Pierce, who went there about three weeks ago, writes that he had rather live in a barn in Burr Oak than a palace in Dakota."

Same date: "The bell that hung in the belfry of the Congregational Church has been sold to the Friends of Hesper and the proceeds will go to the Cemetery Fund."

The first snow of the season is reported on October 23rd.

On the 30th: "John Wingate and family are nicely settled in that new house, which is beautiful, and is said to be the most costly house in the township."

A clipping dated Nov. 20th reads: "On returning from Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Schanck reported a visit with Rev. Geo. Bent, who was pastor of the Congregational Society here for many years. Mr. Bent lives with his son, George. He is in good health, and his 78th year."

On December 18th we note that Miss Julia Wingate is expected to spend Christmas with Uncle John.

Another item for the same date speaks of Mr. Schoonmaker, who lives on the farm he bought from Harry Pierce. "It was known as the Asa Wingate property in early days, later was the Kingsbury home, and has changed hands a number of times."

The last item for the year 1905 states that "Miss Julia Wingate, who is spending her holidays here, came from West Superior by way of Dubuque, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Bishop (formerly Julia Willsie), who had lived with her son Harry, at Everett, Washington. She was the last of the four Willsie girls, Mrs. Reed Miller, Mrs. Halstead Harden and Mrs. Henry Wingate—all lying in our cemetery. Webb Bishop, son of Mrs. Bishop, came to Dubuque from New York and then came to Burr Oak for a short visit with relatives here. He will be remembered by Burr Oakers of twenty or more years ago as an inmate of the Henry Wingate home."

Then comes the announcement of the marriage of Earl Bovee to Elsie Brace, on February 6th, 1906.

One clipping, dated February 26th, 1906, states that "many in Burr Oak will remember Miss Mary Murphy, who was one of our best teachers. A large per cent of her pupils are widely scattered, but some of them are still here and are grateful for her efficient work."

On March 5th: "Received last week announcement of the marriage of George Harry Bent, of Chicago, to Miss Grace Fessenden Gardner, of Hinsdale, Ill. The marriage took place on February 27th."

Same date: "We have lately learned of the death of Clark Kinyon, who has been blind for some time. His son Warren has cared for him since the death of Mrs. Kinyon."

Then on April 23rd: "A letter from Ben Kinyon brings the news of the death of his mother, Mrs. John Kinyon, at his home in Clear Lake, Iowa, on April 15th. Old settlers will remember the Kinyon brothers, John and Clark, who came to Burr Oak in the fifties and lived here many years. Both of the brothers and their wives have now passed into the great beyond, as has also their cousin, Oliver Kinyon."

"Albert Wingate drove to Prosper this evening to meet his cousin, Julia Wingate, who comes by train from West Superior," reads a clipping dated May 28th.

On May 14th: "John Wingate and son are rushing work on the farm. Only had 24 teams going on Saturday. Don't know how many men it took to manage them, but 48 horses ought to accomplish something."

On May 28th: "Word comes from O. F. Southwick, now of Wells, Minn., a teacher in our town in 1859-60 and also the following Summer, that he intends to be present at the Old Settlers' Reunion."

Under the same date, "Albert Lincoln was elected president for 'Old Settlers' Day.' "

Same date also, an item reads: "As George Cassell, who has been living with his sister, Mrs. Stewart Wade, was repairing a wire fence about ten days ago, a piece of wire struck him on the lip and lacerated it somewhat, resulting in blood poisoning. He died Sunday morning after extreme suffering."

On June 4th: "John Wingate and Ezra Reed attended a shorthorn sale at Mason City. They are considered brave men, but the prices scared them off. John Wingate remained for a visit among relatives."

June 11th: "Joseph LaValley and his wife Sophia, former residents, but now living near Bonair, have been visiting in town since Thursday. They returned to their home today."

Same date: "Miss Julia Wingate, of West Superior, who has been visiting Uncle John Wingate, intends going to Chicago tomorrow to visit George P. Bent's family and will then return to West Superior."

And then we are told that Mr. J. Lindsay, of West Superior, who has been employed by the Great Northern Railroad for 18 years, with headquarters at West Superior, has also been visiting the John Wingates.

Same date: "Mr. Roberts has been asked to be at the late train in Decorah on the 18th with a livery to meet the Minneapolis boys and perhaps others, and bring them on to Burr Oak, as they want to be here in readiness for the Old Settlers' Reunion, on the 20th."

Another clipping under date of June 11th reads: "We are grieved to hear of the death of another old resident, David Relihan, whose boyhood and early manhood were spent here. He will be remembered by his many friends. While he was at Smith Center, Kansas, he was a great worker in the Congregational Church."

On the 18th: "News comes this evening of the death of Horace Willsie, of Galesburg, Ill. He was expected here to meet his brothers, Asa from Dakota, and Milo of Burr Oak, and George from Des Moines, and now their anticipated joy has turned to sorrow."

Then come the June 25th notices of the Old Settlers' Reunion. They are many and varied. It is stated that it rained a lot during the festivities, but that the affair was a great success nevertheless. Wayland Houck, of Sheldon, was present, as was Asa Willsie. "Asa read that the Roberts livery would meet the

three Minneapolis boys and 'perhaps others' and he resolved to be one of the others. They met in Calmar for the first time in 22 years, and though they had all been schoolboys together, they did not recognize him until he called them by name."

Others there were Joel Hilburn, from Center Junction, Iowa; David Groat, of Red Cloud; Alexander Jester, of Mitchell, Iowa; Mrs. Lucy Manning (widow of Hiram Manning, the elder), and daughter, Mary Stevens, and Mrs. Martha Willsie, of Chicago, and a score of others from Mable, Decorah, etc.

On this Old Settlers' Day, Pliny McAllister read the poem which he composed when the family left Burr Oak for another home. This poem, which was called "Good-Bye," was reprinted in the *Decorah Republican* under date of June 25th, 1906. A copy of it was sent to the writer of this autobiography by Byron Blackmarr, and after being hounded to earth, Pliny admitted its authorship.

"GOOD-BYE"

(P. W. McAllister)

We are leaving the old home today, boys,
And our hearts are all heavy with woe,
We give one last look at the street with its crook,
And wave them a kiss as we go.

'Tis the home of our childhood and youth, boys,
And we know every corner and nook;
We know every soul in the country,
Every stone, every twist in the brook.

Its hills seem like mountains to climb, boys,
Its trees are the greatest on earth,
And we've carved there the name of our sweetheart,
With the day and the date of her birth.

But the time has now come when we leave them;
Can you wonder we're sad and forlorn,
To leave the old home that we love, boys,
The home where each one was born?

No more will we fish in the brook, boys,
And sell old John Waggoner the trout,
Then catch them again from his trout pond,
And sell them again, turn about.

And we'll never go out melon hunting,
"Up to Woods," "down to Jesters" and Reeds,
Stack the vines in a neat little bundle,
Not leaving a rind or a seed.

And John Feyler with orchard so handy,
His grape wine just fresh from the press,
His "Pulliest Kip that the Methodists use,"
And his terrible cry of distress

When the strawboy he thought was Bill Baker,
He had filled with buckshot, and he said:
"Oh! 'Lizabeth, I've shot at Pill Paker, and
Py chracious I'm sure he is dead!"

Ah! well, the old days are all over,
We bid them farewell with a sigh,
And look to the future with courage,
As we bid them a loving good-bye.

Chapter Fourteen

THE BURR OAK OF MORE RECENT YEARS—(1906-1912)
(Continued)

AN OLD FRIEND

By Edgar A. Guest

I met an old friend yesterday,
A comrade from far away;
And glad was I his smile to see,
For this is what he brought to me.

The schoolhouse from the long ago,
The boys and girls I used to know,
The little home on Sibley Street,
Where all the youngsters used to meet.

The games we played, the things we did,
The secret places where we hid,
The pranks of all our youthful crew,
The punishment we sometimes drew.

A living book he seemed to me,
Fresh come from Memory's bindery;
A book whose leaves were edged with gold,
So many merry tales he told.

He walked alone and yet, I swear,
A troop of gladsome folks were there,
For back to us he seemed to call,
Our lost companions, one and all.

A hundred spirits danced about,
I heard them sing, I heard them shout;
And for an hour ('tis truth I pen),
I lived with them, a child again.

Who meets an old friend on the way,
Meets all the joys of yesterday;
The laughter which he used to know,
And all the charms of long ago.

On July 2nd, 1906: "Miss Julia Wingate came in from Chicago last Thursday, accompanied by a chum, Miss Black, from Chicago."

It is also mentioned that other old settlers who were at the Reunion were Melvin Little, from Rockford, Ill., also Mrs. W. R. Morgan, remembered as a daughter of Zeno Battey. "Miss May Rice, one of our former teachers, now in Tennessee, was also present."

Then, on July 9th, we note the arrival of Mrs. Amelia Munn, from Nebraska, and George P. Bent and family, from Chicago. All of this being on account of the wedding, on July 12th, of Miss Julia Wingate to Mr. Joseph Lindsay, at the John Wingate home.

On July 16th we note that Miss Inez Schanck returned to West Superior to fill her place as stenographer there, after a two weeks' vacation (she was one of Julia Wingate's maids, as was Miss B. S. Black). Miss Charity Willsie accompanied Miss Schanck and visited the Orin Porters, also Mr. and Mrs. Mark McLaughlin, who lived at Gordon, near Duluth. She also visited another sister, Mrs. Fanny Sprague, and family, at Fergus Falls, before returning.

On July 23rd: "Geo. P. Bent and family left Friday for St. Paul and other northern points. They expect to return to Chicago about September 1st. . . . . While in Burr Oak, Mr. Wingate took the four Bent children over to Coldwater Spring, from there to Chimney Rock and on to Bluffton. The children had lots of fun and thought it was all grand. I suppose they were like a boy I knew who had always lived in the city, and wanted to visit 'Grandpa' in Iowa, because he had heard there was so much land in Iowa."

"Quite an excitement prevailed when it was found that a baby in a basket had been left on the porch of the Lincoln residence. It must have been put there early in the morning, but it was not noticed until after eleven. The authorities were notified and the child was taken to Freeport to be cared for by the county."

On August 6th, we note: "Harvest is practically done and we shall soon hear the hum of the threshing machine."

On August 13th: "Mrs. Martha Willsie, after spending three months here visiting friends and relatives, left Friday for Chicago. She went by way of Dubuque, where she will visit her sister, formerly Anna McAllister."

August 20th: "F. C. Schanck is tearing down the old schoolhouse. He will clean off the lot for what he can get out of it. All the furniture, including the bell, was reserved."

On September 10th: "The funeral of Calvin Ferguson was held at the M. E. church on Saturday last. . . . . Mr. Ferguson was one of our earliest settlers, having come to Burr Oak to live about the year 1850. I do not know of anyone who came here previous to that date."

Then on September 17th there appears the death notice of Mrs. James Sharp, nee Rachel Moore. This notice states that she was born in West Virginia and married there to James Sharp. They moved to Iowa in 1853, settled in Hesper, then in 1861 moved to a farm four miles northwest of Burr Oak.

On September 1st: "The many friends of Mrs. Martha Willsie of Chicago will be sorry to hear that she has removed to San Francisco. Her frequent visits here have been a great pleasure to all, but she will now be too far away to come so often."

A clipping dated October 15th reads: "Mrs. John Wingate was taken violently ill last Wednesday night, and for about twenty-four hours the family were greatly alarmed. Thos. Cookman, her brother, and Mrs. Payne, her sister, both of Mason City, were sent for. Mrs. Julia Wingate Lindsay arrived Friday, and found Mrs. Wingate much better, but still very weak. As if that was not enough, Mr. Wingate was also attacked Saturday with the same or a similar disease. Both are now much better, however."

On October 22nd: "Mrs. John Wingate was much improved, and Mrs. Julia Wingate Lindsay who had been assisting in her care, was able to leave for her home in West Superior."

On December 25th: "News comes to Burr Oak of the death of another of its first citizens, Hiram Willsie, who was stricken with apoplexy in the street and died immediately. He had lived for years in Kansas and his brother Milo, of our town, was summoned to his funeral. In the early fifties there were four Willsie brothers, Thomas, Jacob, John and Wm. Henry, with their father, who came from the vicinity of Lake Champlain and settled down in and near Burr Oak, each with large families, but now, after fifty years, there are none left that bear the name, except Milo, a son of John, with his family."

Then come the 1907 items with lots of information about old timers, most of it being in the nature of obituaries.

"Jas. H. Porter, who came to Burr Oak in 1857, died in Lawrence, Kansas, where he had been spending a few months with his daughter, Mrs. N. Peard. It will be remembered that Mrs. Porter, nee Martha McLaughlin, died just about ten years ago."

Then comes the obituary of Mrs. Susan Johnson, who was Mrs. Bucher, a sister of Pete Brode. Then that of Mrs. Barnes, "who will be remembered by early settlers as Mrs. James Fosburg."

It is also mentioned, under same date, that "Mesdames Lily Hiatt and Abby Meader, of Denver, Colorado, drove over from Hesper and visited Mrs. Landon, of Burr Oak."

Then under date of June 17th: "Silas Brace of Mable, and his Uncle Orin Dibble from Wells, Minn., were in Burr Oak . . . . . Mr. Dibble will be remembered by old settlers, as having lived near the Nichols school, over the line in Minnesota."

The June 24th notices are mostly about the Old Settlers' Reunion. The first tells us that Ed. and Plin. McAllister came down on Tuesday for the Reunion and stayed until Saturday visiting friends.

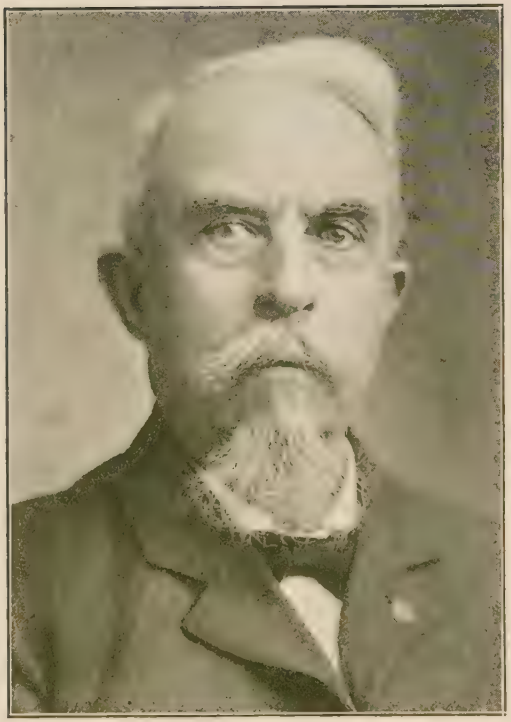
Then we read: "Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Culbert were over from Cresco to attend Old Settlers' Day, accompanied by Mrs. Zimmerman, their relative, from Smith Center, Kansas. She brought news of the Kingsburys and Relihans, who live at that place, and are all well and prosperous. Mrs. Gracia Kingsbury has left her home in Minnesota and lives with her daughter, now the widow of the late Dave Relihan."

"Old Settlers' Day was perfect, though we have had so much rain of late that we anticipated a bad day, so far as the weather was concerned. We could not get along well without the McAllister boys. Henry Willsie was

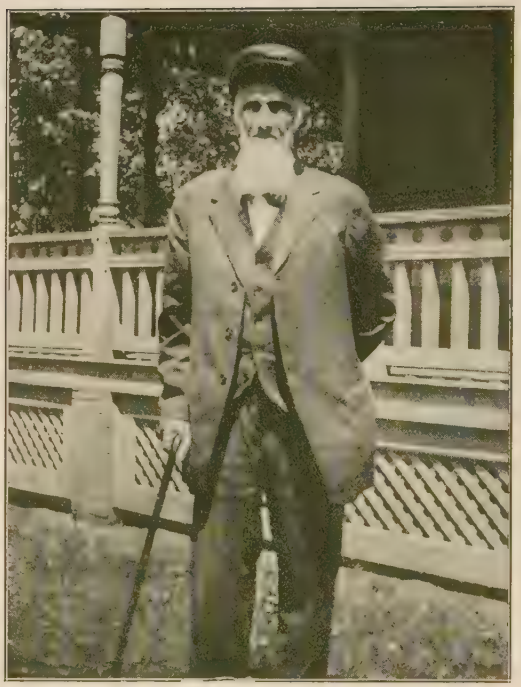
THEODORE BRODE

MRS. JOHN WARD AND GRANDDAUGHTER

AMERICAN HOUSE



A. J. CRATSENBERG
Postmaster at Burr Oak for many years



Z. B. LANDON
For many years postmaster at Burr Oak

F. C. SCHANCK
Who ran the Burr Oak House for many years

EDWIN BLACKMARR
Father of Byron D. Blackmarr

there, from La Crosse, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Masters, Mrs. Ruah Comstock, accompanied by her niece, a daughter of Sarah Hurley, formerly of Burr Oak, and John Holly, a Bluffton boy, and Mr. and Mrs. Schanck, from West Union." That was the year everybody brought "relics" and the "relic table" was a great attraction, some of the relics being over a hundred years old, and nothing less than fifty.

On July 8th: "John Wingate returned Tuesday from his trip to Superior, Wis., and on to Canada, Northern New York and Vermont and a general visit to the scenes of his childhood."

Sept. 9th: "Threshing is being done while the weather will permit."

Sept. 30: Mention is made in one clipping of a Miss Chamberlain, a school friend of Ada Lincoln; then, as of above date: "Our teachers, Miss Brophy and Miss Chamberlain, drove to Decorah today."

Oct. 7th: "Mrs Julia Wingate Lindsay is at Uncle John's for her annual visit."

On October 7th also, an interesting little item informs us that "our merchants are paying 20 cents for dairy butter and 20 cents for eggs."

"The Houcks," reads another item of the same date, "including Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Houck and family from Prosper, fourteen persons in all, will start Tuesday for Portland, Oregon, to make their home. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Houck were among the early settlers, and this has always been the home of Will, who will be forty-nine next month."

Same date: "Last week when workmen were repairing the American House, they resurrected portions of an old account book, dated as far back as 1854. It was found behind a plastered wall, and contained itemized account of work by the day, or rather 'day's work at $14.00 per month. Charles Mandeville Dr. to Jacob Trainer.' On another leaf, 'A. S. Beebe to one-half day's work,' and another, 'Wm. Ward Dr. two dollars.' This is not the Wm. Ward who lived here so many years, as he was not born until 1861. But some one may recognize the names."

"John Ward, it will be remembered, came to Burr Oak in 1854 and married in 1859. He had six sons and three daughters."

"Albert Wingate is contemplating a trip to the Pacific Coast," reads another item dated October 7th.

Dec. 23rd: "We have to report the death of another old Burr Oaker, Edward Munn. Their home has been at Hazard, Nebraska, for many years. Mrs. Munn recently visited her brother, John Wingate, and the Munn home is one of the places visited by Albert Wingate, who has now gotten as far as Denver on his way to the Pacific. Mr. and Mrs. Hobart and Arthur Bent, a son of Rev. Geo. Bent, all former Burr Oakers, also live at Hazard."

On Dec. 16th: "A letter from Ed. McAllister tells of the death of Mrs. Fred Blackmarr of Minneapolis. Fred will be remembered as a son of Martin Blackmarr, who used to live on what is now the Maltby place. Their early married life was spent in Decorah. Mrs. Blackmarr was a sister of Mrs. A. C. Tatro, of Castalia."

November 11th: "The Congregational Church Building, which has stood here since 1864, has been sold to Jewell and Moyer and moved to Main St., where it will be used by them for the storage of machinery.

Same date: "A letter from Rev. Wm. Cobb announces the death of his wife . . . . . It is now over forty years since he was pastor here." [We all remember the Cobbs, and Willie used to be one of my great friends.]

On December 30th, the obituary of Mrs. Jacob Cassell, nee Kinnison, is given. Mr. Kinnison, her father, was one of the earliest settlers, and interesting stories of his encounters with the Indians are given in the Winneshiek County Chapter, since they are too long to be given here.

On Jan. 27th, 1908: "Mrs. Julia Wingate Lindsay is visiting Uncle John for a very few days." [She had the habit.]

February 3rd: "John Wingate's health is not so good, and he has been feeling poorly for the last few days. Albert returned from his trip today, after touring several Pacific Coast states, and meeting many old Burr Oakers in his travels."

"Eggs are down to fifteen cents." [Note: this item is dated March 16th, 1908, not 1924.]

March 23rd: "The item inserted a couple of weeks ago concerning funds needed for our cemetery is bearing fruit, a check for $10.00 came in from B. D. Blackmarr, of Salt Lake City, promising more if we need it. Byron's mother and father lie here and he lovingly remembers it. George P. Bent also contributed generously, and many and various smaller sums have been received."

April 6th: "John Wingate was able to come into town yesterday for the first time in many weeks."

"Eggs are now at fourteen cents." [This means by the dozen, not per each, as now.]

April 27th: "Mrs. Julia Wingate Lindsay is at Uncle John's, and Albert accompanied her to church on Sunday. She came to attend the funeral of Inez Schanck."

[It might be mentioned in passing, that as these items were being typed, Mrs. Julia Wingate Lindsay is visiting her sister, Mrs. George P. Bent, and is just leaving with the latter to drive to Long Beach—"over to Wingate's," as Albert and Aunt Lucy now live near us in California.]

May 25th: "On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Bent arrived at Uncle John Wingate's for a week's visit among relatives and other friends. Burr Oak is always glad to welcome George and Clara."

May 4th: "M. W. Harden, known as 'Mina' when he was a boy, came into town from Marshall, Minn., and made a few calls on old friends. He did not find many that he knew as a boy, but did find his school teacher of 47 years ago, Mrs. Landon, who was glad to welcome him to her home."

May 4th: "I am called upon to mention the death of another old settler of the fifties, that of Albert Sage, who spent his young manhood here, married Rachel Ward and settled in Parker, South Dakota. He died last week of pneumonia."

June 1st: "John Wingate does not seem to improve in health as fast as his friends would like."

Then on June 8th: "Mr. and Mrs. John Wingate are in town. We are heartily glad that they are able to get out again and see how other people look and act."

Same date: "Elsie Wingate Porter is expected this week at Uncle John's. This is the first time she has been back since she became Mrs. Porter."

Then comes the June 22nd account of the Old Settlers' Picnic, which ended with a cyclone—or a near cyclone—that unroofed some houses, devastated crops and caused general damage, mostly west and south of Burr Oak. A graphic account of the storm is given, which we are obliged to omit, because of its length. Of the Reunion, it is noted that among those present were Napoleon Peard, from Enid, Okla., Mrs Elsie Wingate Porter, George Little, of Cherokee, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Darling, of Parker, S. Dak., George Edgar and Pliny McAllister, and Frank Robinson, Loomis, Braces and Whites, Steads, Pierces, Cratsenbergs, Whitneys, Lincolns, Pollits, Rices and Beeches galore.

July 20th: "Those living in Burr Oak in 1860 will remember our pastor, J. R. Cameron. He lately died at Pomona, California, aged 79. Only two of his six children are now living."

"John Wingate had electric lights installed in his spacious residence which will heat and light, and will be used in cooking. [Editor's note: We suspect our correspondent means gas and not electricity, as there is no electric plant near Burr Oak to furnish power for current.]

The story of George Edgar and his remarkable memory in regard to the wad of gum he found in the ruins of the old school—which is told elsewhere—appeared in the same issue.

We then learn that "on the 19th of August, the birthday of Albert Lincoln was duly celebrated."

August 24th: "It will be remembered that some years ago Mr. Robertson opened what was in later years known as the Shea Farm. Last week his sons with their families were here to visit their old birthplace. While here they called on their old playmate, Mrs. Maggie McLaughlin Ervin. They were touring

through the country with three automobiles, and were on the way to their home in Minneapolis. Mr. Robertson was a brick mason, he having built the Burr Oak School, the one in the William Reed District and the one west of Burr Oak in the town of Palmer. He also built the Houck building, which is still standing."

On Sept. 7th an item tells us that John Wingate is in the hospital at Prairie du Chien, taking treatments.

On October 26th: "Early settlers will remember William Young, pastor of Burr Oak Circuit for the Conference year of 1856-57, and again in 1866-67-8. He lately died at Medalia, Minnesota, where he had for years made his home with his daughter Alice."

On Dec. 21st: "Mrs. Julia Wingate Lindsay is expected to help celebrate Christmas at her Uncle John's. But then Julia is always expected, as it has been her custom to spend the holidays with Uncle John since she was a child."

Then come the items for the year 1909. The first, dated Jan. 4th, reads: "Will Houck and family are back from their sojourn in Oregon. Will says no more West for him."

Feb. 22. This number contains news of the Cobb family, as per letter received from Rev. Wm. Cobb, pastor of the M. E. Church in Burr Oak, from 1862 to 1865. "His home is now in Palo Alto, California . . . . . and his health is pretty good for a man 83 years old. Mrs. Cobb and Mamie are both gone. Of the sons, Willie is an attorney in San Francisco, Arthur is at Grafton, N. Dak., and Wilbur is at Cloquette, Minn."

The same issue contains the obituary of Sarah Manning Cook, youngest daughter of Alpha Manning. This notice states that Mr. and Mrs. Cook were married at Burr Oak in 1868 and moved away in 1872, making the journey to Lyon County, Minnesota, by "covered wagon," or "prairie schooner." In 1898, they moved to Alabama for Mr. Cook's health, but, after all, it was Mrs. Cook who died first. She had been telephoning and when she finished, sat down and was telling Mr. Cook of the conversation, when she suddenly passed away without warning.

March 22nd: This contains notice of the death of Silas A. Lamb, "who was one of our citizens in the early sixties. He moved from here to Hesper, and his sister, Miss Abby Lamb, came from Cattaraugus County, N. Y. She afterwards became Mrs. Augustus Meader. Mr. Lamb's death occurred Feb. 16th, in Denver, where they had lived for some years, and the news came to us through S. C. Brace, of Mable."

Same date: "Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Houck who have lived in Decorah for the last year, have come back to their old home here to live with their son Will and family. They are much pleased to be back home again."

Then June and Old Settlers' Day again: Napoleon Peard came that year from Enid, and Joseph LeValley and his wife Sophia came from Austin, Minnesota. Eugene Jones and a son of William Brace came from Southern Kansas, but arrived four days late. All of the "regulars" came from Mable, Prosper, Canton, etc., and letters of regret were read from Mr. and Mrs. Orin A. Porter, Ed. and Plin. McAllister and "By" Blackmarr. Mrs. Josephine Peard Little and daughter, Hattie, were among those present.

Perhaps some of the old timers will recall a certain unusually fierce thunder storm that week. It is mentioned that lightning killed a valuable horse belonging to Sam Rice, and a sharp flash struck J. E. Briggs' store, firing some of the goods, but not the building. A number of people were stunned for several minutes.

On July 5th: "Mrs. Julia Wingate Lindsay is spending a week with Uncle John."

July 12th: "Today Albert Lincoln drove up from Decorah accompanied by O. C. Mason, an old resident of Burr Oak. He now lives at Chicago. Mrs. Mason has been dead for three years."

July 19th. This number contains notice of the death of Mrs. Lucy Ervin Briggs, who died July 17th. Elijah Briggs, whom she married in 1857, died in 1903.

August 9th. Albert Wingate again—he came into town with his brand new auto "and carried off the palm in that he succeeded in having a breakdown the very first day, where-

as Dr. Emmons and Mr. Roberts had to wait two days for the same thing to happen."

On August 2nd, they were hearing "the hum of the threshing machines."

Postmaster Landon and wife celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary about that time, by a gathering of their friends, children and grandchildren.

In the August 16th number appears the obituary of Mrs. Jos. McLaughlin, nee Rachel McGeary. It states that she came to Burr Oak in 1856 and was in her 101st year. Joseph McLaughlin died in 1897.

On August 30th, Mrs. Lucy Manning's obituary is given. Mrs. Manning was the widow of Hiram Manning, Sr. This notice states that "Mr. and Mrs. Manning were among the very first settlers of Burr Oak, owned a large tract of land north of town known as 'Manning's Addition,' while W. H. Willsie owned south, and each of them would give lots to any who would build there. Now Mr. and Mrs. Manning and Mr. and Mrs. Willsie have passed on. Since April 10th of this year (1909), five early settlers of Burr Oak, all widows, have been laid away in our cemetery. They are Mrs. Mary Feltis, Mrs. Lucy Briggs, Mrs. Julia Tillepaugh, Mrs. Rachel McLaughlin and Mrs. Lucy Manning."

On Sept. 18th, an item tells us that "Pliny McAllister buried his wife in Minneapolis, on the 13th."

Same date: "Friends of Asa Willsie and his wife, Alice Kinyon Willsie, will be interested to learn of his removal from Verdigree, Nebraska, to Wyoming where he and his son and daughter have 800 acres of land. Ben Kinyon is living at Clear Lake, Iowa, and Charles is at Cedar Rapids, in the drug business."

Sept. 27: "Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Houck are both in very poor health. John Wingate was much worse last Friday, and in the absence of Dr. Emmons, they were obliged to call Dr. Daubney."

There are but a few clippings for the year 1911, and most of the names mentioned are comparatively new ones.

The January and February clippings for 1912, seem to be most concerned with cold weather and blizzards, although cold weather was no novelty to Burr Oakers.

On January 30th, we note obituary of Orlando Blanchard "who moved to Decorah in 1848, when it was an Indian village. He married Isabelle Kinnison in 1863."

On April 23rd, we note that Mr. Landon received a card announcing the death of Charles Avery Bent, of Chicago, my brother.

On the same date we are told that "Will Houck has been quite poorly for the past few weeks."

Same date: "Mrs. Julia Lindsay, who has been visiting at the Wingate home, left for her home in Superior, Saturday."

Moving pictures seem to have been shown in Burr Oak for the first time during 1912.

On May 6th, the obituary of Mrs. John A. Henry, who was Eva Jane Bowman, states that they came to Winneshiek County in 1854.

Here, with the year 1912, the clippings cease.

GEORGE PAYNE BENT, 1876

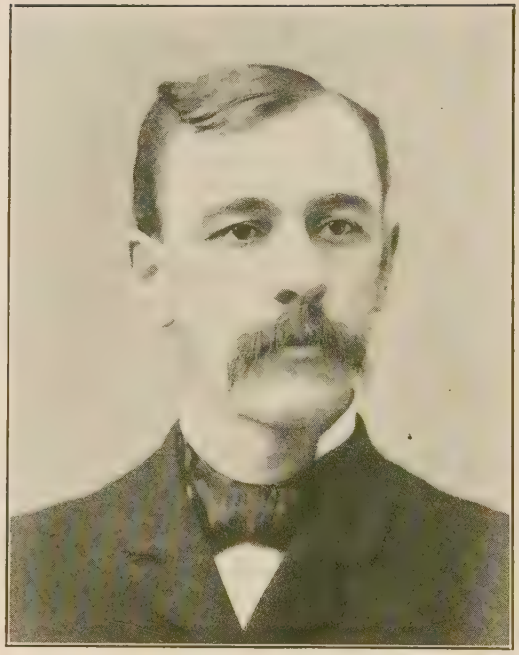
CLARA AMES WINGATE AT SIXTEEN

REV. H. H. HAMMOND
of Burr Oak, who tied me up for life

Home of Henry Wingate

Home of Henry Wingate, later owned by
"Uncle Harry" Wingate

EUGENE E. MANVILLE



MYRON W. HARDEN

JEREMIAH COURTRIGHT

MRS. JEREMIAH COURTRIGHT

Chapter Fifteen

GEORGE PAYNE BENT—WHEATON AND CHICAGO

"It's up to you! Though luck, in each existence,
Is something that you cannot disregard,
It doesn't count much in the long, long distance
That you must travel for your life's reward.
Luck helps—of course—and they are blind who doubt it;
But it's yourself that has to bring you through.
It's your own life, and with luck or without it,
It's up to you!

"It's up to you! Nobody else can make it;
Nobody else can fashion your career;
And if you build it up, or if you break it,
Your own responsibility is clear.
It isn't Fate or Fortune or your neighbor
That brings success or failure to your view;
You rise or fall by your own brains and labor.
It's up to you!"

—*Berton Braley.*

IN the Fall of 1870, having earned enough money on the Manning Farm to pay part of my way through school, I was sent to Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, where my uncle, Jonathan Blanchard, was then President, having left Knox College. Another uncle, Reverend Joseph Avery Bent, was Professor of Mathematics at Wheaton at that time. My father drove me to Manchester, about eighty miles from Burr Oak, and I took the Illinois Central from there to Freeport, Illinois, where I changed to the Northwestern and concluded my journey to Wheaton.

My parents wished me to become a clergyman, but it was not long before President Blanchard discovered how little fitted I was for such a role. I had not the necessary faith, piety and ability of which to make a good clergyman, and, too, I had begun to think for myself, and I could not believe as my parents and President Blanchard believed. Neither did I fancy the hardships of a clergyman's life, of which I had certainly seen enough in my father's hard work and his efforts to bring up a large family on the munificent salary of six hundred per year. I did not, myself, care to contemplate marriage and the support of a family under such conditions.

When at Wheaton, I supplemented the money which I had earned on the Manning farm with what I could earn doing chores, and any other work I could find, for which I received ten cents per hour. This I continued to do all the time I was at Wheaton. In other words, from the time I was fifteen years of age, I paid for my own schooling, my board and my clothes.

I have already spoken of my work on the Manning farm. I worked so hard on that farm that from then until I was in my twenties and "a man of family," I was in something of the position of the little boy, who when he asked his employer for a raise, was told that he was a mighty little fellow to want so much money. "Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I am small, I know, but, you see, since I have been working for you I haven't had the time to grow." He got the raise.

At Wheaton, one of my classmates was Orin N. Carter, now and for many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois. William D. Gates, now president of the American Terra Cotta Company, was a schoolmate, as was John T. Richards, in after years a noted lawyer. Another of my schoolmates, Wallace Heckman, was also later to be a famous lawyer. He is now Counsel and Business Manager of the University of Chicago. Incidentally he and his law partner, my cousin, Louis Blanchard, represented me in the long litigation between the Singer Sewing Machine Company and myself. My cousin handled the case at first, but died while it was in progress, after which Mr. Heckman carried it on to a successful conclusion. It was Mr. Heckman, who, in writing me recently, signed himself, "Your permanent friend." I like the term, as applied to quite a few of these tried and true old friends of mine. E. E. Manville was my roommate at Wheaton and my grooms-

man. John F. Snyder was also a roommate for a while.

J. L. Stratton was another school friend, and, like many of those mentioned above, our friendship continued through practically all of our lives. Another schoolmate whom I remember with particular interest, was W. T. Osborne, a colored boy, who is now pastor of one of the largest African M. E. churches in Kansas City. He and I used to have great discussions in the "Beltionian Society" at Wheaton. I remember one subject upon which we debated for the edification of the others, namely, "Do we see the sun, or only the light of the sun?" Osborne maintained with great vigor that we saw the sun, whereas, I contended that we only saw the light of the sun. He convinced about half of our audience that he was right and I had the other half converted to my belief, so it was a drawn battle.

B. T. Pettingill was a schoolmate at Wheaton, as well as one of my favorite cousins. He has been dead for many years. Regarding J. L. Stratton, it seems to me that we have always felt very close to each other, especially in any trouble that has come to us on our way through life. One instance of this is a very beautifully worded letter that came to me from Mr. Stratton when my brother, Charles, died in the year 1912. In his letter, Mr. Stratton enclosed a copy of *my* letter to him, written thirty-three years before, his wife having passed on at that time, after only a few years of wedded happiness. Still later, in 1917, there came to me a similar letter from Mr. Stratton, telling me he had not forgotten that my wedding day had been April 26th, just forty-one years before—but I am wandering far away from old Wheaton school days.

Judge Carter is another Wheaton friend with whom I have kept in comparatively close touch during the years. Mr. Carter at this writing has just made a trip to California, and his friends here are hoping that when the time comes for him to retire, he will decide to come to California, to live and play golf, in the land of sunshine and real estate agents—and retired piano manufacturers. However, those same friends are trying to make the Judge serve another term of the Supreme Court of Illinois, because they feel that men of his sort are needed on the Bench.

To go back to Wheaton: While there, I boarded with my Uncle Blanchard, as did Stephen Higginson. Mr. Higginson was perhaps my closest friend at Wheaton and he speaks of our life there as follows:

"In the Fall of 1870, when I was a student at Wheaton College, a round-faced, boyish looking youth came to board at the same home where your humble servant was being hospitably entertained. The new student, who hailed from Burr Oak, Iowa, was George Payne Bent, son of a minister. George appeared to have means, but nevertheless he sawed wood and did other chores (for exercise, of course) while the writer, Stephen Higginson, milked cows, did stable work, fed pigs and superintended the operations of the small farm connected with the home in which we lived.

"George liked to saw wood—in imitation of Gladstone, perhaps—but whatever George did, he did with a will and a purpose.

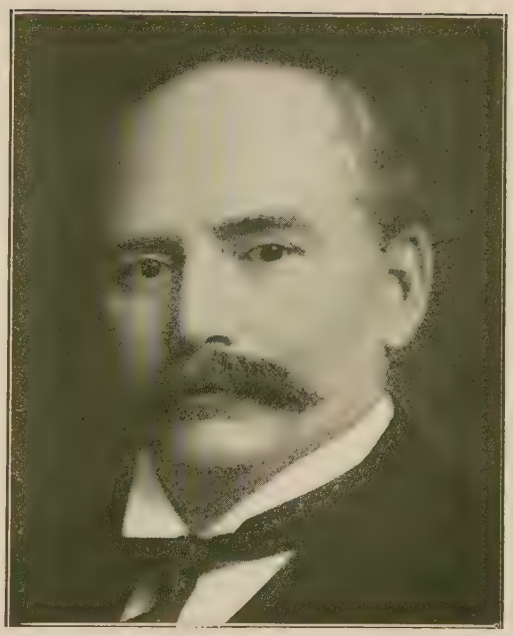
"We became intimate, George and I, and seemed to be kindred spirits—at least in regard to 'working our way'—and, as time went on, passed as 'hail fellows, well met.' It became our duty to care for a team of horses, several cows, certain swine, also care for the garden, and do innumerable errands, in all of which we endeavored to fill the bill.

"When 'killing time' came, it involved us in some trouble, for it was part of our work to murder the large, fat swine.

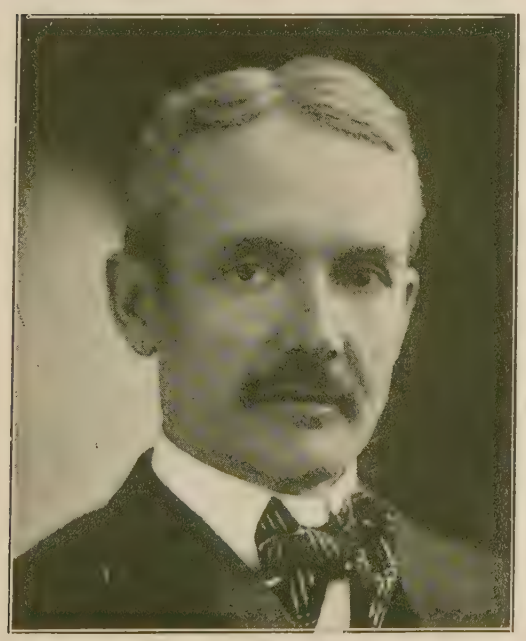
"Now George's home in Iowa was some distance from a railroad, and thereby hangs a tale. One day, I remember, we had dispatched a large pig and were wrestling with it in a barrel of scalding water, when we heard the toot of a locomotive. It was too much of a temptation for one not accustomed to the sight of a moving train of cars, with a live engine attached, and in less than no time, George left me to struggle alone with the hog and rushed forth to see the train, which was, as I have said, quite a curiosity to him at that time.

"George was an industrious student. I remember one day, when he was writing a composition—on what subject I do not recol-

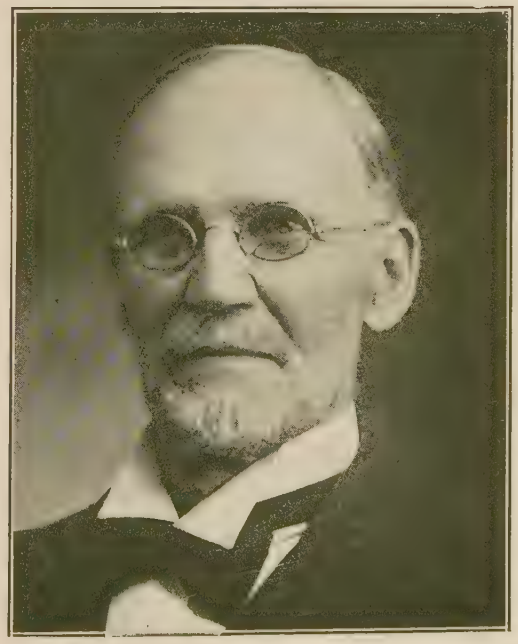
WILLIAM D. GATES



JOHN T. RICHARDS

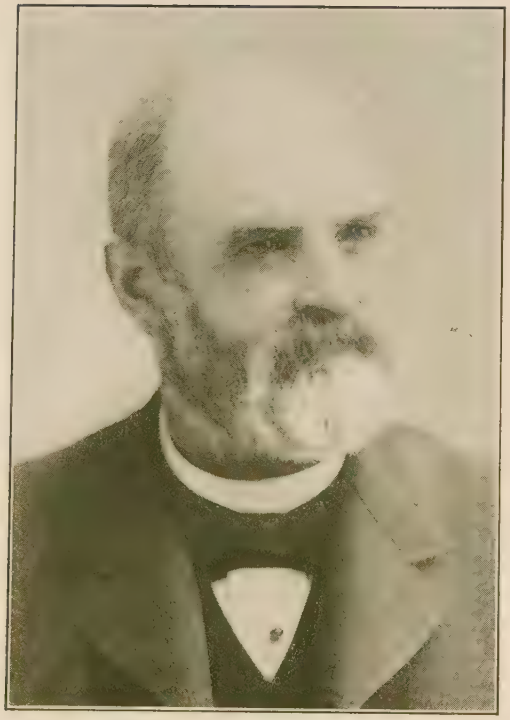


WALLACE HECKMAN

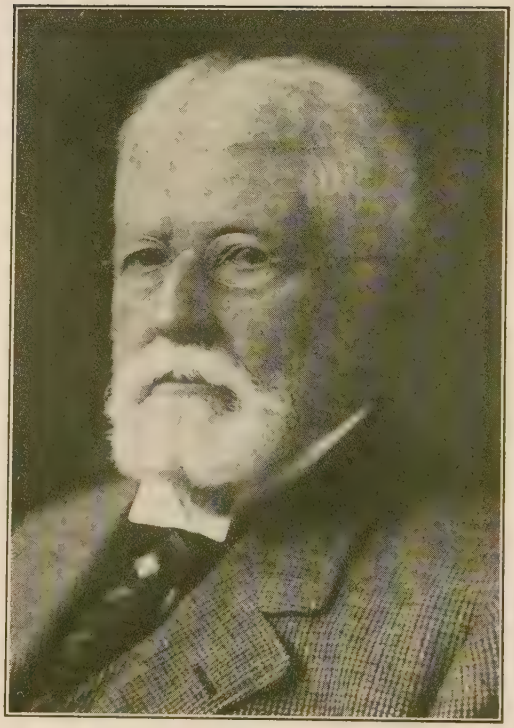


STEPHEN HIGGINSON

Schoolmates at Wheaton College (recent photos)

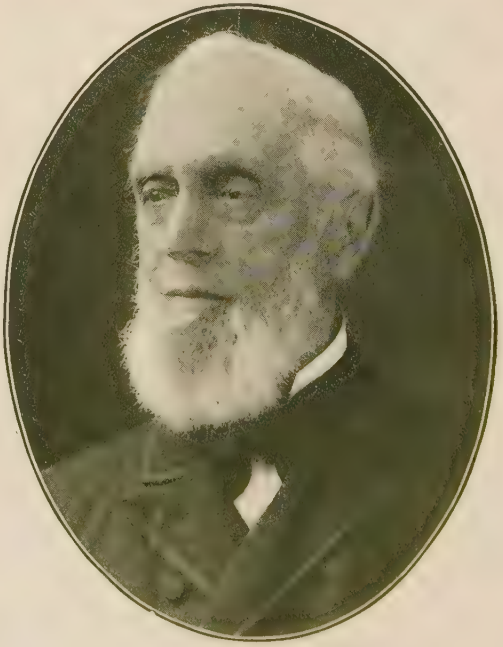


"DEACON" I. N. CAMP



Dr. JOHN E. OWENS

DAVID C. COOK



A. S. ("DEACON") UPSON

lect—but he asked me about a certain stanza in Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' which runs, I think:

> "'Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.'

"It is evident that this stanza has been an inspiration to my old chum—at least the 'sublime' part of it; but the 'footprints'—well, you may find them if you follow George around the globe."

Stephen goes on to describe most graphically my appearance at that time, stating that I "wore a little round jacket" and had "a little rosy, round face." He goes on to say that I was so small and youthful looking that, when we became better acquainted and I told him what I had done in the harvest field, he was surprised. He also speaks of how he used to help me with my Latin and Greek and states that he feels sure that this would not have been necessary had I been at Wheaton and entered these classes when he did, in 1869. However, I doubt this, for the simple reason that I never did and never shall care for Latin and Greek or any of the "dead" languages, and consider them now, as I did then, entirely unnecessary to anyone contemplating a business career.

By this time President Blanchard had discovered that I possessed some traits which he thought might make for a business career, and in the Spring of 1871—having, no doubt, despaired of making a clergyman of me—he took me to Chicago one day to meet David C. Cook, who was a brother of his son-in-law, Ezra A. Cook, a printer and publisher.

David Cook had just gone into business for himself and was in need of an errand boy, bookkeeper and boy-of-all-work. He said that I might fill the bill if I was willing to start at $6.00 per week. As I had not at that time joined the Union, I took the job and never shall I forget my first day in his employ!

I was as "green as grass"; had never been in a city before. I was sent out that first day to do some errand, and was given the street number of the place where I was to go—the number was 122. I found the street all right and found 119, 121, 123 and 125, but I could not locate 122, so I went back and reported to Mr. Cook that number 122 was missing. Of course they had a great laugh at my expense and I found then, for the first time, that numbers on the streets of a city are all odd on one side and even on the other.

Those were the days of the Franco-Prussian War. I have a very distinct memory of having, soon after I went to Chicago, sat far up in "Nigger Heaven" of the old Clark Street Theatre, and listened to some impassioned oratory on the part of Carl Schurz and others, who addressed a meeting of Frenchmen and French sympathizers. It was the first time I had ever heard the famous "Marseillaise" and I never shall forget how the bands played it and the people sang it, until it rang to the rafters and back.

Mr. Cook was then in the sewing machine supply business and one of my jobs with him was filling bottles with sewing machine oil—"The Bessie Oil" he called it—and sealing them with wax, after I had filled and corked them.

When my parents learned that I had been started upon a business career by my uncle, they were quite angry. Consequently, I was returned to Wheaton when the Fall term began, after I had worked for Mr. Cook all of that summer (1871). The following letter was written by myself during that first summer in Chicago. The reader will kindly note the high moral tone of the letter and the general loftiness with which I surveyed the world and bestowed good advice upon my small brother from the great distance and superiority of my four additional years, Charles being at that time thirteen, whereas I was no less than seventeen.

"Chicago, May 29, 1871.

"My dear brother Charles:

"Your letter came some time ago and I have been trying to answer it but until now have not had time to do so. I thank you very much for the ring. I think it is braided very nicely. How did you learn how to braid? I have tried at a great many jewelry stores to get a silver clasp but have not as yet found any. If I do not succeed in getting one, shall I get a silver

ring with the money you sent and keep the hair ring, or what would you like me to do with it? I hope you will answer as soon as you can for I like to get letters from home now that I do not have as many friends here as at Wheaton. I hope above all that you love and serve Jesus as He would have you. There are a great many boys here about your age and size who think they are very smart if they can get an old cigar stump in their mouth and then swear around the sides of it. Give my love to all and tell Arthur to write.

"GEO. P. BENT."

* * *

Wheaton is about twenty-five miles due west from Chicago, and I well remember how brilliantly lighted the heavens were by the Great Fire of Chicago, that Fall, which we could see quite plainly from Wheaton.

I pursued my studies and continued to do chores at Wheaton until the following Spring (1872). I then returned to Chicago and worked for Mr. Cook again. My parents had by this time despaired of making a clergyman of me, but thought I might at least be made into a successful teacher. Teaching was another profession that paid wonderfully well —sometimes as high as fifty dollars a month! Accordingly, in the Fall, I passed an examination at Fort Dodge, Iowa, secured a certificate and went out to interview the directors of the school my father had secured for me, at a place called Tyson's Mill (now Lehigh), some twelve or fifteen miles south of Fort Dodge. That was in the Fall of 1872. When the directors looked at my certificate, they said it was all right. When they looked at me, they said I was all wrong and would not do at all! Not only was I young, but they said I was not of great enough stature or strong enough physique to handle *that* school. One of the directors told me that they had among the "children" one big girl, who had thrown through the window the last two men teachers they had, and that they were looking for someone who could handle her. They decided that I could *not* and, therefore, I resigned on the spot and abandoned the school-teaching profession without regret.

After failing to make the grade as a teacher, I worked that winter in the store at Tyson's Mill, where my mother's brother, Charles H. Payne, was manager. I lived with my uncle's family, and, of course, had a jolly time with all of the cousins, Frank R., George H., Albert, Fred, Henry and Walter.

Frank Payne now arises to confront me with the statement that "I cut up lots of didoes that winter, for so small a chap, sliding down the hills in a dishpan, sucking eggs, etc., and was a general tease to the other boys."

In this connection, would say that it was my particular delight to tease Frank. We were about the same age, and worked together in the store. I used to "imagine" stories in which Frank was the leading figure, and would then narrate them, as having actually happened, to the members of the "Spit and Argue" Club, usually in session in that, as in all country stores.

George H. Payne, another of the cousins, was about eleven years younger than I was, and for that reason is not prominent in my memories of those days. However, of late years I have been more in touch with George than with the other boys, having been associated with him in the development of a fifteen thousand acre farm project at Albert Lea, Minnesota. His life work has been the development and sale of large tracts of farm lands, and he has made a fortune out of it.

Of the other Payne boys, Albert became a clergyman and in time a world traveler and lecturer. Henry B. is and has been for many years a prominent real estate operator in Omaha. Fred E., who afterwards worked for me in Chicago (in 1868 I believe), has since that time become a well-to-do farmer, having bought a large farm near North Platte, Nebraska. Walter is in the plumbing business, in Wisconsin, and Frank is engaged in the printing business with his son at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

I spent the summer of 1873 in a house-to-house canvass of the state of Iowa, selling scissors sharpeners. Sometimes I met with a kindly greeting, but more often rebuff and insult, which I learned to stand. It takes adversity and struggle to make one strong. I was never kicked down the steps, but on sev-

eral occasions I came very near having that treatment accorded me, on account of my persistency in trying to sell the thing I thought every housewife ought to have.

In the Fall of 1873 I entered Grinnell College, at Grinnell, Iowa, for what was to be my last year of schooling. I was, for one thing, thoroughly disgusted and "fed up" with being made to spend two-thirds of my time on Latin and Greek, for which I had no aptitude and which I considered quite unnecessary in my case, since I knew by that time I should never become a clergyman, lawyer, doctor or other professional man. A business man has no need of "dead languages," I say, but should instead study French, German or Spanish.

Too, I was then nineteen—almost twenty years of age. I felt that I was now a man and had no more time for schools.

In March, 1873, I had revisited Burr Oak and especially my schoolmate, Clara Ames Wingate. The longer and better I knew her, the more I loved her, and I decided that she should be my wife if I could win her. Naturally, therefore, I was more interested in getting together enough money on which to get married, than I was in more schooling.

I again worked for Mr. Cook in 1874, and this time I stayed with him. Correspondence with Miss Wingate had followed my visit to Burr Oak, and in 1875 we became engaged. I visited her again that summer.

I well remember how, when and where I asked Henry Wingate for his daughter, Clara. It was in the summer of 1875, and I had made the trip to Burr Oak from Chicago especially to see Miss Wingate. Her father chanced to be taking a load of grain for flour and feed to Bluffton Mill, and, embracing the opportunity of an uninterrupted talk, I rode over with him. Sitting on a sack of wheat in the rear of the wagon, I mustered up enough courage to tell him what he of course knew, that I wished to marry his daughter. He advanced several arguments against our marriage. In the first place, we were too young (Clara was seventeen and I was twenty), and, moreover, he expressed the fear that I was not then and would not soon be making enough to take care of his daughter. Finally, however, he gave his consent.

Dallas Taylor has this to say of the Wingate family:

"Theirs was a favorite home to visit, perhaps because of the attraction of three most charming schoolmates. For a royal good time, the slogan was, 'Go to Wingate's.' "

Dallas then goes on to tell of a certain afternoon musicale there, in the summer of 1871, the girls—Clara, Elsie and Julia—being hostesses, while Miss Marlow and the Starr girls, with numerous others, were present.

Byron Blackmarr tells of having visited me in Chicago, one St. Patrick's Day, March 17, at my office on Jackson Street, west of State Street, accompanied by Charlie Miller, brother of Philip Miller.

"You were on the second floor," Byron says, "and I think Montgomery, Ward & Co. were in one room and you in the adjoining room. You were just starting the Crown Machine then."

Stephen Higginson also tells of having visited me in Chicago and says that I was "located in a business room about twice by two in size, shipping goods by mail."

During most of my first years in Chicago, I had boarded with the family of Jeremiah Courtright, at what was then No. 12 North Sangamon Street (just north of Randolph Street and one block north of the factory which I later built and occupied). A very real friendship existed between us. During the winter of 1875-76 I had a serious illness, when my life was despaired of, and I have always felt that my recovery was due largely to the devoted care given to me at that time by these good friends, and to the skill and care of Dr. John E. Owens.

After my first few years with Mr. Cook, he gave me his power of attorney, and I took over almost the entire management of his sewing machine supply business, as well as of his financial matters. This experience and responsibility proved to be of great benefit to me, as it gave me confidence and courage. Occasionally, at my request, my salary had been increased, and at the time of my marriage I was receiving $1200 a year.

On April 26, 1876, Clara Ames Wingate and I were married at her father's home in Burr Oak. Ida Starr (now Mrs. Willis) was one bridesmaid and Ellen Barton (now Mrs. Montague) the other, while E. E. Manville and Myron W. Harden were my groomsmen. Asa Willsie was to have served, but being prevented by the sudden illness of his father, Myron Harden stepped into the breach. Rev. H. H. Hammond performed the ceremony.

I was then not quite twenty-two, while the new Mrs. George P. Bent was not yet nineteen. We boarded with the Courtrights in Chicago for several months. There were two daughters in the family, Miriam and Emily. Later they both worked in my office, Miriam in the late seventies and Emily in the early eighties. Miriam married E. W. Miller-Mills, a writer prominently connected with the *Chicago Daily News* and other newspapers, and Emily married H. B. Morgan, who for some years traveled for me out of the Kansas City Branch.

Our first housekeeping was done in a small apartment in the building at the southeast corner of Wabash Avenue and Harrison Street —then a select location. Our landlord was B. P. Hutchinson, better known as "Old Hutch," a Board of Trade millionaire. In this apartment, on March 10, 1877, our first child, Clara Wingate Bent ("Winnie") was born. Later we occupied an apartment on the Dearborn Street side of the Economy Block, now the site of "The Fair."

In connection with our early housekeeping adventures, it might be interesting to those of today who have the renting proposition to contend with, to note that we paid for these apartments, consisting in each case of four rooms, the large sum of twenty-five dollars per month. Mrs. Bent required all of an additional twenty-five dollars for her housekeeping expenses—that is to say, meat, groceries, everything in fact but milk and cream. In those days we got *seventeen quarts* of milk for *one* dollar.

On May 15, 1878, I bought Mr. Cook's sewing machine supply business, and my name went over the door. This business, of course, was bought on credit. Soon I was urged by Mr. A. S. Upson, of Waterbury, Conn., to take over the bankrupt business of F. M. Van Etten & Bro., of whom he was chief creditor. I finally bought this business from Mr. Upson on the installment plan, paying for it at the rate of $100.00 per month, at six per cent interest.

On October 11, 1878, our second child, George Henry Bent, was born. Thus, at the end of the year 1878, at the age of twenty-four, I had a wife and two babies, a business with a cash capital of about $2,500—my total savings for the ten years I had been working "for pay,"—and obligations of more than $25,000, ten times the amount of my capital.

My business was located at what was then Nos. 81-83 Jackson Street (present site of the Great Northern Hotel). At first I dealt solely in sewing machines and their supplies, but before long I began to sell pianos and organs, though at that time I did not make them.

It was in 1878, if I remember aright, that the Singer Company decided to "squelch" my use of the term "Singer" in describing the sewing machine I made. They brought suit and with what small funds I had, I fought them through all the lower courts and twice in the United States Supreme Court in Washington. In every court my contention that the name "Singer" had become generic and descriptive, and that I had a perfect right to use it, was upheld. Other manufacturers who were attacked when I was, gave up the fight, but I continued the struggle against my powerful and wealthy opponents and after some twenty-five or thirty years, the "Jarndyce and Jarndyce" suit was stricken from the records, and the writer remained "unsquelched." Wallace Heckman, who was my chief counsel in the matter, says: "The Singer case established a new proposition of law, imported from the French civil law, which prevails in Louisiana, by Mr. Justice White, known now as 'unfair competition.' It has been quite a distinctly defined doctrine from that day to this. In effect, it practically lengthened the life of patents in many cases." But to resume:

Shortly after I was married, I was a member of an organization composed of Chicago dealers in sewing machine supplies. We used to meet each Saturday afternoon in the office of *The Sewing Machine Advance* to promote our mutual interests. Walter Scates, son of Judge Scates, Chicago, was editor of the *Advance,* and one Saturday afternoon when we finished our business meeting early, Mr. Scates suggested that we might play cards. Mr. Scates was a seasoned card player and a born gambler. We used to attend ball games together, and he was always anxious to bet on anything and everything.

I told him that I knew no card games but "Casino," "Euchre," and "High, Low, Jack." Scates said that those games were tame—the only *real* card game was Poker. I knew nothing about Poker, but they said they would teach me, so he and Will Foley, Tom Martin and Joe Powell and myself began to play the game. I liked it and, in fact, used to look forward to these Saturday afternoon meetings more for the poker games we had than for the business transacted. One afternoon Tom Martin brought in a new man, a salesman of his who, as it afterwards developed, was a card sharp. He could manipulate the cards and deal hands to suit himself. On this afternoon we played several hands around and then it came the salesman's time to deal. He dealt out four hands to Scates, myself, Joe Powell and Will Foley—which I remember as though it were yesterday. He gave Scates four Queens, I had four Eights, Foley had Aces on Deuces (a "Full House"), and Powell had four Kings. There was an understanding between Powell and Martin, with the salesman, who was dealing, that Martin and the salesman were to drop out, Powell was to win the "pot" and divide it between them. But of course we knew nothing of this at the time and the betting went around several times, with a 25c limit. At length, Foley, an old hand at Poker (as were indeed all of them but myself), became suspicious and dropped out with his "Full House." Powell, Scates and I continued to bet until Scates started pleading with Powell to stop raising me and making me, the novice, stay in the game. Scates said he did not care for himself, as he knew he had the winning hand, but hated to see Powell keep on raising me when I was green. I told Scates that while I was green, I thought I knew enough of the game to stick with the hand I had and that I would back such a hand to the end.

Someone at last "called," and our hands were exposed—mine four eights; Scates' four Queens; and Powell's four Kings. Scates, out of his experience, knew at once that the hands had been "fixed." He threw his cards on the table, grabbed his hat and after "cussing out" the dealer, left his own office and all of us in it. He went out and investigated, and found where the salesman had bought the cards, which were marked.

This ended my poker playing. I thought if this sort of thing could happen in a game between friends, there were entirely too great possibilities in it if I should ever play with strangers. I have not played Poker for money since, although I frequently do gamble on other games, in a small way, *with friends.* In the game in question, the pot was large, but it taught me a lesson to lose so much, and I am glad that it happened early in life.

For ten long years it was a day-to-day struggle with me to avoid failure. It was only hard work—from twelve to fifteen hours every day—during that period, which enabled me to pull through. I must say that had I belonged to any Union at that time, I would have been utterly worthless to them as an example of how to acquire the greatest possible amount of money with the least possible amount of labor. However, I had at least found time to obtain my full growth.

In 1879, William Henry Matchett became associated with me in business, and from then until the present writing, he has been to me a most faithful and true friend and business associate.

In 1880, I began the manufacture of "Crown" organs. In 1880 also, I opened up a branch house in Kansas City, the details of which are given in another chapter. My brother, Charles, entered my employ that same year, and was with me until his death, in 1912.

While still in Mr. Cook's employ, in charge of the financial end of his business, I became an adept at "kiting" and knew how to "swap checks and notes," as did the other members of the "Kiting Syndicate" to which I belonged. The end came, for me, on July 4, 1884, when, after one of the rows of bricks had tumbled, the balance of us quivered and almost fell! On that July 4th I called my creditors together, asked for and obtained an extension, and then and there pulled down my "kite" which has never gone up since. I chose July 4th because it was a holiday and I knew if I obtained an extension, business could go on next day as if nothing had happened. Neither my bank nor the commercial agencies knew about this meeting, in fact, no one but my creditors knew anything about it until years later, in 1909, when I told of it at a dinner given to friends.

William Henry Matchett, Jesse B. Blank and A. S. Upson had loaned me money out of their savings. Chas. F. Grey, President of the Hide and Leather Bank, had never failed to loan me money in an emergency. I went into this meeting of creditors resolved to protect these four friends, no matter what happened. However, I was granted the desired extension, and, in the end, each of my creditors became firm friends and rendered all possible assistance in the struggle that ensued. Eventually all were paid.

Going into details regarding some of our early struggles and factory experiences and changes, George W. Woodruff, who was in my employ from 1886 until my business was sold and my affairs wound up reminisces as follows:

"In May, 1886, after correspondence with Mr. Bent, I was interviewed by one of his representatives, who pumped me until the pump handle broke, then said: 'Take the fastest train you can get to Chicago—Mr. Bent wants you. You will find him a good man to tie to. He sees quicker and further than anyone I ever knew and when he goes to it he always lands on his feet,' adding, 'How the hell he does it, I don't know.'

"Before I had been long with Mr. Bent, I saw how he always 'got there,' in what he undertook, and later I found the 'Hell' part.

"I found the factory—he had taken 'the room at the top'—and started the making of organs there. Burned out and started again in Springer's building, with Springer as a sort of 'seven year itch.' It necessitated a lot of 'scratching' to get what the lease called for. Fortunately the 'itch' did not last but two years, when, Glory be! Mr. Bent took an entire six-story building on South Canal Street, and for the third time in three years, I fitted up a factory. It was getting to be a habit, but this time was the last for me. We were practically under our own vine and fig tree, and stayed.

"Starting with a floor space of about 4,000 sq. ft., we had acquired a six-story organ factory, ditto piano and three-story case factory, in all nearly 100,000 sq. ft."

Mr. Woodruff was, until 1895, my organ department superintendent. After a serious accident—he fell down an elevator shaft from the sixth floor to the basement—he was transferred to the main office and speaks of his work there as follows:

"I was placed under the jurisdiction of one of the finest men I ever knew, Mr. Charles Bent. A man who never lost his balance and never was unjust."

Mr. Woodruff was with us until 1918, when he retired.

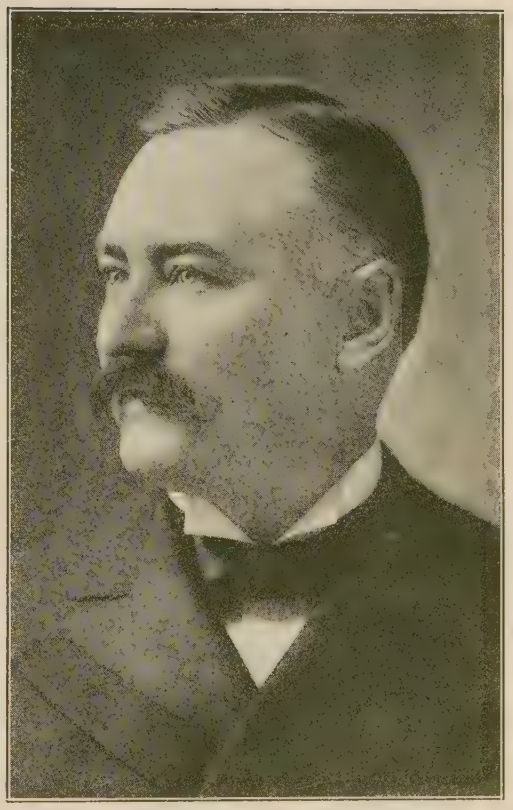
On May 23, 1884, our second daughter, Charity Mary Bent, was born. We were then living on Stewart Avenue, two blocks north of the Cook County Normal School. About this time, with the assistance of Wm. Henry Matchett, I purchased a building lot at 6948 Wentworth Avenue, next door to Mr. Matchett, where we built a home which we occupied until 1900.

I began the manufacture of pianos in 1889.

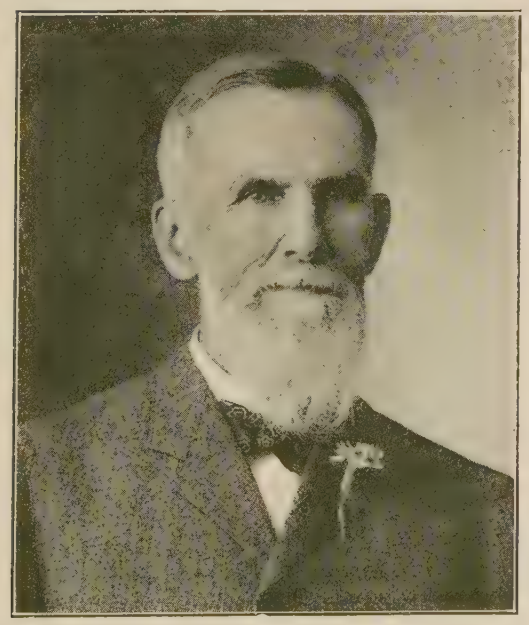
In 1890, our third daughter, Muriel Bent, was born on August 18th. She was named for that beautiful character, the blind girl in "John Halifax, Gentleman," which we were reading at the time. Early in 1891, I made the first of many visits to California.

In 1893, our fourth daughter, Dorothy Amelia Bent, was born, on April 5th.

GEO. P. BENT AT 35 OR 40



GEO. T. ROBIE
A business associate and lifelong friend

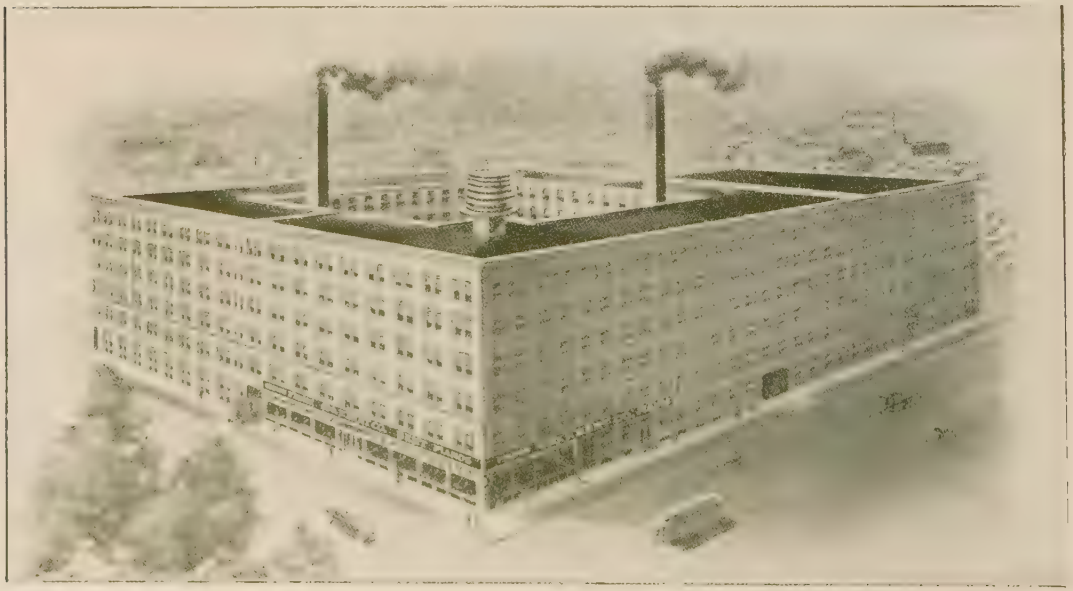


AUGUSTUS NEWELL
Maker of piano and organ supplies, one of my first and best friends; a man who gave me credit for thousands, when I hadn't a dollar

JUDGE ORRIN N. CARTER
Classmate at Wheaton College

BENT TRAVELERS

E. E. Haldemann, Fred A. Nichols, Frank H. Roy, Chas. T. Phelan, S. H. Carrington, Geo. H. Beverly



Bent Block, corner Sangamon & Washington. Built 1894, occupied 1895

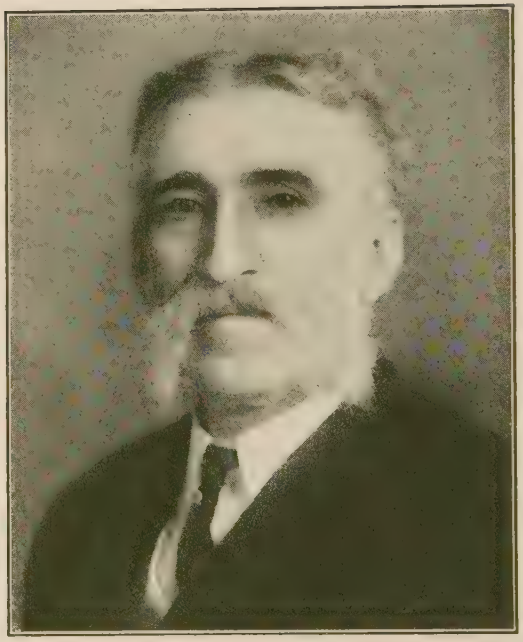
WILLIAM HENRY MATCHETT
My General Superintendent and Buyer

GEORGE W. WOODRUFF
Superintendent, Organ Department

ALEXANDER GALLIETCH
Chief Engineer at the Bent Factory for many years

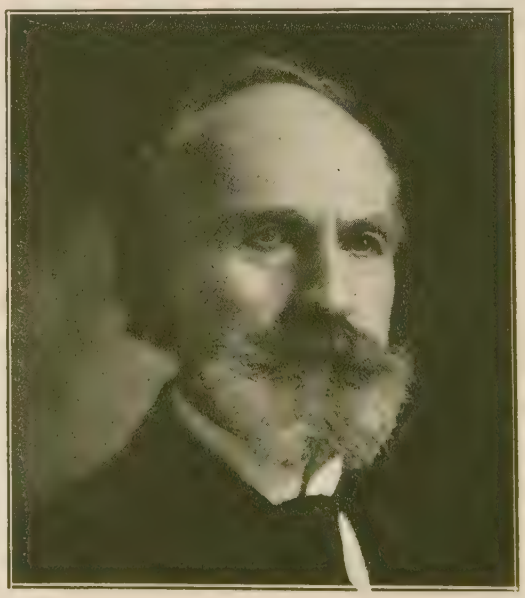
FRANK J. WEISER
For years Superintendent of my Piano Department

GEO. D. TURNER
Who made my sewing machine stands and piano plates



MARTIN H. McCHESNEY
Who wrote the music and words which made the orchestral attachment, of which he was co-inventor, famous

JOSEPH G. KUNZE, Sr.
Piano Superintendent, preceding Mr. Weiser, and co-inventor with Mr. McChesney and myself, of the orchestral attachment



OTTO PAUL
My interpreter and translator for many years

OFFICE SCENE AT FACTORY ON CANAL ST.
(Taken in the early 90's)
Miss "Curley" Kennedy, Miss Maggie O'Brien, Miss Nano McGraw,
Charles A. Bent, George P. Bent, Miss Fannie O'Neill

MISS BLANCHE STUART-BLACK

MISS MARY W. JAMES

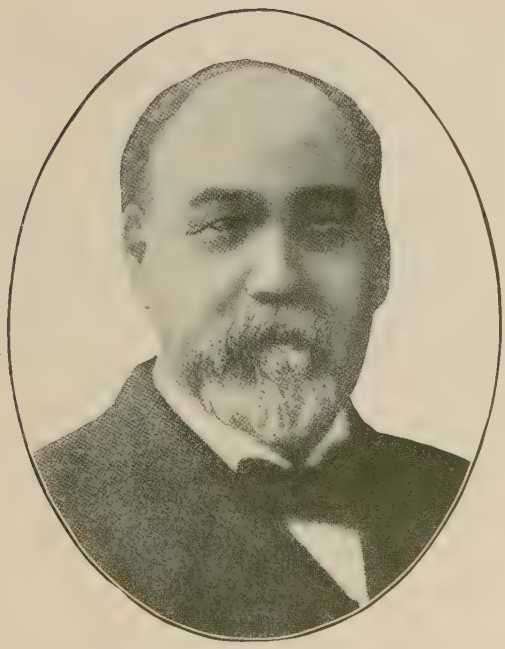
Miss Black and Miss James were loyal and true employees for more years than I had better mention. Both the Black and James families now live in Los Angeles

CROWN BUILDING

My retail store at 214-216 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

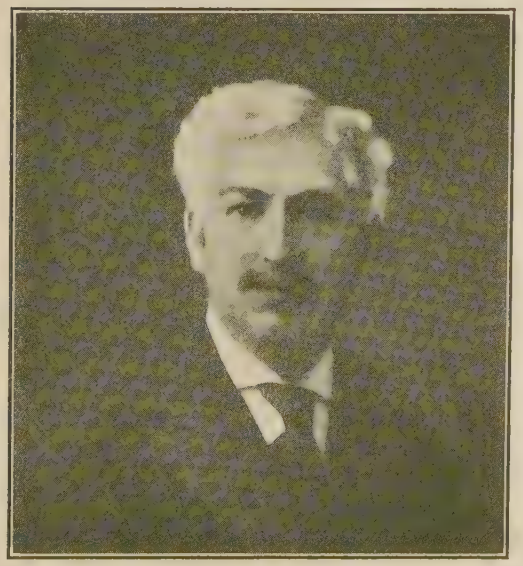
OFFICE SCENE ABOUT 1893

Messrs. Shepherd, Woodruff, Huyck, Matchett & Bent



HENRY F. MILLER (1897-1899)
I courted my wife over a Miller piano.

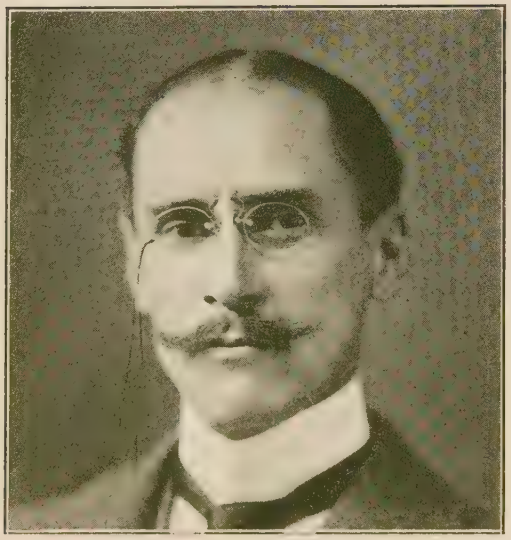
A. H. FISCHER (1899-1900)



HANDEL POND (1900-1901)
From a portrait painted by his son, Dana Pond.

COL. E. S. CONWAY (1901-1902)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION



WM. DALLIBA DUTTON (1902-1903)

CHARLES H. PARSONS (1903-1904)

"GEE PEE BEE" (1904-1905)

H. PAUL MEHLIN (1905-1906)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

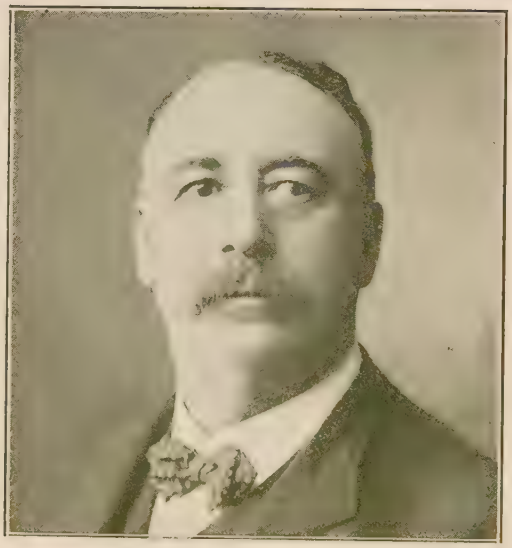
DAWSON J. BLACKMORE (1906-1907)

COL. EDWARD S. PAYSON (1907-1908)

FRANK A. LEE (1908-1909)

FRANK C. DECKER (1909-1910)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION



MAJOR JONAS M. CLELAND (1910-1911)

J. HARRY ESTEY (1911-1912)

ALBERT S. BOND (1912-1913)

R. W. LAWRENCE (1913-1914)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

F. W. TEEPLE (1914-1915)

BEN H. JANSSEN (1915-1916)

E. B. BARTLETT (1916-1917)

J. A. COFFIN (1917-1918)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

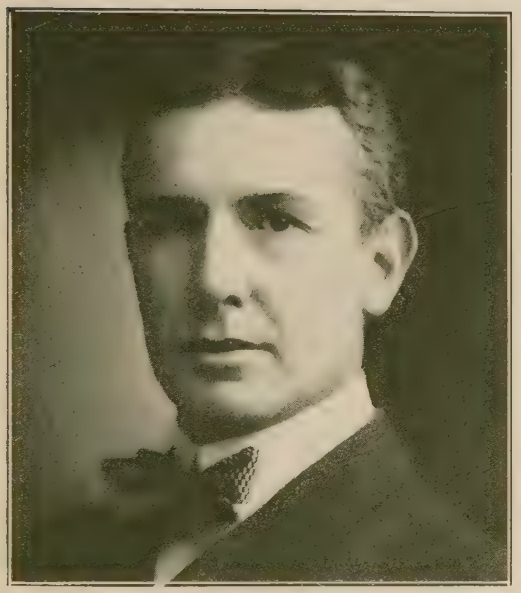
PAUL B. KLUGH (1918-1919)

KIRKLAND GIBSON (1919-1920)

OTTO SCHULZ (1920-1921)

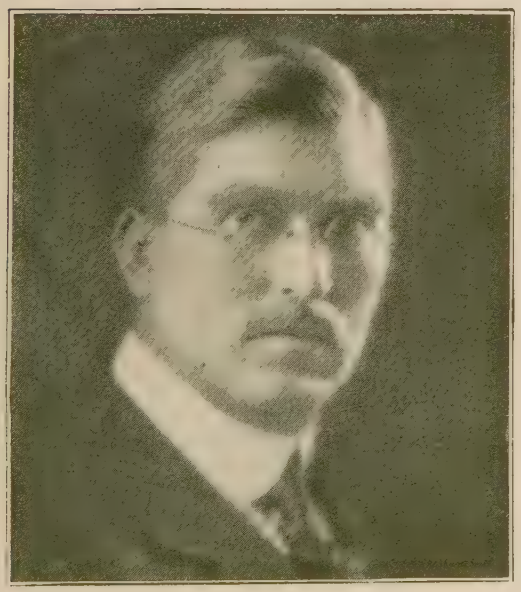
CARL C. CONWAY (1921-1922)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION



C. C. CHICKERING (1922-1923)

MARK P. CAMPBELL (1923-1924)



E. R. JACOBSON (1924-1925)

CHARLES JACOB
Treasurer National Piano Manufacturers' Association.
Very prominent New York Piano Manufacturer,
and one of the "angels" of the Trade

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

J. C. AIMIE (1905-1906)

H. O. FOX (1906-1907)

MAJOR W. N. RICH (1907-1908)

O. W. WILLIAMS (1908-1909)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO TRAVELERS' ASSOCIATION

WALTER E. HALL (1909-1910)

A. DALRYMPLE (1910-1911)

F. M. HOOD (1911-1912)

WM. M. PLAISTED (1912-1913)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO TRAVELERS ASSOCIATION

W. B. WILLIAMS (1913-1914)

FRANK E. EDGAR (1914-1915)

DANIEL E. FABYAN (1915-1916)

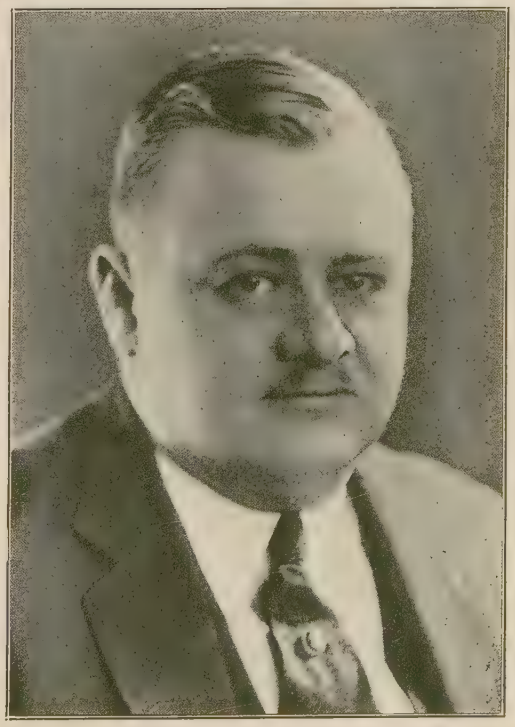
WILLIAM J. KEELEY (1916-1917)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO TRAVELERS ASSOCIATION

JOHN A. KRUMME (1917-1918)

C. T. PURDY (1918-1919)

A. H. MAHAN (1919-1920)



ALEX. S. SHONINGER (1920-1921)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO TRAVELERS ASSOCIATION

GEO. W. ALLEN (1921-1922)

GEO. H. BLISS (1922-1923)

W. C. HEATON (1923-1924)

CHAS. J. CUNNINGHAM (1924-1925)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL PIANO TRAVELERS ASSOCIATION

CHANDLER W. SMITH
(1901-1902)

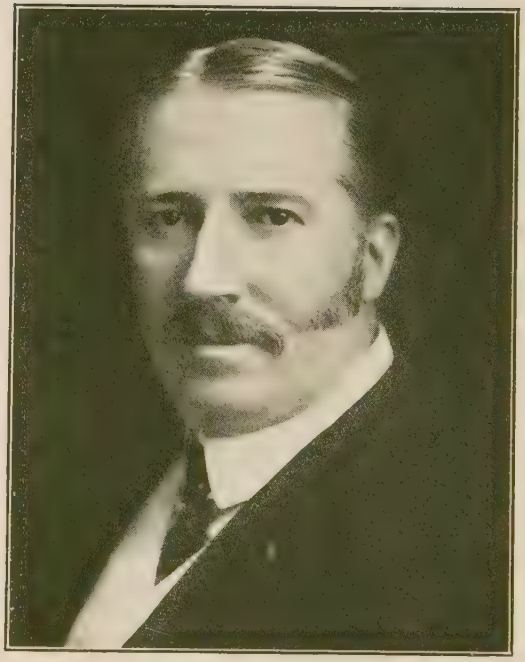
COL. F. B. T. HOLLENBERG (1902-1903)
Composer of Hollenberg's Sausages

HENRY DREHER (1903-1904)

JAS. C. MILLER (1904-1905)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MUSIC MERCHANTS

PHILIP H. WERLEIN (1905-1906)



J. P. BYRNE (1906-1907)

R. B. CREW (1907-1908)

C. A. GRINNELL (1908-1909)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MUSIC MERCHANTS

E. H. ("Eddie") DROOP (1910-1911)

LEW H. CLEMENT (1910-1911)

ROBERT OWEN FOSTER (1911-1912)

W. H. DANIELS (1912-1913)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MUSIC MERCHANTS

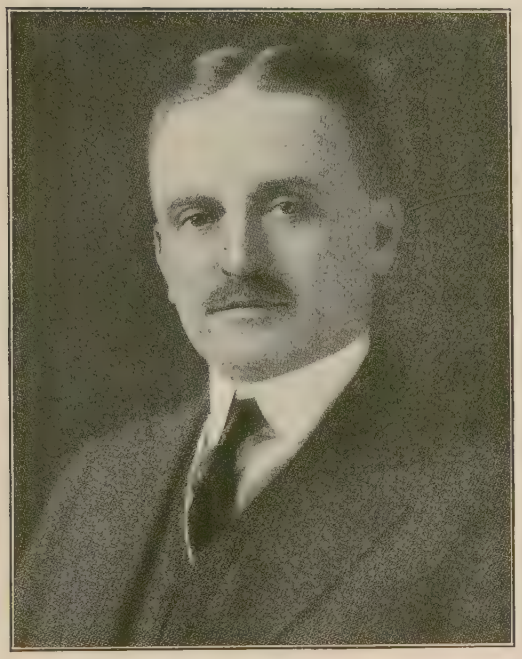
O. A. FIELD (1913-1914)

PHILIP T. CLAY (1914-1915)

J. G. CORLEY (1915-1916)

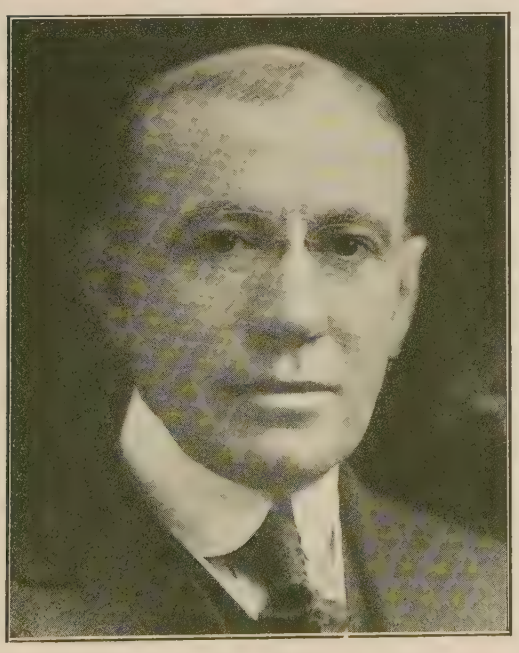
JOHN A. TURNER (1916-1917)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MUSIC MERCHANTS



EDMUND GRAM (1917-1918)

DAN NOLAN (1918-1919)



P. F. CONROY (1919-1920)

PAUL J. HAMILTON (1920-1921)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL MUSIC MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION

M. V. DEFOREEST (1921-1922)

J. EDWIN BUTLER (1922-1923)

ROBT. N. WATKINS (1923-1924)

GEO. R. HUGHES (1924-1925)
(Mr. Hughes died shortly after taking office)

PRESIDENTS, NATIONAL MUSIC MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION

Chapter Sixteen

OLD PIANO FRIENDS AND STORIES

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, BUT MEN ARE MEN

Business is business, but men are men,
  Working and loving and dreaming;
Toiling with hammer, or brush, or pen,
  Roistering, planning and scheming.

Business is business, but he's a fool
  Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the golden rule,
  His love for a friend or brother.

Business is business, but life is life,
  Though we're all in the game to win it,
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife,
  And try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades now and then
  And slip from our golden tether;
Business is business, but men are men,
  And we're all good pals together.

—*Berton Braley.*

I HAD planned, as a special pleasure to myself to devote a department of this, "my book," to the presidents of the various National Piano Associations. I had planned to sum up my pleasant recollections of them all, for I am proud to say that all of them, without any exceptions, were my personal friends, for whom I have, and always have had, the warmest regard. However, this book has grown so since I began it, that if I do not cut out some of the things that I would like to say I shall have to make two volumes of it, which I do not wish to do.

I desire to put into words my belief that the various piano associations have been of the greatest benefit to the trade. I was a charter member—the only member from Chicago or the West—at the formation of the National Association of Piano Manufacturers. I was the first treasurer of that body and afterwards its president. I have always been a believer in team work; of the "get together and stick together" idea, and the belief that competitors in any trade ought to know each other and be friends. The officers of any association have arduous and usually thankless work to do. There are always those who are willing to "let George do it" and then criticize and find fault with what George does. I think that every one of the officers of the Music Trades Associations did most conscientious and arduous work, and certainly ought to have thanks rather than criticism. I do not believe there is a trade in the country or a profession containing higher-class men than the music trade, and the officers who have been annually chosen for the different associations have been representative men of the various bodies.

I wish I had time and space in which to put my thoughts and remembrances of each of the presidents and other officers of the various associations, whom I have known so long and well. I am trying to show the features in this book of all of the presidents. I have had some difficulty in getting them all, but I think I have succeeded in my effort. I am giving a list of officers of the manufacturers, merchants and travelers associations, from the beginning up to date. The Chicago Manufacturers' Association was formed after I retired. The Chamber of Commerce was formed about the time I retired, and I did not become a member of it. I am a member of the Music Trades Association of Southern California, and may again become interested in the manufacture of pianos, players and phonographs here in Los Angeles. The matter is undecided as I write.

PRESIDENTS OF THE THREE NATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS

National Piano Manufacturers

Henry F. Miller	1897-1899
A. H. Fischer	1899-1900
Handel Pond	1900-1901
E. S. Conway	1901-1902
Wm. Dalliba Dutton	1902-1903
Chas. H. Parsons	1903-1904

Geo. P. Bent	1904-1905
H. Paul Mehlin	1905-1906
Dawson J. Blackmore	1906-1907
Edward S. Payson	1907-1908
Frank A. Lee	1908-1909
Frank C. Decker	1909-1910
Jonas M. Cleland	1910-1911
J. Harry Estey	1911-1912
Albert S. Bond	1912-1913
R. W. Lawrence	1913-1914
Frank W. Teeple	1914-1915
Ben H. Janssen	1915-1916
E. B. Bartlett	1916-1917
J. A. Coffin	1917-1918
Paul B. Klugh	1918-1919
Kirkland Gibson	1919-1920
Otto Schulz	1920-1921
C. C. Conway	1921-1922
C. C. Chickering	1922-1923
Mark P. Campbell	1923-1924
E. R. Jacobson	1924-1925

National Piano Travelers

J. C. Aimie	1905-1906
H. O. Fox	1906-1907
W. S. Rich	1907-1908
O. W. Williams	1908-1909
W. E. Hall	1909-1910
A. Dalrymple	1910-1911
F. M. Hood	1911-1912
Wm. Plaisted	1912-1913
W. B. Williams	1913-1914
F. E. Edgar	1914-1915
D. E. Fabyan	1915-1916
Wm. J. Keeley	1916-1917
Jno. A. Krumme	1917-1918
C. T. Purdy	1918-1919
A. H. Mahan	1919-1920
Alex. S. Shoninger	1920-1921
Geo. W. Allen	1921-1922
Geo. H. Bliss	1922-1923
William C. Heaton	1923-1924
Chas. J. Cunningham	1924-1925

National Piano Merchants

Chandler W. Smith	1901-1902
F. B. T. Hollenberg	1902-1903
Henry Dreher	1903-1904
J. C. Miller	1904-1905
Philip Werlein	1905-1906
John P. Byrne	1906-1907
R. B. Crew	1907-1908
C. A. Grinnell	1908-1909
E. H. Droop	1909-1910
Lew H. Clement	1910-1911
R. O. Foster	1911-1912
W. H. Daniels	1912-1913
O. A. Field	1913-1914
Philip T. Clay	1914-1915
J. G. Corley	1915-1916
John A. Turner	1916-1917
Edmund Gram	1917-1918
Dan Nolan	1918-1919
P. E. Conroy	1919-1920
Paul J. Hamilton	1920-1921
M. V. DeForeest	1921-1922
J. Edwin Butler	1922-1923
Robert N. Watkin	1923-1924
Geo. R. Hughes (Deceased)	1924-1925
Wm. C. Hamilton, V. P., served	1924-1925

I would like to mention each and every one of the good customers and friends whose faces come before me as I am writing, but of course it is utterly impossible to do so. Yet it seems to me that there *should* be room in my book for them all, just as there is and always will be room in my heart for each and every one of them.

B. O. Marsh, of Decorah, mentioned in a recent letter that he had just concluded his thirtieth year in the Music business, and said that he well remembered the day, twenty-five years ago, when the first Crown piano came into the Marsh Music House (without being ordered). He says that I then called on him and told him confidentially that I wanted the Crown Piano represented in my "old home town" and had picked on him to do it.

"I have never regretted it." he says. "As you know, we have sold many Crown pianos and our customers were always satisfied. But the greatest disappointment of my business life was when you stopped making the Crown piano."

Mr. Marsh sold hundreds of Bent pianos and organs at Decorah and Harmony, Minnesota. Mrs. Marsh is a very fine pianist and usually plays for me when I am in Decorah.

C. F. Shepherd, who was my first Pacific Crown and Concord agent, tells of how he and his son, Earl T. Shepherd, tried to stir

up a little interest in the Concords by putting up large signs which read: "CONCORD PIANOS BEST BY TEST." One day they passed a sign and noted that some itinerant preacher had appropriated the sign and chalked in huge letters beneath the Concord ad, "You are saved by God." But Mr. Shepherd goes on to say that some good angel or friend had come to the rescue and scratched out the necessary words to make the sign read:

"CONCORD PIANOS BEST BY TEST
BY GOD.
For sale by C. F. Shepherd"

I absolutely refuse to say anything nice about Colonel Edward S. Payson! I will talk about him, because one could not well write about the music trade or pianos and leave Mr. Payson out. In the first place, I have begged and entreated him to "talk about himself" in my book, knowing how well he *could* do it, but he won't. I think the truth of the matter is that he is planning to write a book himself, and wants to save the endless fund of interesting accounts of matters and experiences of his eventful life, in order that he may dazzle the world with his own autobiography, as soon as it has recovered from the shock of reading mine.

Then again, Colonel Payson, although he claims to be a little older than I am, has stayed in harness longer and his chirography is still so firm and so smooth and so ornamental that it is a source of constant admiration and envy to me, and, I doubt not, to others, who are mere lads compared with Colonel Payson.

I have another grievance in that I was obliged to miss being present at the recent dinner given to Mr. Payson on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the Music Trades. Judging from experience I know "a large time was had by all" although the Colonel has remarked that he thinks the boys merely wanted to have some fun, and picked on him as an excuse.

Colonel (or it is perhaps "General" by now) William Lincoln Bush, of Dallas, Texas, an old time piano manufacturing friend, is a man who does not seem inclined to treat my book with the respect it doubtless does *not* deserve. He suggests, for instance, that I make a serial of it and let it be paid for on the installment plan, which would seem more natural among piano men.

Then he goes on to speak of how he and I first discussed piano making in Chicago, just after he and John Gerts, 'way back in 1885, began to manufacture pianos in Chicago, as pioneers.

"At that time," Bush says, "we were selling some McPhail pianos, but you were pretty sure that a piano to be sold in the Western market would have to bear a New York, Boston, Philadelphia or some other Eastern label. How times have changed since then! We little dreamed then that Chicago would be manufacturing about half the output of the entire country!

"Do you remember when you prepared to enter the manufacturing field," Colonel Bush goes on, "and how we discussed the pros and cons of labor, material and many details of manufacture, and how I tried my best to convince you that the manufacturer always got the worst of it. It took a very short time to develop troubles and strikes and labor wars, of which we both got a full taste. The old Bush & Gerts Factory was unionized, but you said you would see them all in Hades before you did it, and today, we can both look back and see where we were either wrong or right, after you profited by experience and disposed of your factory, and we profited by experience and disposed of the union.

"And do you remember how Platt Gibbs *always* came to us first, because we were right down at the beginning of the alphabet, Bent-Bush or Bush-Bent, for all of his solicitations, whether it was for a picnic or a funeral or to subscribe for part of the necessary funds to dispatch a Platt Gibbs special upholstered train of pullmans to a convention? When Platt starts his last excursion, I will bet you, he will be after you and me first to join the merry throng, just as in the days of old.

"Do you remember the time we were going East and Platt was in full charge of the delegation, each member of which desired to honor him with some token of appreciation or recognition of his services. He had been given watch, shoes, plug hat, diamonds, everything—

and we hated to give him flowers for fear he might misunderstand it, so we made it a purse in desperation and the delicate presentation of such a practical, not to say brutal gift, was a problem. Finally I was elected goat and butted into the smoker. I started into a flowery oration and deluged him with such a pre-mortal eulogy that dear old Platt came over and deluged me with tears and I slipped the big fat wad into his coat pocket without ever making mention of it in my remarks. Of course, when he discovered it, he thought he had robbed somebody in his sleep, but not being able to remember who the fellow was, he drank copiously to the good health of his unknown benefactor.

"And, of course, you remember the expense bill you must have had following that tour of Buffalo and Niagara Falls. I recall it was the George P. Bent Excursion by Auto to Niagara, at that time the home of the original grafters. Many of us have since wondered how much you had left to your credit at the bank after you defrayed the expenses and contributed the usual rake-off to the grafters, but whatever it cost, we all knew that it was 'A Cent Sent Bent' and *that* always came back with an interest coupon attached, for you had a reputation in those days as an advertiser that has never been wrested from you by any subsequent ambitious successor."

Apropos of "Colonel" Bush, I asked him how he got the title, and, in explanation, he states that he manufactured aeroplane parts for the government all during the war, and received a Service Badge, after which his Texas friends added the said title. "You know, here in the South," he adds, "when a man gets beyond fifty the bootblacks call him 'Jedge,' his friends slap him on the back and call him 'Colonel,' and his stenographers call him 'Daddy,' so whether it is congratulations or commiserations, I try to bear the honors as gently as possible."

Speaking of Platt P. Gibbs, all old-timers in the Music trade will remember what good company "Plattie" was and the amusing "stunts" he used to pull. He had a playful little habit of writing letters to friends in the Music trade that began and ended more in the manner of impassioned love letters than otherwise. In turn, some of these friends, including myself, used to address him as "Miss Plattie," etc., and my stenographer has confessed that, in going through the files in search of data for the book, and coming unexpectedly upon a collection of letters addressed to "My Owney Own," "My Dearest," "My Dear Girl," "My very dear Plattie," etc., and signed in equally endearing terms, she thought at first she had found data which should be suppressed rather than published. All of which reminded me of the trouble the said "Plattie" got into by writing to the captain of one of the lake boats as if he were the captain's sweetheart. Many have heard the story, I am sure, but it may amuse those of the Music trade who have not heard it.

Platt Gibbs wrote one of his loving letters to a certain Captain on a Lake boat. The stewardess on the boat found the letter in the Captain's coat pocket, and deemed it her Christian duty to inform the Captain's wife of her husband's iniquity. Accordingly, she wrote her, quoting portions of the "love letter" which plainly (and affectionately) indicated that the writer had been on trips with the Captain before, and asking that he save an upper berth for his "Birdie" for another trip which was soon to be made. In writing to the Captain's wife, the stewardess stated in conclusion that she had discovered that the name of the writer of the love letter she had found was "Plattie P. Gibbs, and she works in a music store."

When the Captain reached home he found war in the camp, and he finally had to take "Plattie" home and introduce him, before his wife would believe that "she" was a man.

W. N. Van Matre was another friend among the piano manufacturers and he, like myself, has had his share of trouble with labor and the unions. I remember that the very first time I met Mr. Van Matre he was having trouble with an employee. This was in the year 1875, when I was passing through Beloit, Wisconsin, on my way to Burr Oak to visit the lady to whom I was then engaged, and who, the following Spring, became Mrs. George P. Bent.

Just as I reached Mr. Van Matre's place of business he was engaged in applying a regular polish, well rubbed down, on one of his salesmen whom he had discovered to be crooked in some respect. We have had many a good laugh over the occurrence since. In writing about our first meeting on the occasion of his "argument with labor," Mr. Van Matre says:

"It seems to me we have been battling for the good of the cause ever since. . . . I remember the old days of the strike in Chicago when you and E. S. Conway, with myself, had a great deal to do with the State Board of Arbitration and our friend Mr. Dold." (Charles Dold, a notorious agitator and trouble-maker, who, among other things, attempted, without notable success, be it said, to run the Piano Manufacturing business.) "You had about as much love for him as I had," Mr. Van Matre continues, "and that was not very much. We whipped him, hands down, and the piano business has been free from strikes ever since. I have had some little flurries since that time, in my factory, but nothing but what I could settle, and I can say here, that we have never had a walking delegate, or other officer of a Union, come into our factory and even advise what we should do. Once we had a strike among the hand carvers. They told me what I must do and I replied that hand carving was going out anyhow, and that we would get along much better with machine carving. The foreman came into the office to lick me, but I happened to be out and when I later met him in the street he changed his mind."

The story of my own struggles with organized labor, in the year 1899-1900, is too long to be more than touched upon here. It is detailed elsewhere.

Speaking of the piano trade, reminds me that after I sold out in 1916—or soon thereafter—business, as is a well-known fact among piano men, went pretty generally upon the rocks. There arose a general wailing and groaning among piano men as a class, and some of my friends have been quite outspoken in congratulating me upon getting out of the music trade before the bottom fell from under it. Regarding the lean years, I recall the speech of my friend, Charles H. Parsons, at a dinner given me in New York in 1921, when I returned from a trip around the world.

In sizing up the situation then existing, Mr. Parsons stated that it was said that someone had sold a piano in June, but the rumor had not been positively confirmed.

However, matters have improved somewhat since then, and I might even get back into the game to a small extent myself. "Once a piano man, always a piano man," as the saying goes, and with the shining example before me of my friends, Colonel Payson, Wm. Lincoln Bush, Jesse French and many, many others, who refuse to retire or grow old, I'll admit I am sometimes tempted to get back into the trade.

In fact, I *have* gone back into the trade, to a certain extent. On a recent trip to Chicago, while in my son Charles' store, at my old stand, 214-216 So. Wabash Avenue, I was approached by a salesman who wished to sell us pianos, talking machines, etc., manufactured by "George P. Bent Company," of Louisville, Ky. It developed that they were making pianos, etc., under the trade name which I had sold, along with good-will, etc., when I retired from business in 1916. Strange to say, I had not been even aware of the existence of such a firm, until their salesman made himself known. One thing led to another, and I was soon thereafter approached by the Louisville firm and persuaded to go on the road for them, selling Bent pianos and talking machines. I have the Pacific Coast territory, and have also been made Vice-President of the company.

My being unaware that there was a George P. Bent Co., of Louisville, reminds me that, when I reached New York, after my trip around the world in 1920-21, I was looking through the "Bents" in the telephone directory, in an endeavor to locate R. M. Bent, whose pianos I had sold before I started making them myself. To my surprise, I came across the name of "George P. Bent Company, of New York." I called them up and asked if "George P. Bent" was there and if I could speak to him. I was informed that he was out of town, and when I inquired when he would

come back, they said they expected him almost any time. I introduced myself, and we had a good laugh over the matter. This of course was several years before I knew of, or came into contact with, George P. Bent Company of Louisville.

The writing of this book would have been very easy and simple had I kept a diary all my life, as I should have done, and as I think everyone should do. I made five or six attempts at keeping a diary, but always "fell by the wayside." I have had much trouble in making my dates absolutely correct. My advice to the young, who chance to read this book, is to keep a diary all their lives, no matter how brief they make it; also to keep a scrap-book and an autograph album and make snapshots with their camera wherever they go. If they do this, they will find, in later years, that it is very interesting and helpful to have a correct and authentic record of their goings and comings and they will be well prepared to write a book, should the spirit ever move them to do so.

As I was closing work on this book I ran across five autograph albums, and from them I am reminded of many friends and events. I have also drawn upon "Bentiana," a series of large scrap-books kept by Mr. Otto Paul for many years while in my employ. He began this scrap-book, and gave it the name of "Bentiana," without any suggestion from me and continued to keep it up to the time of his death. The name was given, I suppose, because the clippings all had to do with myself or my business.

In looking over these autograph albums, I am reminded that Gustave Behning, of New York, has been to the music trade of that city what Platt P. Gibbs has been to the trade of Chicago, no trade function, dinner or convention being complete without their presence and aid.

The signature of Karl Fink, the younger, reminds me of the days when his father, Hermann Leonard, "Count" Cavalli and E. R. Wanckel, were associated with Alfred Dolge in his beneficent ministrations to the music trades of America.

Frank C. Decker reminds one of the early days of piano making in America, when the Decker piano was one of the most famous as well as one of the most excellent.

Francis Connor reminds me, in writing his name, that we were both present at Manhattan Beach at the formation of the National Association of Piano Manufacturers.

D. D. Luxton calls me a "globe trotter." He certainly was an "American trotter."

Richard W. Lawrence wished me a continuation of blessings, which I have had.

Will J. Keeley, in wishing me good-bye at the farewell dinner I gave at the Hotel Belmont, New York City, October 16th, 1920, said, "Don't stay long."

E. E. Conway, son of my old, long-time friend, E. S. Conway, wished me "Long Life and Happiness."

Billy Plaisted told me he was "Mine to a cinder."

H. J. Raymore wrote cordially: "May everything rise to the occasion."

Robert W. Carter wished me "years of peace and contentment," and Frank E. Edgar gave me credit for being straight in spite of my name.

J. F. Meade was at my going-away party at the Belmont, as also was A. F. Dexter.

Winthrop A. Harvey, in giving his name said, "You should never have left the piano trade."

Gilbert W. Smith dropped into poetry in giving his name. His intentions were good but his poetry bad.

Charles Jacob was also there, as he is at most functions of the trade.

G. F. Blake was one of the greeters at Boston on my return from the "last trip around."

George H. Beverly quoted Shakespeare (?) in writing his name, and then George W. Pound put his name down without charging me a penny.

Louis Dederick gave me his name at my going-away party at the Hotel Belmont, and A. M. Wright gave me a welcome at Boston, October 31, 1921. They were associated at Chicago in the days of long ago and I first knew them both there.

A. L. Wessell, a man of grand, square and upright actions, gave me his name with words of esteem, in spite of the fact that while I always admired his actions I never used them.

Hermann Leonard, in putting his name down, reminded me of the gratitude I felt and expressed to him for saving me from insanity while laboring with the telephone operators at New York City, in trying to get in touch with friends to invite them to my party.

William Tonk was at the "Good-bye" party and gave me his signature—one that would be hard for a forger to imitate—while that of Clarence H. Pond, who greeted me on my return, is hard to decipher, let alone imitate.

Paul B. Klugh says that my initials "Gee Pee Bee" are harmonious, and J. A. Coffin, who quite recently passed away, gave me his name also, at my going-away party.

H. Paul Mehlin, in giving his name, said that he thought I had discovered the secret of perennial youth.

C. J. Winterroth who said he would (and he did) meet me with his band on my return from the trip around the world, was at this farewell party, and gave me his name at that time.

John Anderson was also there with good wishes, as also was Raymond Bill and Eugene T. Hartigan, manager of the Hotel Belmont, who said that the memories of my visits were lasting.

At a little dinner given to friends at Losekams Cafe, Washington, E. H. Droop wrote some poetry to which he signed his name.

D. G. Pfeiffer said, in giving me his name, that "we should give a passing thought to an absent friend."

Percy S. Foster wrote his name, wishing "Heaven's richest blessings" upon me.

Wm. W. Glover, Frank Boucher, A. B. Mudd and Carl A. Droop were other old Washington friends who wrote their names in my book.

C. C. Chickering gave me his name, saying that he was both "friend and admirer."

My long-time friend, George R. Hughes, said that "pleasant memories would never die."

E. H. Uhl, who has since left Chicago and is now president of the Southern California Music Company in Los Angeles, hoped that I might last "for many years to come."

Robert S. Gourlay, a well-known Canadian, said that I had done something for the "musical uplift of the Continent."

Dan Nolan, Mark P. Campbell and Henry Dreher, also A. D. Bolen, joined in a "Hymn of Praise."

I am under deep obligations to Mr. C. A. Daniell and Frank D. Abbott of *Presto,* for helpfulness in many ways, in the compilation of data, cuts, etc., for this book. In giving me his name, Mr. Daniell called me "that Bent man who is straight," while Mr. Abbott wrote music to accompany his good wishes.

A. L. McNab and Thos. J. Mercer, old trade paper friends, said a good word for me, as they have been doing for so many years past.

Fred L. Ryder, who resided next door to me for many years, also Francis S. Moore, gave me their "best wishes" and "kindest regards."

George J. Dowling and James F. Bowers gave their good wishes, on the same page—just as they have dwelt on the same street as friendly competitors—for "perfect harmony" for many years.

Henry Purmort Eames, concert pianist, composer, teacher, said in giving me his name that he had "loved and honored me" since his career began in 1893.

W. B. Price signed his name in his usual striking way.

Robert O. Foster wrote an original verse in giving me his name:

> "Oh, constant friend, the years roll by,
> Dim grows the luster of thine eye,
> Yet in its orb, with clearest hue,
> Beams bright the spark of friendship true."

Fred A. Nichols, a business associate for 28 years, mentioned the fact in giving me his name and good wishes.

Otto Higel, a Canadian manufacturer, gave me his name and good wishes.

Maurice H. Adams, neighbor and good friend for many years, quoted Shakespeare in giving his name.

A. J. Brooks, of the Sterling Piano Co., gave his name also. He has been a friend almost as long as Maurice Adams.

Clayton A. Grinnell confesses to having known me for forty-two years.

And so it is with these autograph albums and scrapbooks. One might draw on them endlessly without exhausting their funds of memories and data.

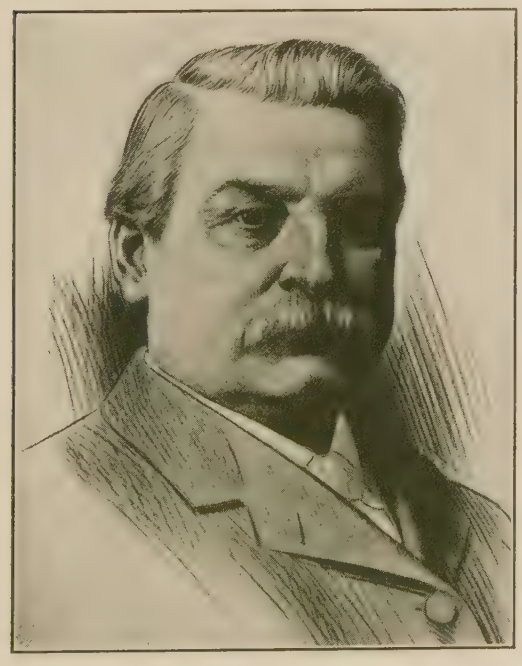
Banquet of the Chicago Piano Club, Lakeview Building, in 1911.

Dinner given by George P. Bent to past and present Presidents of the three National Music Associations, and the Chicago Piano and Organ Association, Congress Hotel, Chicago, June 2, 1919

JULIUS J. ESTEY

An Estey organ was the first musical instrument I was able to buy for my wife. I got it because it was the nearest thing to a piano I could afford.

WM. STEINWAY

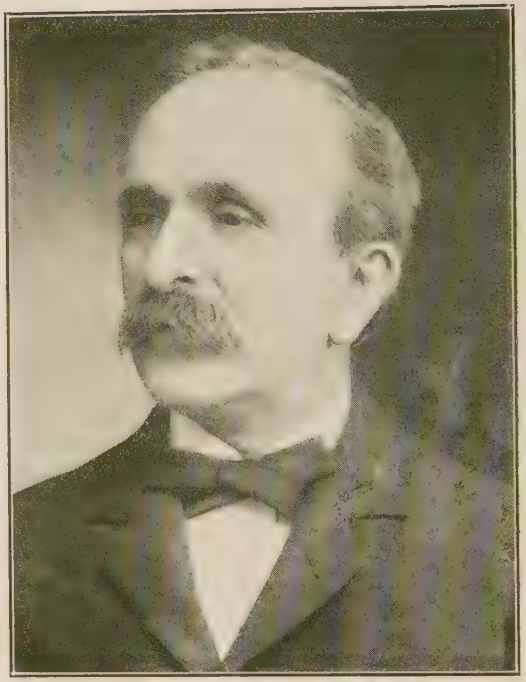


PAUL G. MEHLIN

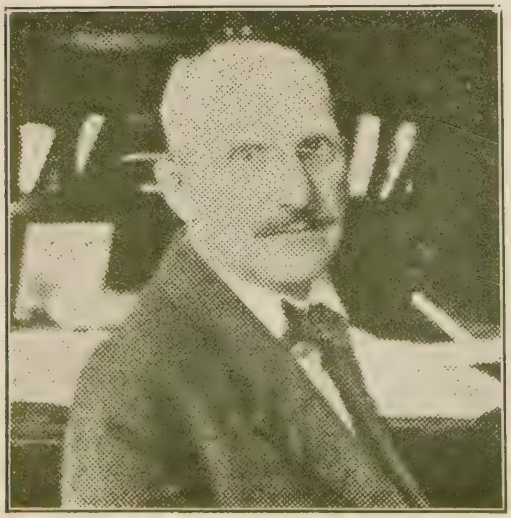
CHAS. H. STEINWAY

PROMINENT MANUFACTURERS

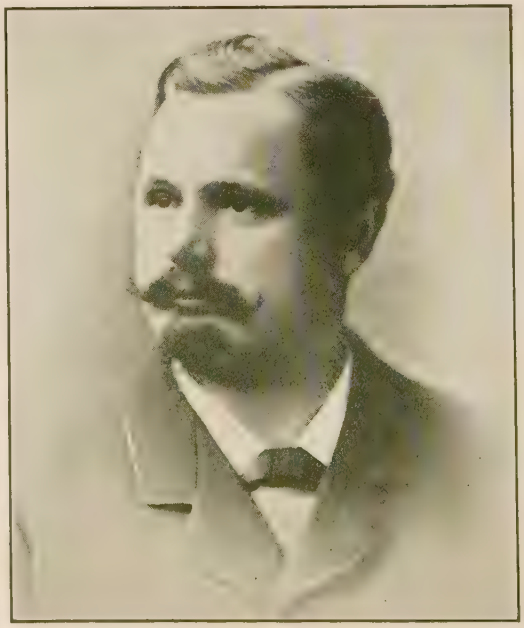
GEO. W. LYON



PATRICK J. HEALY



GUSTAVE H. BEHNING

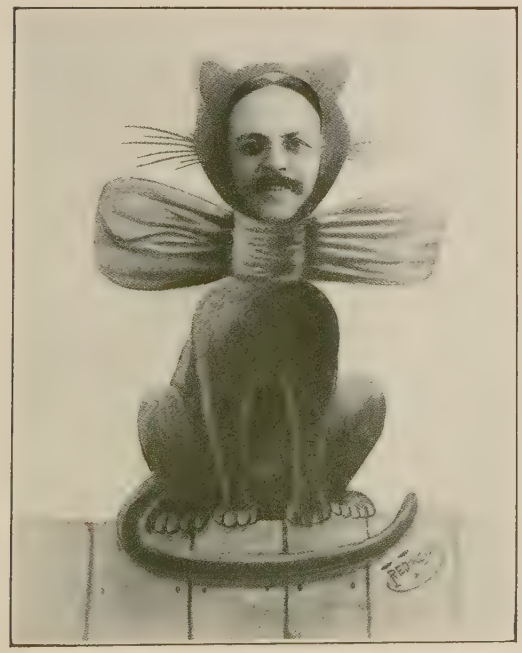


HUGO SOHMER

PROMINENT PIANO MANUFACTURERS

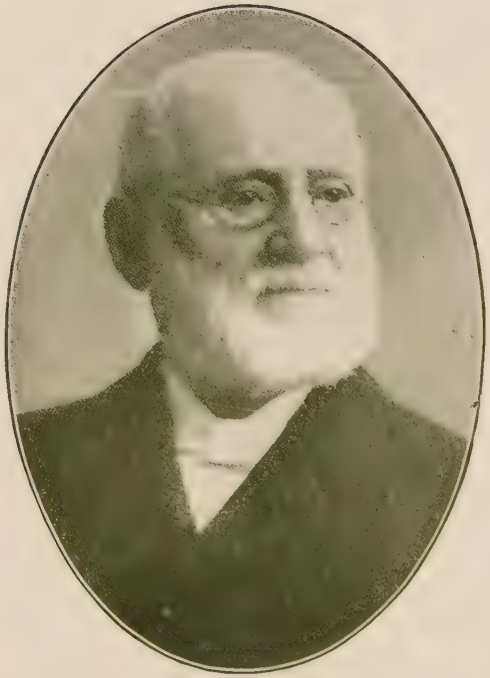
CALVIN WHITNEY

GEORGE P. BENT, "Crowned"
From a cartoon

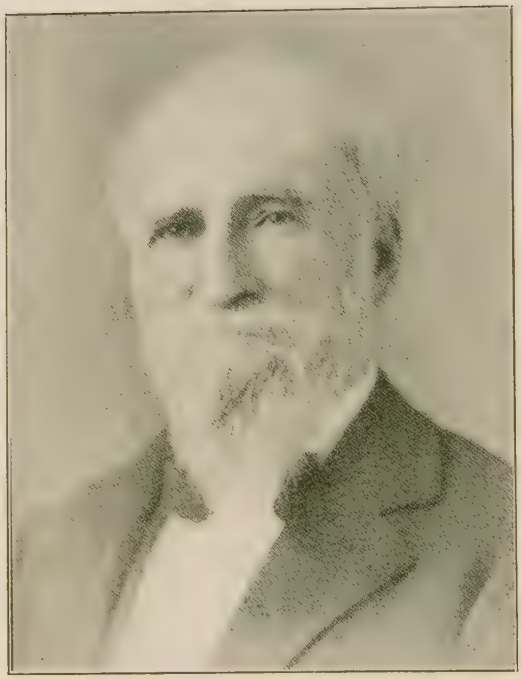


GEE PEE BEE
"On the Fence"

"BENT ANTI-BOLSHEVIKI"
From a cartoon



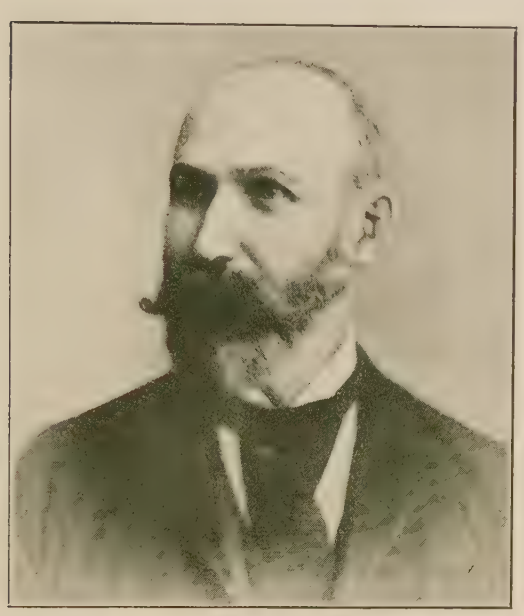
WILLIAM H. BUSH
Father of Wm. Lincoln Bush, and founder of the Bush & Gerts Piano Co.



ANDREW M. McPHAIL
Whose pianos I sold before I began making my own

COLONEL WM. LINCOLN BUSH
Now president of the Bush & Gerts Piano Company

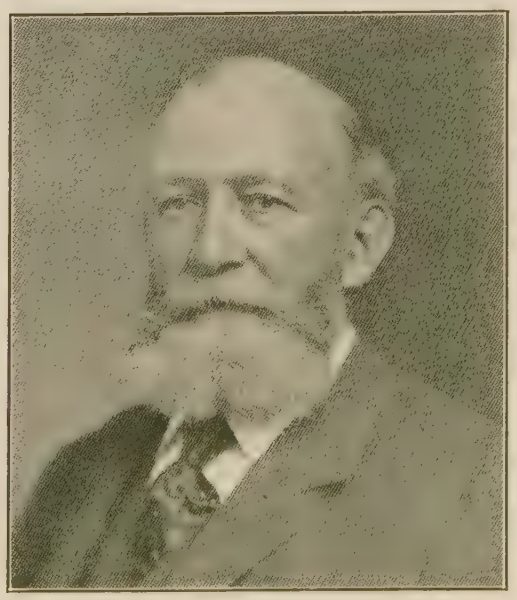
JULIUS BAUER
One of the first and best Chicago Piano Manufacturers



JOHN D. PEASE

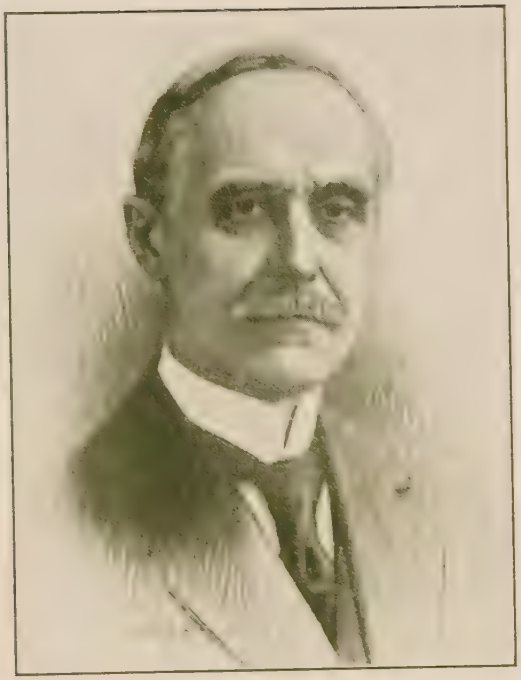
PETER D. STRAUCH

EMIL GABLER



FRANCIS CONNER

MORE PROMINENT PIANO PEOPLE



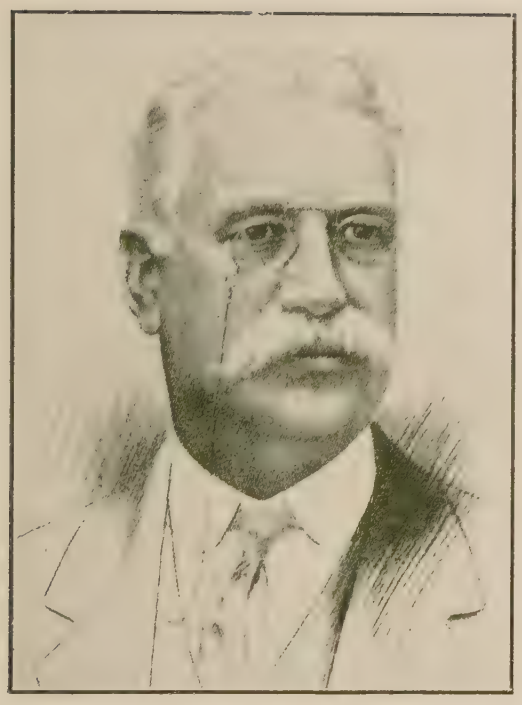
F. S. CABLE

H. D. CABLE

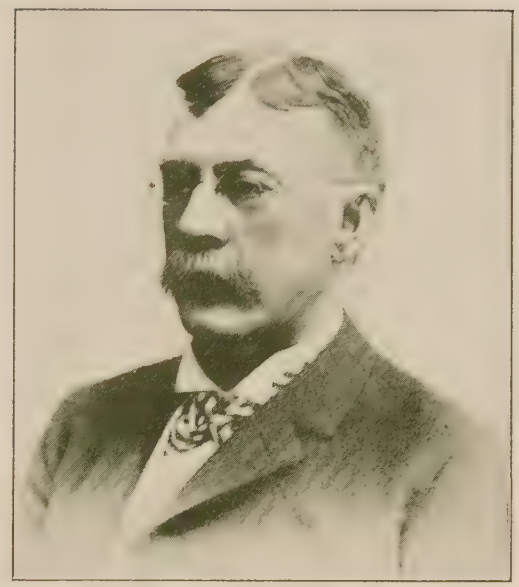
ERNEST J. KNABE

J. F. CONOVER

PIANO MANUFACTURERS



DAN F. TREACY

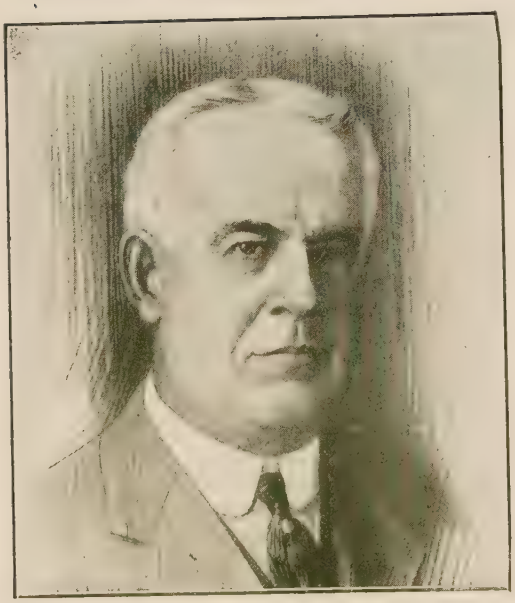


RUFUS W. BLAKE
Sterling Pianos

WM. H. COLLINS

R. C. KAMERER

VARIOUS FRIENDS IN THE MUSIC TRADE



MELVILLE CLARK

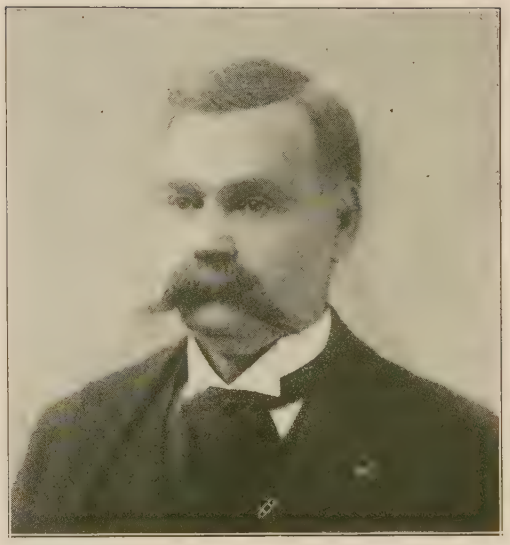
E. H. STORY

A. M. WRIGHT

E. P. MASON

PIANO MANUFACTURERS

C. F. SHEPHERD (Ashland, Oregon)

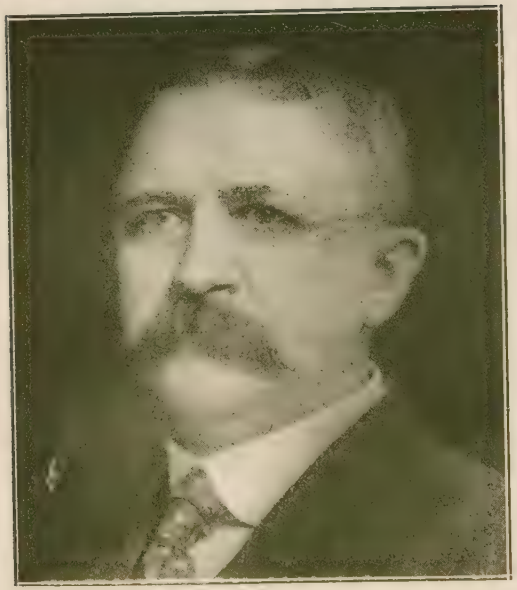


L. E. LINES
Springfield Mo. An old friend and customer since 1873.

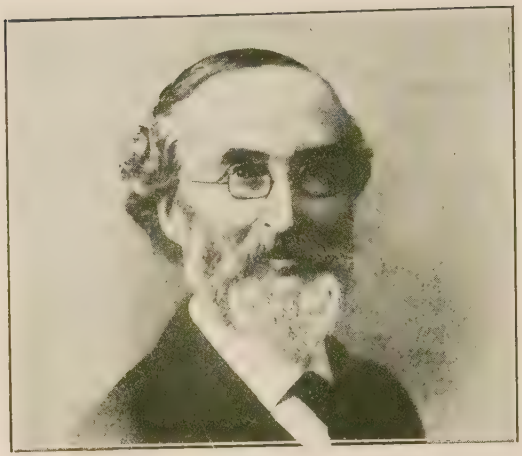
LADISLAV GROSSMAN (Russia)

Jiujiya Gakkiten (Music Store)
Messrs. Kurata, Proprietors, Tokyo

GOOD FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

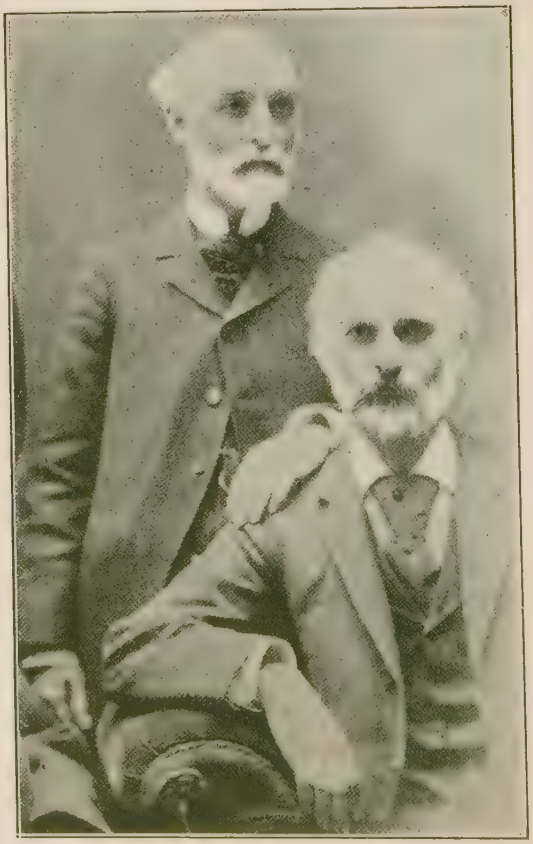


E. P. HAWKINS
With Bell Piano Company, later with American Piano Company. Recently a tenant in my building



GEORGE H. CHICKERING

A. T. WITTICH

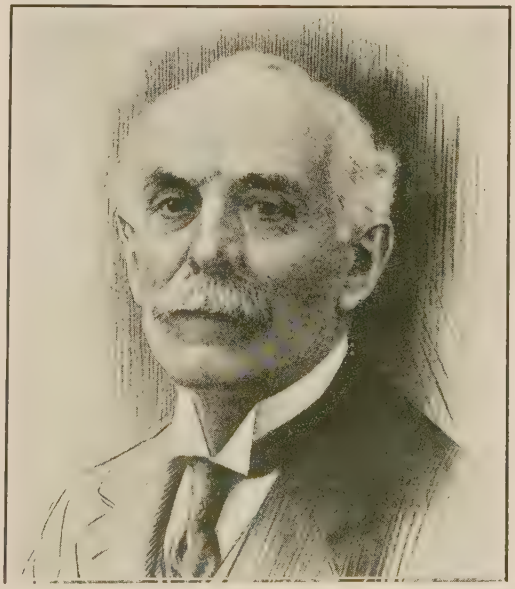


J. WARNER REED and ALANSON H. REED

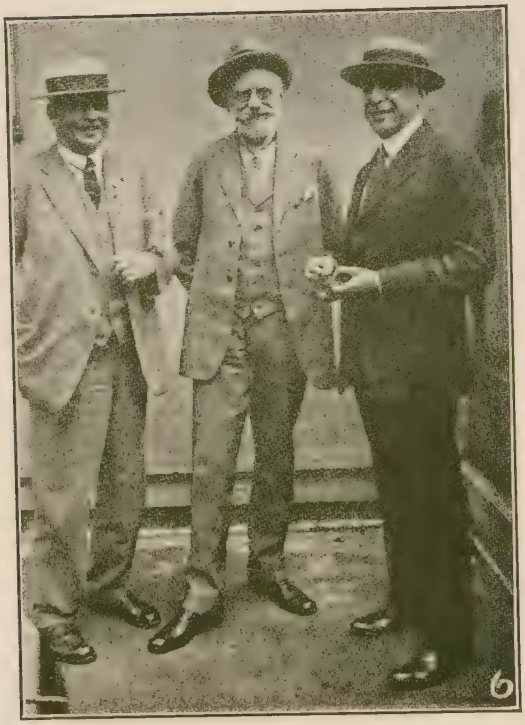
JOHN ANDERSON

FRED LOHR
Traveler for Hardman-Peck for many years

NAHUM STETSON
Steinway & Sons

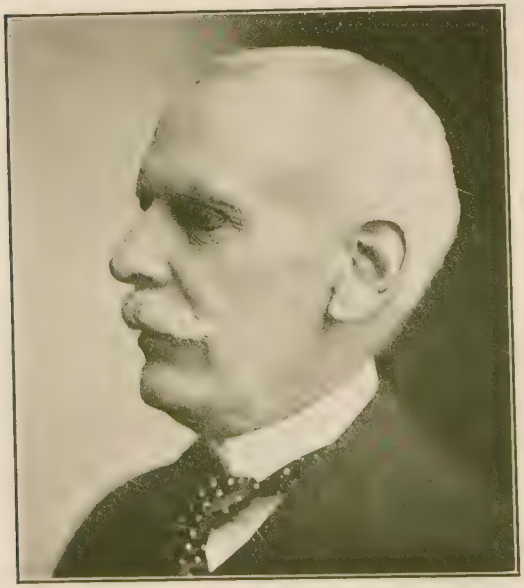


HENRY BEHR

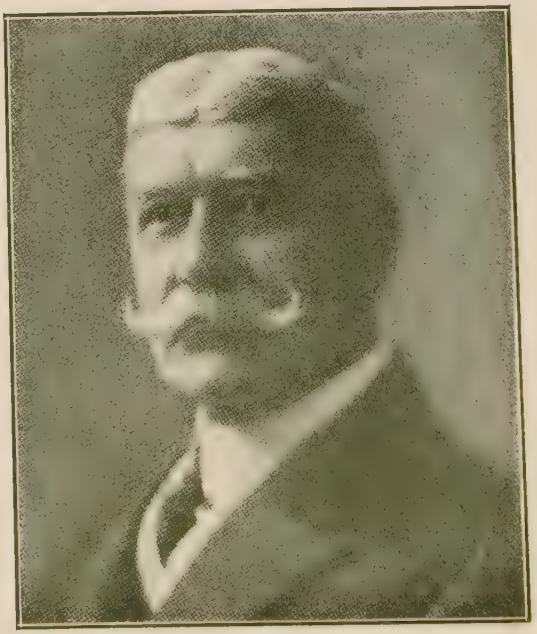


GEO. P. BENT, JESSE FRENCH and WM. B. PRICE

IRA L. GRINNELL
Brother of Clayton A. Grinnell and, like him, a friend for many years.

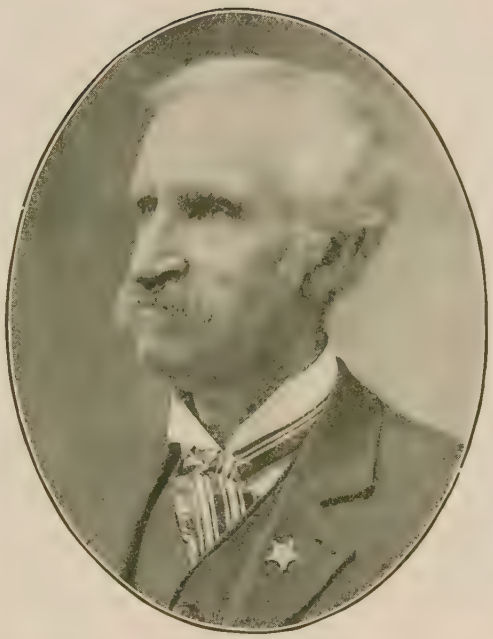


W. W. KIMBALL
One of "the Triumvirate" (Kimball, Camp & Healy) pioneer piano people in Chicago.

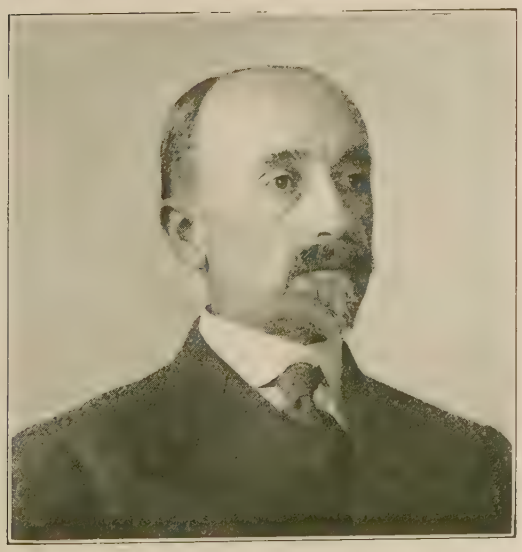


LEANDER S. SHERMAN
Founder of Sherman & Clay
San Francisco, California

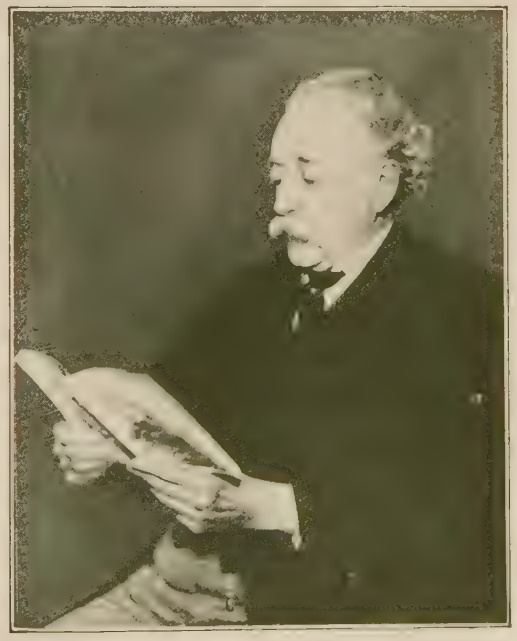
T. F. WEBER



COL. J. W. EGGLESTON

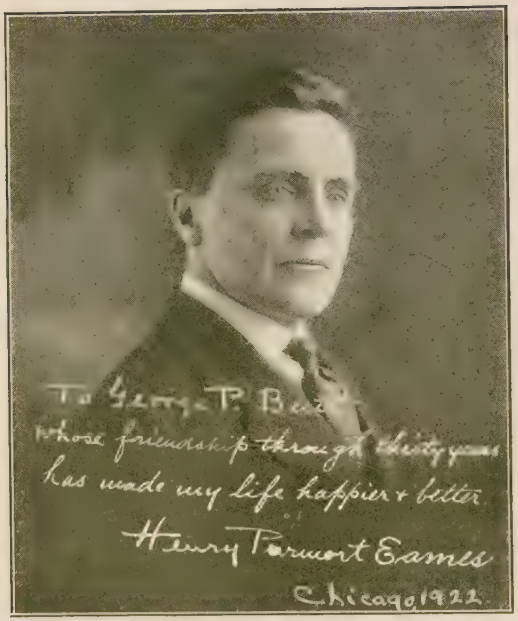


WINTHROP A. HARVEY
Boston, Mass.



CHARLES C. HARVEY
Father of Winthrop A. Harvey

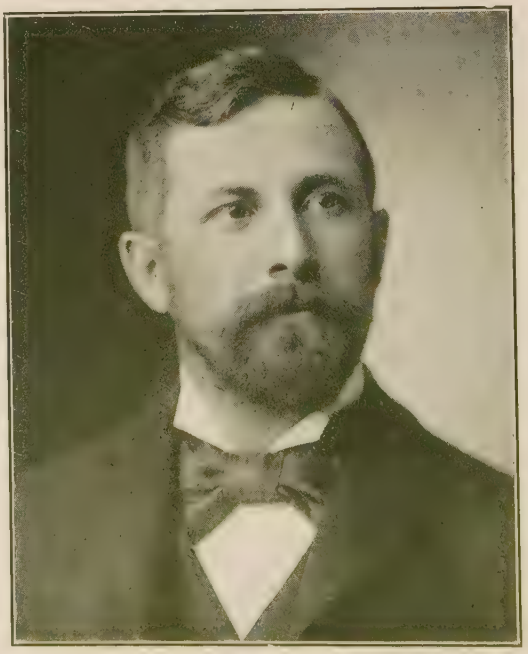
PROMINENT PIANO PEOPLE



HENRY PURMORT EAMES

GEORGE J. DOWLING
President, Cable Piano Company

ALFRED DOLGE

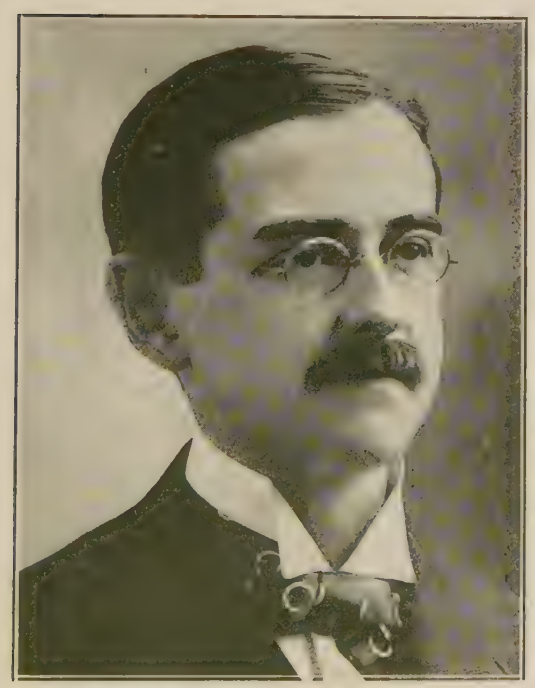


R. K. MAYNARD

FRIENDS IN THE TRADE

"STILL" R. HARCOURT
Inventor of the Story & Clark Repro-Phraso
For many years in my employ

SAM J. TURNES
Advertising Manager for the Geo. P. Bent Co., later also for Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

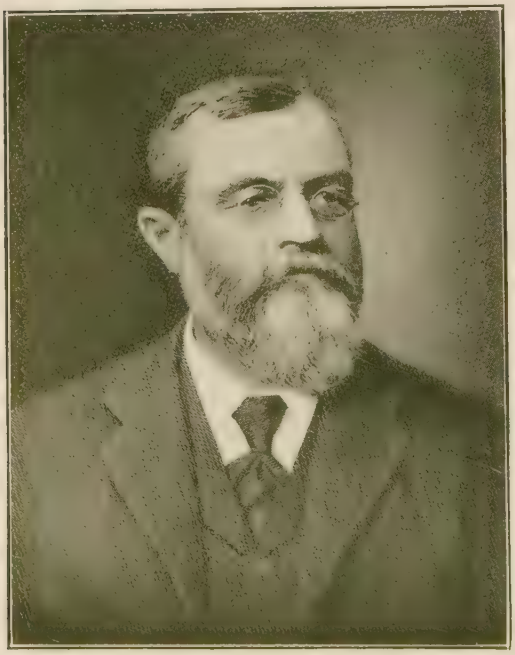


H. L. DRAPER

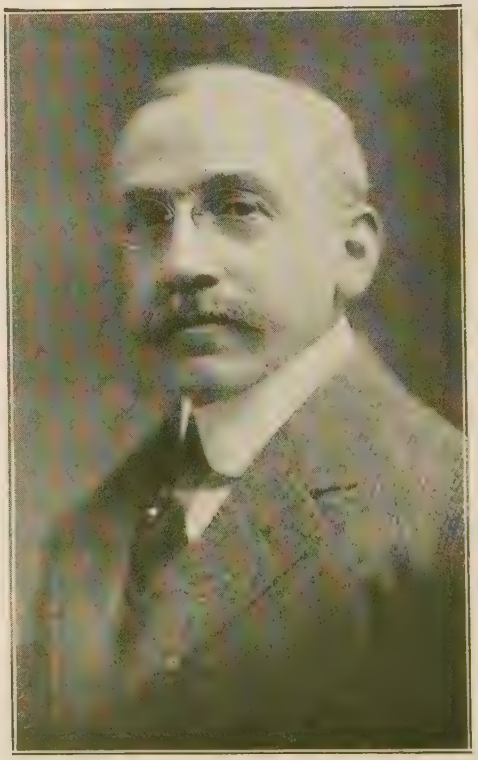
L. M. PIERCE

EDGAR C. SMITH
For many years Retail Manager for W. W. Kimball Co.

JAMES W. VOSE



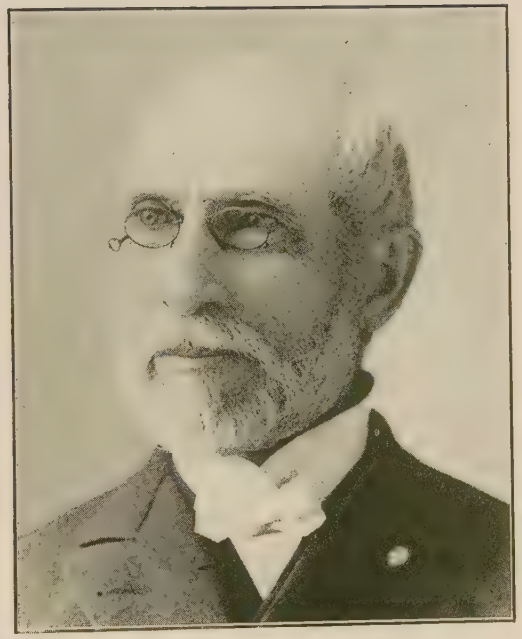
C. A. SMITH
Friend and founder of Smith & Barnes Piano Co.



FREEBORN G. SMITH, 2nd

MORE PIANO PEOPLE

CARL E. PECK



DR. GEO. F. ROOT

J. P. SEEBURG

ERNEST F. URCHS

SIR J. HERBERT MARSHALL

H. L. STORY

CHAS. A. DEUTSCHMANN
President, National Association of Piano Tuners

JOHN W. NORTHRUP

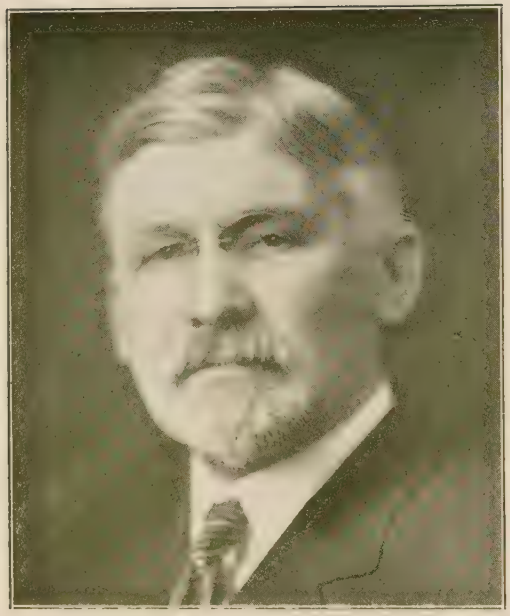
MAX J. DE ROCHEMONT

LOUIS DEDERICK, E. R. WANCKEL AND MAJOR E. J. WINTEROTH

WM. E. WHEELOCK

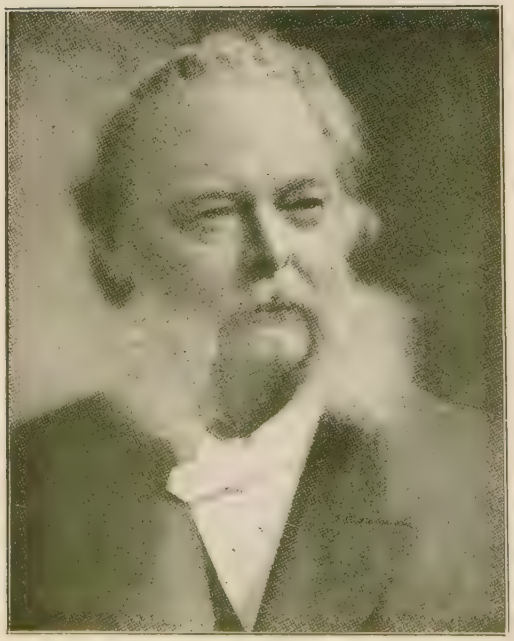
STEPHEN B. BOND

VARIOUS FRIENDS IN THE MUSIC TRADE



WM. TONK

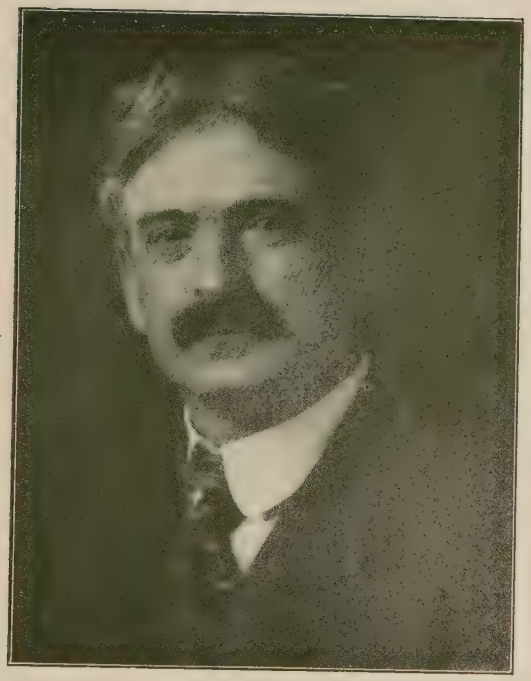
WM. TONK, Jr.



E. F. ("Papa") DROOP
Beloved by all who knew him.

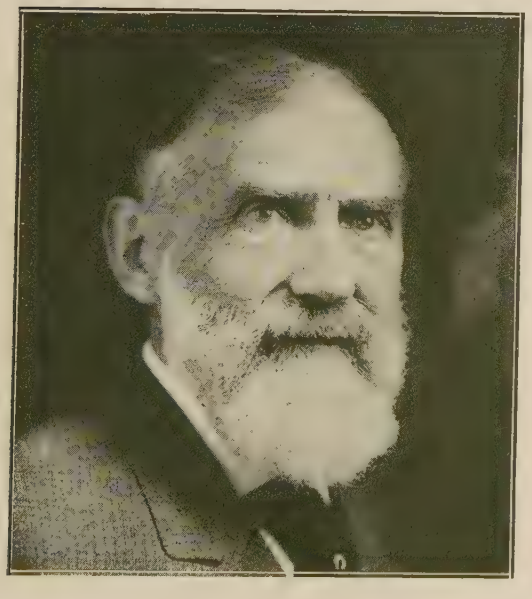
CARL A. DROOP
Treasurer, National Music Merchants Association.

PROMINENT PIANO PEOPLE

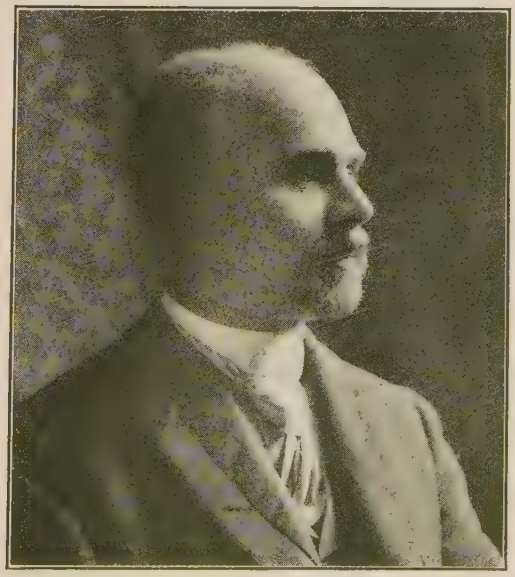


GEO. F. BLAKE

W. N. VAN MATRE



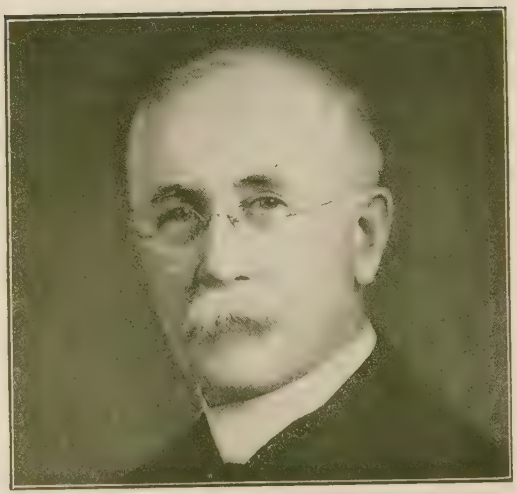
JESSE FRENCH



ADAM SCHAFF

OLD LONG-TIME FRIENDS

PLATT P. GIBBS (Herself)



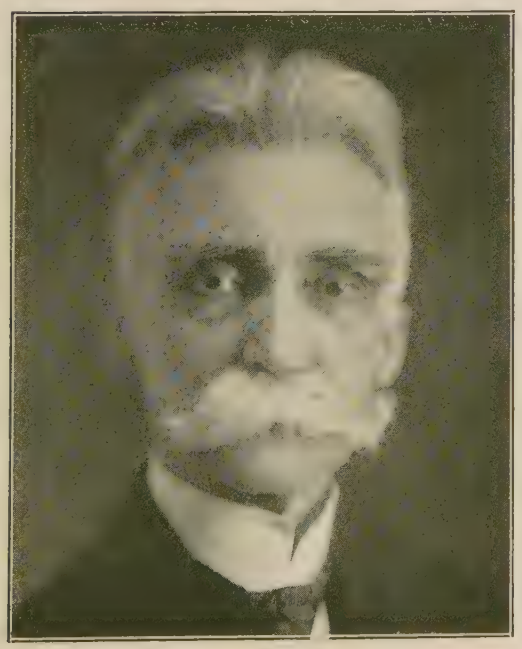
ROBERT B. GREGORY
President of Lyon & Healy

H. B. TREMAINE

FRANK E. MORTON
Ex-President, Chicago Piano & Organ Assn.

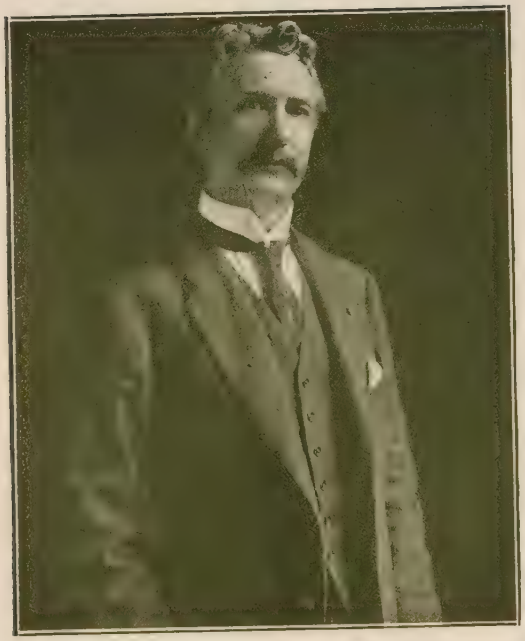
POPULAR PIANO PEOPLE

C. A. DANIELL and FRANK D. ABBOTT, Editors, Secretary-Treasurer and President of *Presto*

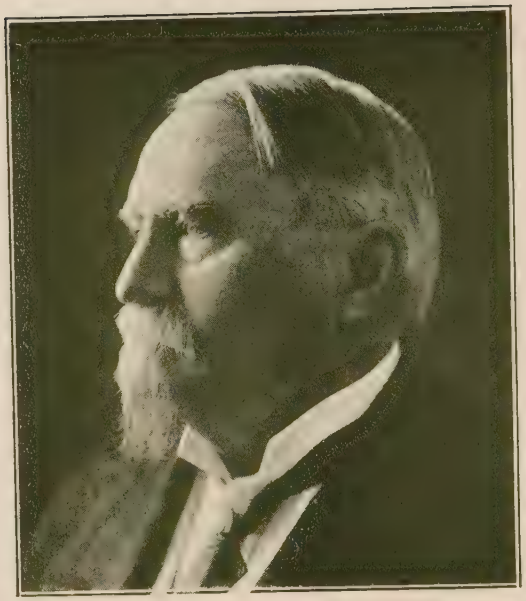


C. B. HARGER
Editor, *Musical Times*

ROY E. WAITE
Editor, *Piano Trade Magazine*

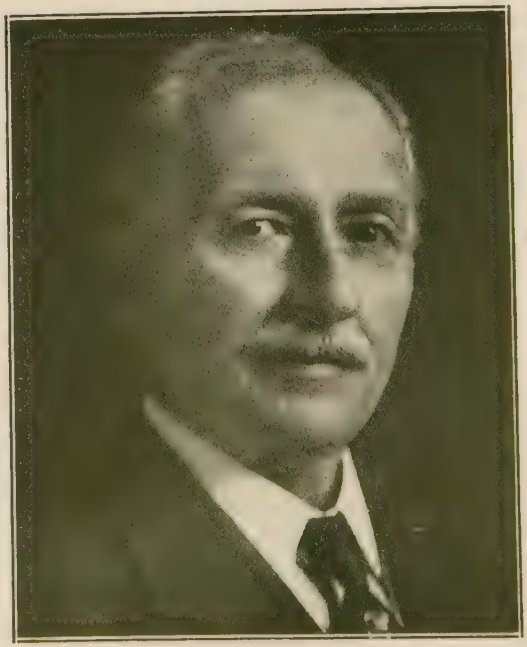


COL. EDWARD LYMAN BILL
Editor, *Music Trade Review*



GENERAL HARRISON GREY OTIS
Founder and Editor for many years of the *Los Angeles Times.*
Successful fighter for industrial freedom and the "open shop" in Los Angeles. A long time friend.

JOHN C. FREUND
An old friend, editor of *Music Trades*



O. L. FOX
Friend, Founder and Editor of *Music Trades Indicator*

Many of my old time friends are shown in the above photo, made at Adam Schneider's Testimonial Dinner, on the occasion of his 50th anniversary in the Music Trades. I was, however, unable to be present

LYON AND HEALY DIRECTORATE

R. B. Gregory, Jas. F. Bowers, P. J. Healy, J. P. Byrne, Chas. N. Post

After Mr. Healy's death, Mr. Post, Mr. Gregory and Mr. Bowers were, successively, presidents of Lyon & Healy

R. K. MAYNARD

H. C. DICKINSON

Chapter Seventeen

BANKING, ADVERTISING, AND KANSAS CITY EXPERIENCES

Bankers I Have Known

There are friends that we never forget
Tho' distance divide us for years.
—*Contributed by E. H. Droop.*

THE first banker of whom I have any clear remembrance is Mr. Samuel A. Kean, of Preston, Kean & Co. This was a private banking firm with which my employer, David C. Cook, banked, and I took his deposits to the bank from day to day; this was in the very early seventies. At the time I was running errands for Mr. Cook, H. H. Hitchcock was performing the same services for Preston, Kean & Co.; he afterwards became cashier of the Metropolitan National Bank and then, later on, when that bank was absorbed by the First National Bank, he became vice-president there. The friendship which we began as boys together was continued all the years until, in 1916—during the difficulties I encountered that year—he became a friend in need and a friend in deed. Since then, he has repeatedly advised me in financial matters. Edward Dickinson is another banker whom I first knew as a messenger boy for Preston, Kean & Co.; later as paying teller at the Metropolitan National Bank, and, when that bank was absorbed by the First National, as assistant cashier there.

The next banker of whom I have clear remembrance is Soloman A. Smith, president of the Merchants Loan and Trust Company. Mr. Cook had, toward the end of the seventies, taken his account to that bank and discontinued doing business with Preston, Kean & Company.

In the spring of 1878, after I had purchased Mr. Cook's sewing machine and supply business, I took my own first deposit to the Hide and Leather Bank, of which Charles F. Grey was president. At that time, or soon thereafter, Byron L. Smith, son of Soloman A. Smith, was cashier. Succeeding him as cashier came Charles M. Walworth, of Virden, Ill., in 1888. Among others, of whom I have a clear remembrance in connection with the Hide and Leather Bank, were Mr. Thomas L. Forest, assistant cashier; Harry W. Miller, Wm. Miller, and Mr. Tobey; Mr. Charles W. Kimball, an old Wheaton friend, was then a bookkeeper at the bank. It was through him that I came to the Hide and Leather Bank with my account. Another man I remember was A. J. Stenger, the chief accountant.

Byron L. Smith afterwards organized and became president of the Northern Trust Company, and his son, Soloman A. Smith, is now president of that institution. The three generations of Smiths from the early part of 1870 to the present time have always been helpful friends; helpful with money when I needed it and also with good advice on many different occasions. Byron L. Smith built for me, under my own plans and specifications, the Crown Building, at 214 and 216 South Wabash Avenue. He did this as trustee for the Hawley Estate. Among others I knew well at the Northern Trust Company were Arthur S. Huertley, who was for many years secretary of the bank; then, too, there was H. O. Edmonds, who is now vice-president of the bank, and a good friend. I first knew him in 1893, when he was secretary of the World's Fair. In that capacity he came to know almost every one of us who had exhibits there.

The Hide and Leather Bank afterwards became the Hide and Leather National Bank. After a time Mr. Grey retired as its president, and John McLaren became president, in 1895, and remained so until the bank was absorbed by the Union National Bank, in 1897, when Mr. McLaren became one of the vice-presidents there. Still later, in 1900, the Union

National Bank was absorbed by the First National Bank, and, after the consolidation, I became more intimately acquainted with Mr. H. H. Hitchcock than ever before.

In 1894 I became acquainted with Samuel W. Allerton, who was one of the directors of the First National Bank and had been for years. He was a farmer, packer and capitalist, and through him, I leased for 99 years ground at the northwest corner of Washington Boulevard and Sangamon street, and, with Mr. Allerton's aid, built the factory known as the Bent Block on that ground. Mr. Allerton loaned me about sixty thousand dollars, which was not quite half the amount the original building cost me. When I paid him for this loan, he told me he had made it because of what Mr. W. W. Kimball (noted maker of noted pianos), his close friend and neighbor, said about me: that he (Allerton) would get his money if I lived; and the only question, apparently, in Mr. Kimball's mind was whether I would live or die.

I followed the Hide and Leather Bank in its various stages of evolution, as also did Mr. Walworth. While at the Union National Bank, I became very well acquainted with David R. Forgan, who was at that time president of it, and who later became vice-president of the First National Bank. He afterwards organized the National City Bank of Chicago, and is now its president.

I also became acquainted with his brother, James B. Forgan, who was for many years president of the First National Bank and is now chairman of its board of directors.

One of the very first presidents of the First National Bank was Lyman J. Gage, who afterwards became Secretary of the Treasury, under McKinley and Roosevelt.

I became interested in the organization of the National Bank of North America, when it was formed, and was a director of it and quite a large stockholder. Associated with me on that directory was Edw. W. Hines, Wm. B. Conkey, and B. A. Eckhart. Isaac N. Perry, who had formerly been a vice-president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, was made president. He was, as I thought, falsely accused of having conspired with others to burn down the plant in which he had an interest. This false accusation served to put the National Bank of North America out of business, and it was bought by the Continental and Commercial Bank. The stockholders and depositors were paid in full. When the National Bank of North America was organized—since I had become a stockholder and director in it—I divided my business between it and the First National Bank and, after the National Bank of North America was put out of business (overnight—I being away at the time), I took part of my banking business over to the Continental and Commercial National Bank, and there became acquainted with Mr. George M. Reynolds, its president.

August Blum had been an officer in the Union National Bank, and I became acquainted with him there. At the time the Union National Bank was absorbed he became vice-president of the First National Bank. He is now living in Pasadena, California, as is also Holmes Hoge, another vice-president of the First National Bank; while Mr. Walworth has become a neighbor here in Los Angeles. Lyman J. Gage lives at Point Loma, California.

Another banker whom I knew well was N. W. Harris, a wise and capable man, who helped me in many ways, especially in the purchase of bonds. Our daughter, Muriel, married his youngest son, Stanley G. Harris, in 1913. Stanley is now manager of the bond business of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, at San Francisco.

I have had nothing but delightful experiences with all of the bankers whom I have known, but it seems to be fashionable in this day to look upon every banker as a millionaire Shylock. Bankers usually are careful and conservative, naturally and needfully so, but I know my bankers never failed me in an emergency, and after an honest, full explanation of my needs (and I had needs many and often), financial help was always granted.

I was, however, very careful to keep my credit good, and in my whole business career never failed to pay as agreed, though many times I sweated blood to do this. The legitimate needs of a business will always be met

and cared for—I feel sure, from my own experience—by bankers the world round. Self-interest, if no other, would prompt a banker to render any reasonable assistance a customer asked for.

Many years ago Elbert Hubbard gave me credit for writing the following poem. I did not write it, and do not even know the author, but I have read the verses repeatedly at dinners, etc., since it became so popular for papers, politicians, preachers and the public to assail any man who, by supreme ability, industry, honesty and thrift has succeeded in becoming a millionaire.

THE MILLIONAIRE

Heave half a brick at the duffer!
  Give him a lash with the knout—
Make all his interest suffer;
  Rip him up inside and out.
Ruin his good reputation,
  Give him a jolt and a scare;
Drag him from off his high station—
  He's only a Millionaire!

Cover his name with black scandal,
  Deep from Beersheba to Dan;
Give him a thorough manhandle;
  Smirch him whenever you can.
Trip him in every venture;
  Catch him with pitfall and snare;
Drown him with cynical censure—
  He's only a Millionaire.

Call him a thief and a liar;
  Greet him with jibes and with jeers.
Drag down the name of his sire;
  Snub his grandmother with sneers;
Whisper vile gossip and rumor—
  None of his family spare—
Treat his achievement with "humor"—
  He's only a Millionaire.

Cater to every excitement
  Likely to tarnish his name,
Try to secure his indictment,
  If he's a fellow of fame,
Fill him a poisonous chalice,
  Mixture of wormwood and care,
Up with all envy and malice—
  Down with the Millionaire!

ADVERTISING

If you have a thing to say,
  Go and advertise;
If you'd teach a better way,
  Go and advertise;
If you have some goods to sell,
If you have a tale to tell,
If world's wisdom you would swell,
  Go and advertise.

Sit not in the rush and roar,
  Never advertise.
Letting luck go past your door,
  You'd never advertise,
For the world stops not to scan
What's not forced upon its plan;
All its ear goes to the man
  First to advertise.

Call attention with a voice
  Which can advertise;
Show what you have merits choice
  When you advertise;
Speak you true and speak you fair,
Of the noonday sleep beware;
Let the world know you are there—
  Work and advertise.

—*Baltimore American.*

In my prime and time, customers and friends used to say that I was a good advertising man, and knew how to make it pay. I must have spent nearly three million dollars during my career, in advertising my name and products.

One of the first and best advertisements I used began with the words, in large letters:

A CENT SENT BENT
IS WELL SPENT

Then I went on to tell them that by sending their address on a postal card, I might be able to pave their way to fortune by making them acquainted with the wonderful goods I was selling. This advertisement must have first appeared in the late seventies, and I used it more or less for fifteen or twenty years. Towards the last I did not use it at all, but it shows that this catch phrase stuck in the minds of those who read it, for to this day I am frequently asked if I was the author of that advertisement.

Another little advertising "point" which I recall as having been quite effective was a small folder called "Sharp Points for Sharp

People," containing a row of pins, and "Some Good Points and Pointers, about Crown Pianos and Combinola Player-Pianos." The catch phrase, "A Cent Sent Bent" was again used in this little folder, being referred to as "a cent well spent, and a cent sent on the scent of game well worth the powder."

I. N. Rice, an old friend in the music trade, says that he thinks one of my happiest thoughts of advertising was my "Ha-Ha Picture," over the operations and efforts of the notorious (but not noted) Marc A. Blumenberg, editor of the *Musical Courier Extra,* of New York (both of unsavory memory).

Another very effective advertisement was the one reading:

G E E
G E E P E E B E E
B E E

This was just a spelling out of my initials, but it was uncommon and unusual, and when it caught the eye of the reader he would stop to see what it meant and, of course, the advertisement would go on to tell what it meant.

Another very efficient advertisement was the Bent Cigar. You will see the rhyme that Mr. Reed, the Hoosier Poet, wrote about it. I first ran across this cigar (which was made by Bock, of Havana), one wet Sunday at the Adams House, in Boston, and it struck me at once that it fitted my name. It was thoroughly "Bent." I used a great many thousands of these cigars; gave them away by the box to my wholesale customers, and they in turn gave them away to their retail customers; and every time a Bent cigar was passed out, it fixed the name of the Bent piano in the mind of the recipient, and there it stuck.

Another effective advertisement was the one in which I had the four letters of my name drawn in a crooked, bent fashion:

This also served to fix the Bent name in the minds and the memory of those seeing the advertisement.

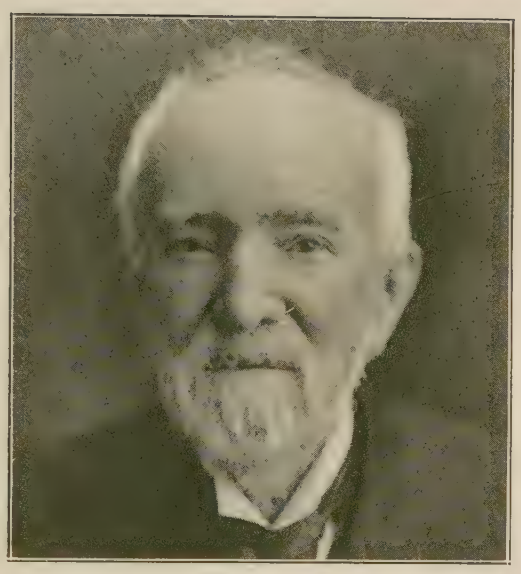
Numerous other original advertisements were produced from time to time. It has always been my thought that an advertisement, to be successful, must be unique; must get away from the conventional; must be of a startling, striking, catchy nature. While every advertisement ought to be truthful, it can be that and, at the same time, custom allows a little innocent exaggeration. It is my belief that a fortune is lost every year in advertising, because the copy for the advertisements is commonplace.

I also found out—as did Edward Bok, for thirty years editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*—that white space about an advertisement in a paper or a magazine was well worth paying for. I was one of the first to use large electric ads in Chicago. (I had the sixty-sixth telephone, by the way, to be installed in Chicago.)

I used almost every conceivable form of advertising, daily papers, weeklies, monthlies, billboards, posters, window hangers, fence signs, etc., but I think the most effective of all of my advertising was that printed in the form of circulars, devoted exclusively to the story of my products, and placed in the hands of either the wholesale or the retail buyers. Where the attention is called to one thing alone—the thing which is being advertised—it is much more effective, in my opinion, than having it appear along with a lot of other advertising matter; hence, when I could, and as often as I could, I placed my own exclusive circulars and catalogues in the hands of actual or prospective buyers.

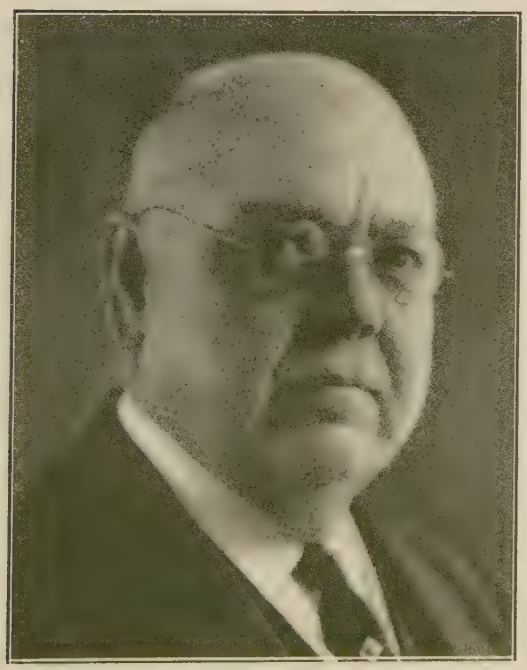
In the nineties, because of the stand taken by myself on the question of cheap, second grade and stenciled pianos, the trade papers and my friends generally began to call me "One Grade Bent," and the name stuck to me for years. I think that then, or later on, many of my fellow manufacturers came to agree that I was right in the stand I took.

They accused me of being a hustler in those days. Some one of the trade papers was kind enough to say that although my name was "Bent" there was nothing crooked about my methods, and the same article went on to say that if I had been a grave-digger, the chaps I buried would surely have been so well buried that they would be among the last to hear Gabriel's Trump, and would probably be late at the resurrection levee.



CHARLES F. GREY

HOWARD H. HITCHCOCK

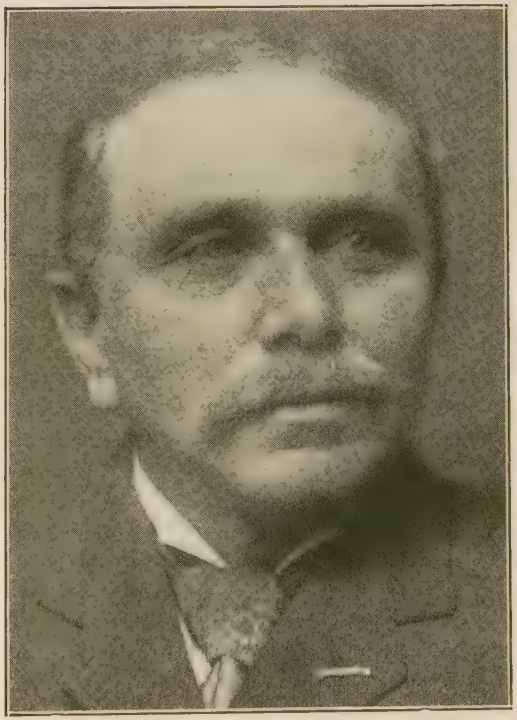


W. B. CONKEY

H. O. EDMONDS

Some old banker friends. Mr. Grey was my first banker, Mr. Hitchcock "a friend in need" and "indeed" in 1916, Mr. Conkey a bank director with myself, and Mr. Edmonds, my present banker.

CHARLES M. WALWORTH



AUGUST BLUM

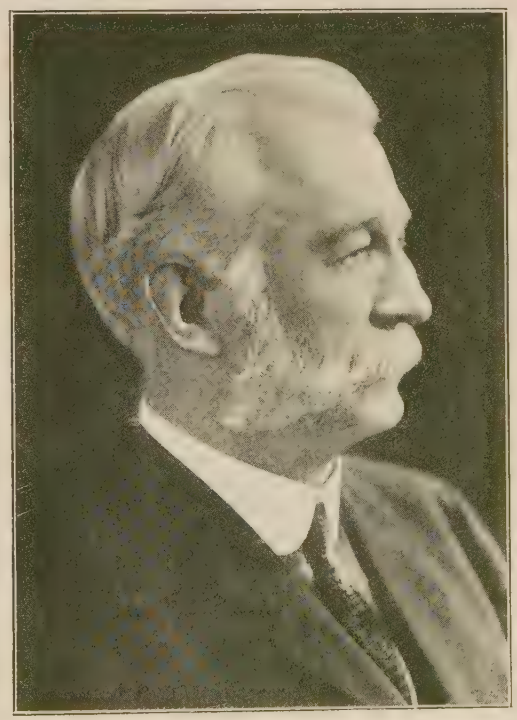
SAMUEL W. ALLERTON

CHAS. N. POST, PIANO MAN AND BANKER

JOHN KIRBY, Jr.
Ex-President, National Association of Manufacturers

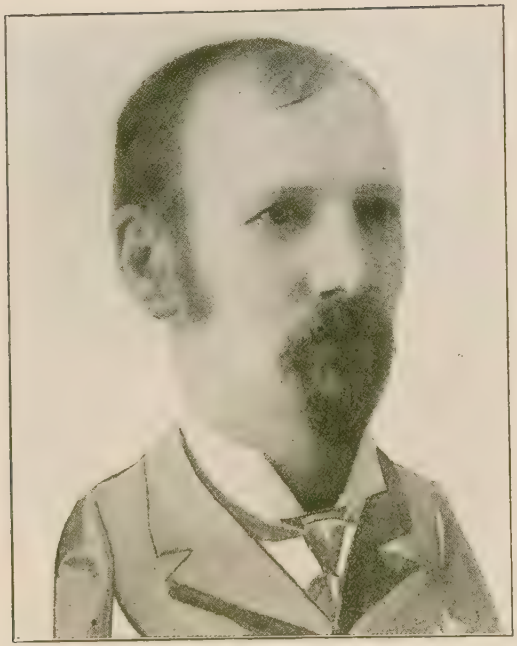
BYRON L. SMITH
Founder and President of First National Bank, Chicago

DAVID R. FORGAN
Founder and President, National City Bank, Chicago

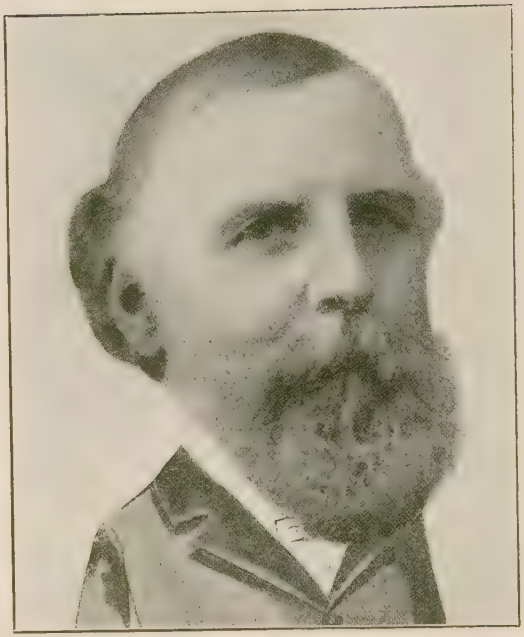


JAMES B. FORGAN
For many years President, First National Bank, Chicago

Mr. Smith, his father and son, and Messrs. Forgan were all my bankers.

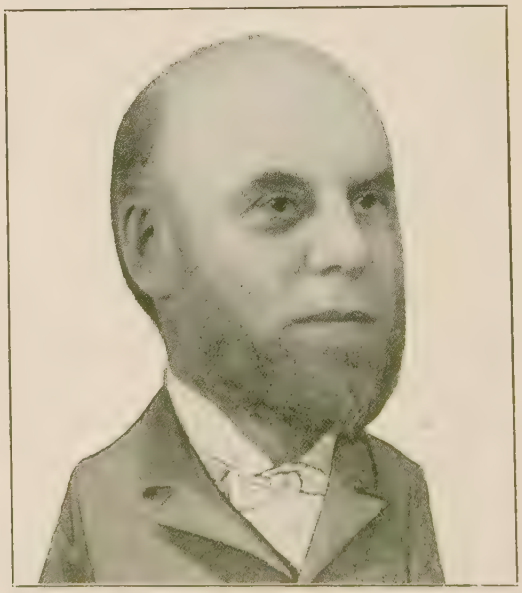


HOLMES HOGE



LYMAN J. GAGE

JOHN McLAREN



N. W. HARRIS

BANKERS I HAVE KNOWN

Another paper stated that I had been in New York one morning, Philadelphia the same evening, back in New York the next morning, and on my way to Chicago in the afternoon. It was said that if I found time to write my own advertising matter, it must be that I did not sleep. However, it is a well known fact that one can never believe all that is said in the papers. My friends used to sometimes allude to me as George "Pleasant" Bent, whereas others, not so friendly, made it George "Persimmons" Bent. There were yet others who claimed that I shortened my name to simply "Geo." because I was there and gone before they could say the rest of it.

Along in the nineties I began to use the slogan, "The Crown on Top" extensively in advertising Crown organs. The ad was usually accompanied by a cut showing a crown on a spinning top, and was striking and effective.

I have been accused of writing the so-called poetry I often used in advertising my wares. But to this charge I most emphatically plead "not guilty," for I have never written a line of poetry. The "divine afflatus" was not for me, and all of the poetry I used in my advertising was bought and paid for. I offered a thousand dollars in prizes for the best verses advertising Bent goods, and as a result of the offer, some three or four thousand poems, verses or doggerel were submitted. The trouble came in dividing the thousand dollars. I had nothing to do with it, however, and others passed upon the merits of the verses submitted, distributing the prize money as they thought fit. I think these rhymes, used extensively in trade papers and other publications, were among the best advertising stunts I ever used.

As stated elsewhere, Elbert Hubbard gave me full credit for a poem entitled "The Millionaire." This little poem was a great favorite of mine and apparently also found favor with Mr. Hubbard, who gave it prominent publication at different times, my name being appended as author. However, I was not its author, and do not know who was.

I used in my advertising all of my life, more or less, the philosophy of Josh Billings, and words of wisdom from the Bible, especially Proverbs.

Sometimes I used Scriptural references in writing my ads, as did also one Freeborn G. Smith. The *Indicator* quite often did likewise. I am not sure which of us started the fashion, but am sure that in my case, at least, the use of Scriptural references and quotations brought down much criticism "for and against"; incidentally arousing and keeping alive general interest in, and familiarity with, Crown products.

My familiarity with the Scriptures and ability to quote from them came as a result of enforced reading of the Bible, as a child. My parents made me read this wonderful book through and through three times and, while I did not appreciate it at the time, I have come to do so now.

I understand my friend, E. H. Droop, "of the trade," had something of the same experience, as a child, with Shakespeare, and other classics, which he was obliged to study and memorize as a punishment for any faults of which he might be guilty.

Kansas City Experiences

"The Lord hates a quitter,
But he doesn't hate him, son,
When the quitter's quitting something that
He shouldn't have begun."

—*Blosser Brevities.*

In 1880 I was persuaded by Oscar N. Kyle, of the Florence Machine Co., Florence, Mass., makers of the Crown Sewing Machine, which I was selling, to open a branch store at Kansas City. It was a mistake, and I lost money steadily there. I operated it for five years—until 1885—during which period my capital and time were divided between Chicago and Kansas City, neither of which I could afford. I did not begin to make money until I decided to concentrate and give all of my time and capital to the business at Chicago.

My brother-in-law, Weston Peel Wingate, was in charge of the business at Kansas City, and after I closed it out, he traveled for me in the Kansas City territory. During most of the time, from 1880 to 1885, Henry C. Turck was our bookkeeper at Kansas City.

He now lives in Pomona, California, and tells some amusing happenings during the Kansas City experience.

One story was about Henry B. "Highball" Morgan, who was one of our travelers there. We had equipped him with a "Crown" badge, in red, black and gold, and once, on a train near Tucson, Arizona, a "gunman" came in, evidently with the intention of "holding up" the passengers. When he got along to Mr. Morgan, however, the badge caught his attention and cowed him. He promised to be good, thinking that he had run up against an officer, and was willing to give up his gun and desist. The result was that he did desist, but Mr. Morgan would no longer wear our badges. He did not know how soon, I suppose, he would be shot by some desperado who thought he was an officer.

Mr. Turck also tells of his acquaintance with a cowboy deputy sheriff from Honeywell, Kansas, close to the line between that state and the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). This man's name was "Steve," and Mr. Turck saved him from the hands of some bunco men who were trying to sell him some stock in a mine. He took Steve in to see Mr. Wynants, who was cashier of the Armour Bros. Banking Company, where we kept our account. Mr. Wynants told Steve that the stock he was about to buy was not worth the paper it was written on, so he was saved from losing all of his money, although he did buy 25 shares of it before he got this advice.

A couple of weeks later, Steve came into our store, which was down on the "bottoms," on Union Avenue, near the Blossom Hotel and the railroad station, only a few blocks from the state line between Kansas and Missouri. This time Steve was after a man who had committed some offense, but who could not be persuaded to cross the line from Missouri into Kansas. He was making sport of Steve, because he knew that he could not serve a warrant upon him as long as he remained in Missouri. Finally he got to drinking and gambling, and went to sleep on a box near the Missouri line. Then Steve saw his opportunity. He bought some giant firecrackers, and got a small boy to set off these firecrackers under the box beneath the sleeping culprit. When the explosion occurred, he flew across the state line into Kansas, and Steve got him.

Later on, Mr. Turck made use of Steve in collecting one of our accounts. We had a customer at Wichita who did not pay as he should, and finally, he undertook to get across the line from Kansas into the Indian Territory, where he knew we could not touch him with any kind of a legal process. Mr. Turck wired Steve what was up and asked his help to collect. The customer had gotten every dollar he could borrow or secure in any other way, and was fleeing with all of the merchandise he had been unable to sell. When Mr. Turck and Steve overtook him, he was only one-half mile from the line, and Steve megaphoned him that if he did not stop he would shoot, and showed that he could shoot by letting off a few volleys, striking objects near the fleeing man. He finally surrendered, and after a heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Turck, settled our account in full in cash, on the spot, and was then allowed to proceed on his way. Later, he did a large business in Vinita on our goods, which he obtained through a Cherokee Indian chief, of Talequah, whose credit with us was high. This chief had a daughter who was a very fine organist. We never did hear how the chief came out in giving credit to this man who had almost escaped paying us, and would have done so but for the help we were given by Steve.

"Highball" Morgan, as stated elsewhere, married Miss Emily Courtright. Our families have been friends through all of the years.

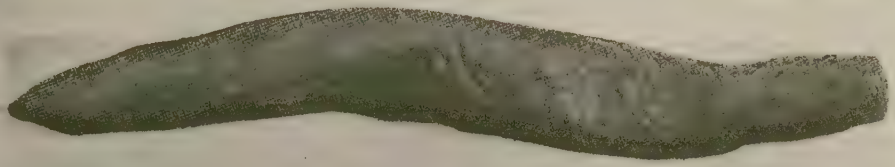
Another man who traveled out of the Kansas City branch for us was William H. Seavey, an old Decorah boy. He married Minnie Jester, daughter of John Jester, a Burr Oaker, who himself traveled for me, from 1881 until his death, a year or two later.

Seavey took John Jester's place with the firm that Mr. Jester left to come to me, and later, as I say, Seavey traveled out of Kansas

THE BENT FAMILY IN 1896

WESTON PEEL WINGATE, WIFE AND DAUGHTERS

Family scene at our home, 52nd St. and Washington Ave., Chicago. Taken about 1901.



A Strangely Bent, Acknowledgement

Thanks for the fine cigars you sent
'Twas needless Sir! To mark them "Bent"
When first I opened up the box
I found a seeming paradox
Tho' bent, the stock was strictly straight
And like their donor, "Up to Date"
No doubt their maker's won renown
As has the maker of the "Crown"
I don't refer you, understand
To the "Golden Crown of the Better hand"
But an Earthly joy to all is meant
'Tis the far famed "Crown" by Geo. P. Bent"

Again I thank you for the "Weed"
Sincerely Yours,
J. Samuel Reed

Geo. P. Bent

I used the above signature so much in my advertising matter that Lyon & Healy accused me of stealing their thunder

BENT

"Bent," twisted, but not crooked

An advertising illustration, one of the best I ever used

Office of GEO. P. BENT,
81 & 83 JACKSON STREET,
Jobber in Sewing Machines, Needles, Oils, Parts, and Attachments.

Chicago, Ill., 10/7 1882.

~~DEAR SIR~~ ~~In reply to name of~~

Gent. Please send me sample of your paper & give me rates (bottom) on yearly ads. Give price for half & full column space

Yours truly, GEO. P. BENT.

JOBBER OF "CROWN" SEWING MACHINES AND ORGANS

The above is self-explanatory

City for the writer of this autobiography. In 1883 I offered a watch to the salesman making the highest sales average for the year. Mr. Seavey took the watch over a field of sixteen, including "Highball" Morgan, who was considerable of a salesman, be it said. Will Seavey is at present in California, and boasts that he is still carrying the watch in question, which keeps as good time as it ever did. I had entirely forgotten about this watch until Mr. Seavey exhibited it and reminded me of the circumstances under which I had given it to him.

It will be noted that both Mr. Turck and Will Seavey are in California now, as is also Weston P. Wingate's widow. But the Morgans still live in Chicago, and as I write, are wintering in Florida, Mr. Morgan's health being none too good.

Chapter Eighteen

VARIOUS VOYAGES—(1897-1912)

"The world is so full of such a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Trips to Old Mexico

WE MADE quite a number of trips to Old Mexico, the first being in 1897. Sometimes we went in by way of Laredo, and again by way of El Paso, Texas. These were all business trips, but wife and I gathered all of the enjoyment we could along the way. We visited all of the principal cities of Old Mexico, including Chihuahua, Monterey, Tampico, San Luis Potosi, City of Mexico, Puebla, Guadalajara, Orizaba (a beautiful mountain resort), Santa Cruz, Zacatecas, Aguas-Calientes, Torreon, and Durango.

We found it a very interesting country to visit. The people are almost entirely of Indian or mixed Indian and Spanish blood, and out of the entire population of 15,501,684, I do not suppose there are more than 200,000 able to read and write. The rest are absolutely ignorant, and are certainly not fitted for self-government. No one but a dictator such as Diaz was, can properly govern them. He was a mild tyrant, not an unfeeling president. He knew how to handle the people; how to rule them with justice and firmness, and he did so. The country was prosperous during all of the time he was in control of its affairs, and it is only since his passing that chaos has reigned. As I write, riots and uprisings are continually going on. (This was written previous to the Obregon regime.)

In Mexico, as in most of the countries of South America, the people in authority are admittedly given to grafting, and they continue it to this day in many, if not most, of the countries. Mexico was well governed under Diaz, and certainly the most stable governments in South America are those of the Argentine and Chile. When I was in Peru, on my South American trip, I was told by several prominent people there that the government of Peru could not buy anything without paying for it on delivery. Its credit was absolutely gone, and in my opinion there never will be prosperity in either Mexico, or South American countries, until they have more stable governments. So long as the people in power are sucking the countries dry financially, there will be revolutions, and people outside of governmental circles, knowing that grafting is going on, will seek to overturn those governments and to gain possession themselves, that they may also get a chance to fill their pockets.

Foreign investors are in peril in anything they undertake to do to develop the great natural resources of Mexico, Central and South America. When a revolution occurs they necessarily have to take sides, and if the side they take wins out, they perhaps have some of their investment left. If their side fails, then everything they have is confiscated under the new regime, whatever it may be. Of course, it has been the history of the world that no country has prospered financially, or in any other way, unless there was a fixed stability of government.

I had quite a large number of customers all over South America and Mexico, but, with some rare exceptions, the credits given were perilous. The merchants of those countries are almost entirely foreigners — German, French or English. Americans have hardly made a beginning, as yet, in gaining trade from Latin America.

My friend, Aughinbaugh, has written several books dealing with the manner of gaining and holding trade in Latin America, but so far as manufacturers and merchants in the United States are concerned they seemingly pay very little attention to advice given as to how to gain and hold business in the coun-

tries of South and Central America and Old Mexico.

Wife and I once had a perilous adventure at Santa Cruz, taking a steamer for Havana, Cuba, when a severe "norther" came up just as we were going out to our steamer, which lay at anchor. We made the trip in a small combination sail and row boat. It was managed by a Spaniard and, of course, he could not understand us nor we him. We were thoroughly soaked through and nearly met the fate of four or five others, who were drowned that day in the midst of the storm. It was so severe a storm that we were not able to leave the harbor for twenty-four hours after we reached the steamer. The effects of the "norther" continued all the way across the Gulf of Mexico, and the sea was so rough that almost all on board were seasick. Wife had a little touch of it, but I escaped, as usual.

Our steamer touched at Progreso, on the Yucatan Peninsula, to land a lot of passengers at that place. (It is a strange thing that there are almost no harbors, except artificial ones, on the entire coast line of Old Mexico; the steamers needs must anchor out.) These passengers had almost all of them been sick, and when the tender, a good-sized tug, came out to our boat to land the passengers, the little boat was carried by the waves as much as ten or twelve feet, up and down, alongside of the large boat, and passengers were snatched from the large boat as the small one rose to the ladder; and almost every one of them—and as far as I know, all—were violently seasick again when they got into the tossing small boat. Most of us watching their departure could not restrain ourselves from "guying" them about their second misery on the trip, and I think (if they could have gotten at us) some of us who were guilty of this barbarous laughter at their expense would have died a violent death. I never have been able to restrain a smile at seeing another become seasick. While I cannot help it, I know I ought to be punished for it as there is no excuse for hilarity at another's expense.

I once had a very funny experience crossing from Catalina Island to the mainland. The journey is almost always rough. I had been fishing at the island, and being pretty tired I took a stateroom and laid down to re-read Mark Twain's "Extracts from Adam's Diary." I heard quite a disturbance outside my cabin door, and on looking out discovered that a very large lady was in the throes of a violent attack of seasickness. Her little daughter was doing what she could to comfort her, and as I opened my door and looked out, the sick lady turned and saw me smiling, and perhaps laughing. Of course, I made proper apologies and then said that I had often heard that fun was better than physic, and that I was reading a very funny book at the time, and if she would like to have me do so, I would read it to her, hoping it would do her good. She accepted my apology for laughing at her and said she would be glad indeed to hear the book, so I began to read it, and before I got through pretty nearly everyone on board was listening. The lady would have a spasm of seasickness, and after this was over, would ask me to read some more. This happened a half dozen times, I think, going across.

As we came into the still waters of San Pedro, now Los Angeles Harbor, I finished the book, and she immediately recovered (as is always the case with a seasick person when still waters are reached). She thanked me most profusely for curing her of seasickness.

We found the climate of Mexico, except at the coast, quite delightful. The vast plateau of Central Mexico is about five or six thousand feet above sea level, and very fertile, especially so where there is any chance to get water to the soil. Of course, the heat is intense when one is exposed to the sun, but so far as our experience went, it was always comfortable in the shade. One of the amusing sights which we saw many times was a line of donkeys following around the shade of the telegraph poles; in this way they managed to keep fairly cool. Four or five of them would line up with heads toward the pole and then, as the shadow from the pole moved, they would side-step to keep with it.

The City of Mexico is quite beautiful, but until the occasion of my last visit (in 1907, I think) its drainage was very poor indeed, and

consequently there were at least 57 varieties of odors in the air, especially in the centre of the city.

On the occasion of our first going into Mexico we read "The Conquest of Mexico" by Prescott. It is a wonderful story, showing how Cortez with a few men and horses conquered the people and held them in subjection. When Cortez undertook the conquest, the natives of Mexico had never seen a horse or a firearm of any sort, neither cannon nor guns. He knew how to deal with the superstitions of the people, and constantly worked upon their fears with his prowess and intrepidity. He was cruel, conscienceless beyond words, nevertheless the story of his achievements, as told by Prescott, is well worth reading and highly interesting.

If things again settle down there and peace is restored, I am sure that anyone making a trip to Old Mexico will enjoy it, especially so if the trip is taken while reading Prescott's Conquest. We know that the book was very useful to us, and is a fine guide book, as well as a most interesting story.

Whenever I have been in Mexico I have had constant and repeated invitations, at almost every city, to attend a bull fight, but I never wished to see such a cruel sport and never have done so. The cruelty to the poor blindfolded horses is the worst of all. That to the bulls I should not mind so much. They have ways of defending themselves and often their cruel tormentors meet their death in the midst of what they call sport.

They have a game there called *"jai-a-laí,"* which is the national game, or sport, after that of bull fighting. In this game a ball is thrown against a wall from a sort of cornucopia fastened to the arm of the player. It is quite an interesting game, and calls for as much activity on the part of the players as does tennis.

Of the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Orizaba, Popocatepetl is smoking all the time and is snow-covered the year round at the top, although not far from the equator; the snow never melts entirely. Popocatepetl and Orizaba are almost constantly in view on the way from the City of Mexico to Puebla.

The peons of Mexico have a drink called *pulqué,* of which they are intemperately fond, and a *pulqué* drunk is something dreadful to see, for, when the user of the drink becomes intoxicated, as he does very quickly, he is absolutely helpless, as limp as a rag, cannot stand and can scarcely crawl.

There are in the City of Mexico some monstrous eucalyptus trees; and the views to be had from Chapultepec are delightful. On this height, to which the *paséo* leads from the city, are the palaces and some of the government buildings. It is the finest residential portion of the city. The *paséo* is a wonderfully beautiful, broad boulevard. I always stopped, when in the City of Mexico, at the Iturbide; it was once the palace of a ruler. The rooms are very large and each room was equipped with, I should say, from twenty to thirty chairs of various kinds. It is now right in the very heart of the city, but when it was built, doubtless, it was at the outskirts of the city.

The national museum is well worth a lengthy visit.

On the occasion of my first visit to Mexico I experienced a great deal of trouble in finding a satisfactory barber, and finally at Guadalajara, I asked my customer there to refer me to a good barber and he at once exclaimed, "Why don't you shave yourself?" (This was in the early days of safety-razors.) I told him that I had never been able to shave with an ordinary razor or to tie a tie on myself. These are two things which it had been impossible for me to do up to that time. I have often thought if I could stand on my head while trying to, I might accomplish these feats, but it seemed impossible to do either of these two things standing on my feet. However, acting upon his advice, I purchased a safety razor, and since then I have had no trouble in shaving, and have avoided the loss of time going to a barber shop and waiting my turn. I found that it averaged an hour out of each day to get into and out of a barber shop. I have saved a lot of time and annoyance since I began to do my own shaving, as I found it almost impossible, in traveling about in any country, to get work of that sort done satisfactorily. The safety razor has certainly been a

Reminiscent and Farewell Dinner Given by Geo. P. Bent, Congress Hotel, Sept. 14, 1909

Loving Cup presented to me Sept. 14, 1909, by Chicago Piano and Organ Association

My brother, Charles Avery Bent. Born at Burr Oak, Iowa, Oct. 10, 1860. Associated with me in business until his death, April 8, 1912

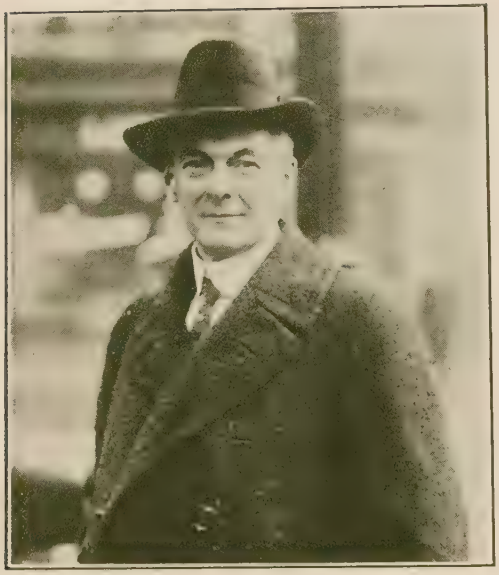
EMIL J. LEIBLING
Who was my sister Hattie's music master for some years

JAMES J. MATCHETT
Brother of my lifelong friend, William H. Matchett

JULIUS HEINRICH ZIMMERMAN AND FAMILY
Mr. Zimmerman was my customer at Leipzig and Warsaw and I was often hospitably entertained at his home.

T. WILMOT ECKERT
Who used my Crown Orchestral Piano for years in his stage skits.

J. O. TWITCHELL
Long time friend and piano man.



E. H. ("EDDIE") DROOP
Who is so handsome that two of his pictures are being used in this book. His brother, Carl A. Droop, and their father, E. F. Droop, are shown on page 212, and another picture of "Eddie" will be found on page 179.

B. O. MARSH, DECORAH, IOWA
Customer, Band Leader and Friend

D. MILLER WILSON
For years my European traveler. Now a resident of Los Angeles, California

WM. B. HOSWELL, a long-time friend

great boon to me, and I know it has been to others since it came into use.

Agricultural labor in Mexico is, generally speaking, of the most primitive sort. Modern machinery is tabooed; they still plow with the crotched stick, and if a modern plow is put into use by a native the first thing he does, or wishes to do, is to cut off one of the handles, as he and his ancestors for centuries have only used one handle to a plow, and think that two is one too many.

Manufacturing is also of a primitive sort; in fact, they continue to do things as their forefathers for centuries back did them, and modern methods and machinery are not at all favored. Of course, foreigners going into business there introduce, as far as they are able, up-to-date machinery and methods, but it is very difficult to get the native to change from what was satisfactory to his father and grandfather. The whole population seems to abhor change, just as they do in Egypt today. In that country I saw, in the whole valley of the Nile, only one reaper and one threshing machine. The methods in use in Bible times still continue to be in use today in Egypt. Of course, both in Mexico and in Egypt, one reason, I suppose, for not adopting modern ideas, is the expense of buying modern machinery, and, furthermore, the cheapness of labor in both those countries. They still irrigate by hand labor, cut their grain with a sickle, threshing it with oxen treading over it, just as described in the Bible. Of course, some of the modern inventions are in use in the cities, such as electric light and power, telephone and telegraph, but this is due almost entirely to the initiative of foreigners, not to that of the natives. They barely exist and seemingly have no ambition to advance.

This is almost absolutely true of the real native Mexicans. Few of them have any desire to rise above the level in which they were born. Change and improvement are frowned upon universally by the native population, so far as I had a chance to observe during the numerous visits I made to the country.

Trip to Alaska (1901)

In the summer of 1901, wife and I left Chicago with our daughter, Charity, for a trip to Alaska. We sailed from Seattle. Charity had as cabin mate on the journey to Skagway, Miss Jocelyn Foulkes, and a real friendship was formed on the trip which still endures, although Charity did not remain with us long to enjoy that friendship, as we have. Our daughter, Charity, died August the third, 1905.

On our way to Seattle to sail we made numerous stops, visiting customers and personal friends. Our route to Alaska was up the inland passage, and only twice from Seattle to Skagway did we get a glimpse of the open sea, the balance of the trip being between islands and the mainland all the way. The climate and scenery were delightful; the mountains and verdure along the way were particularly attractive; so also were the glaciers and icebergs, which were close at hand.

We landed at Skagway and found a population of less than 3,000 people, where once —during the gold rush—there had been 25,000 or 30,000 people, with accommodations for that number. The railroad over the pass to Lake Bennett and White Horse had been constructed a year or more before we arrived. We went over the line as far as Lake Bennett only, and there found practically a deserted village. This was the point where the prospectors, during the gold rush, built their rafts on which to go down the Yukon.

Right around the point from Skagway lies, about five miles away, the town of Dyea. We were told when we were there that it once had a population about equal to Skagway, the prospectors dividing between the two places. The pass over to Lake Bennett is not so difficult, but longer than that from Skagway. Dyea also was, when we were there, a good illustration of a "deserted village." We were told that there were only five or six inhabitants in the whole place at that time, and it had been built to accommodate 25,000 or 30,000 people! The streets were grass grown and the bunk houses, tent houses, and other buildings that were put up suddenly to accommodate the rush of people that came in, were

in a general state of dilapidation. A hotel, which would cost $25,000 to build, was offered to my customer at Skagway for $300, and he did not think it was a bargain at that price. At the time I was there the only communication between Dyea and Skagway was by water, a very precipitous, rocky peninsula interposing between the two places.

We did not get far enough north to see the midnight sun, though we could read papers distinctly at midnight and made some pictures at midnight by time exposure.

Miss Foulkes left us at Skagway and went inland to see her brothers, who had gone there at the time of the greatest excitement in Alaska—I think in 1899. We found the climate at Skagway delightful; vegetables of all sorts which can be grown in three or four months flourished. The entire Alaskan coast, bordering on the Pacific, has a mild climate. They at times have a great deal of snow, but it does not last long. It is only after crossing the mountain ranges that the severe Alaskan weather is encountered. I never saw mosquitoes so plentiful and ferocious as we found them there. Laboring men had to protect their heads from the pests with net and wore thick leather gloves with gauntlets at their work.

We stopped at various places along our way going and coming, and had a good opportunity to watch the salmon fisheries and canneries in operation. The whole journey, going and coming, was a delightful one, and we thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it. We concluded it best, however, not to prolong our trip to go among the Aleutian Islands to Nome. We had some thought of doing that before we started on the trip, but gave it up.

First Trip Around World (1909-1910)

In October, 1909, after giving to friends in Chicago the first of my many farewell dinners, my wife and our daughters, Muriel and Dorothy, and myself, accompanied by my cousin, Mrs. Cyrus M. Avery (Cousin Minnie), started for our trip around the world.

To this farewell dinner I invited about fifteen hundred friends, but only about four hundred were present in the "Gold Room" at the Congress Hotel. I acted as my own toastmaster on this occasion and had with me some of my oldest and best friends.

Wife and myself with our daughters started from Chicago, and at Galesburg, Illinois, we were joined by Cousin Minnie. The next day we spent at Omaha, Nebraska, with our cousins, George H. Payne and family. We then went on to Denver where we saw the Hexts and other friends there; then on to Salt Lake City where we saw the Mannings, Blackmarrs and Thomsons, old Burr Oak friends of ours. Then we went on to Seattle, via Spokane, meeting many friends in both places. At Seattle we visited the Ramakers and the Perry family. Mr. Perry used to own and operate the stage line from Decorah, Iowa, to Preston, Minn. Many times I was a beneficiary at Mr. Perry's hands when going out to Burr Oak from Decorah to visit Clara Ames Wingate, at the time I was trying to persuade her I could make her life a happy one if she would marry me.

Mr. Ramaker learned his piano business in my factory at Chicago and afterwards was a customer for several years at Seattle. His wife, Winnie Perry, was a schoolmate of my wife and myself at Burr Oak in the early days.

From Seattle we journeyed south to Portland and visited there with our friends the Montagues. Richard W. Montague is a prominent lawyer there. (He has since then codified the laws of Oregon, and, by the way, he is a brother of James J. Montague, the poet.) His wife, Ellen Barton Montague, was one of our bridesmaids; so also was Ida Mae Starr Willis, whom we had seen, with her mother and sister, at Denver, as we passed through.

From Portland, with only a few days to spare, we journeyed south to San Francisco to take our steamer for our trip going west. We learned, before we left Portland, that there had been a cave-in in one of the tunnels between Portland and Frisco and that we should not be able to reach our steamer without making the trip over the mountains, and possibly then could not reach Frisco in time for our sailing. We decided, however, to make the attempt and, after we got to the point where the cave-in had occurred, we sent our luggage

ahead and drove over the mountains until we could get a connecting train coming out to meet ours from the south. When we got to Sacramento, we could not find our luggage. We did find one or two trunks there, some others at Davis, the junction place, going north, and still others at Stockton, California, where we went to visit the widow of my wife's brother, Weston P. Wingate, and their daughter "Wee Wee."

Finally, we reached San Francisco—about 24 hours before our steamer was to sail—and we visited, as much as we could in the short time we had, some of our friends there, most of them being my business friends: Mr. R. S. Smith, wife and son, the Cheseboroughs and Mr. Peter Bacigalupi. They, and other friends, including representatives from the houses of Sherman, Clay & Co., Wiley B. Allen & Co., W. W. Kimball Co. and Bowers & Son, came to the wharf to see us off on the Steamer "Siberia," Capt. Zeeder, for Honolulu and Japan. We sailed away and had not more than gotten out of the Golden Gate before wife, for the first time in her life, was taken seasick and she says that the word "Pacific," as applied to that ocean, is a misnomer; that there is nothing pacific about it. She had been across the Atlantic to Europe many times and had never been seasick, but the moment she struck the Pacific waters things happened. She was in the same mood as the Irishman who was taken sick at sea. His friend slapped him on the back and said, "Pat, is the moon up yet?" and in reply, Pat said, "It shurely is up if I have swallowed it."

We were about six days going from San Francisco to Honolulu and I thought the seas were fine. Others did not agree with me. As yet I have never had the slightest sensation of seasickness, although I must have traveled, in my lifetime, at least three hundred thousand miles by water. I enjoy water travel above all else, unless it be air travel, which I have only recently experienced. A sea trip is most restful and recuperative to me and I always enjoy every mile of it.

We were very anxious to see Kilauea. Moana Loa, an active volcano on the Island of Hawaii, is 13,675 feet high, and Kilauea, on the eastern slope of Moana Loa, 4,400 feet high, with an enormous crater and living lake of fire. But as we had only one day at Honolulu, we did not visit any of the other islands. We saw Honolulu thoroughly and the island on which it is situated, Oahu. We engaged a guide and an automobile and went all over this island, seeing, among other interesting sights, the *Pali,* the precipices where the natives defended themselves years ago in their struggle to retain the island.

During the trip to Japan we had some rough weather, no real storm, but gales. On the way over, Captain Zeeder volunteered to take my daughters, Muriel and Dorothy, up to the "crow's-nest" and, properly garbed and secured, they made the trip. Quite a sensation, they said.

When we reached Yokohama, we went to the Grand Hotel and there we were met by Mr. Zero Iwati. A friend of my friend, R. B. Gregory, then President of Lyon and Healy, had given me a letter of introduction to him, he having guided him over Japan several times before and since our trip there. Iwati is a highly educated and most amiable guide, and I can most cordially recommend him to anyone visiting Japan who wishes a guide thoroughly posted on the history of Japan and well acquainted with all the places and objects of interest throughout that country.

We spent about a month in Japan, at that time, going as far north as Nikko. We had snow and cold weather up there, whereas at Yokohama and at Osaka, Kobe and so forth, the weather was quite mild, although it was December before we left Japan.

At Tokyo I secured a very good customer, Jiujiya Gakkiten, and after that did quite a large business with that house. When I retired in 1916, the Price & Teeple Piano Co., of Chicago, succeeded to the business I had with them and relations have been very satisfactory. Messrs. Kurata are now the owners and active operators of this thoroughly reliable and responsible house. This was all written prior to the Japanese earthquake of 1923, in which their place of business was destroyed; it

has since been rebuilt. I am informed that Mr. Iwata and his family escaped injury, as did Mr. Kurata.

During our trip to Japan, we visited Kamakura, where we saw the noted statue of Buddha, a colossal figure of bronze, which has stood there for many years, withstanding all of the action of the elements, earthquakes included.

Any one interested in Japanese history should read "A Handbook of Modern Japan," by Ernest W. Clement, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., 1903. The book was given to me one Christmas by my daughter Barbara who knew that we were talking about visiting that country.

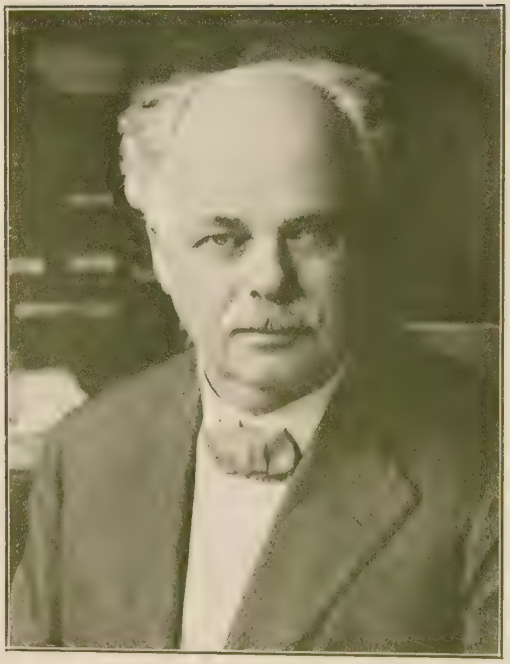
From Japan we sailed across the Yellow Sea and passed through the Japanese "inland" sea to Shanghai, China. "Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes," by Edward S. Morse, published by Little, Brown & Co., 1902, gives one a very close insight into the family life of the Chinese. Mr. Morse thinks that the Chinese are not nearly so tidy and cleanly as are the Japanese, but it is a common impression here in America, on the Pacific coast, and also all over the Orient wherever I have been, that the Chinese are one of the most industrious and also the most honest people on earth. In my experience with them, I have found this to be true. In America, they are a very quiet people, whereas in China, we found them to be quite noisy. On our arrival at Shanghai, we could hardly sleep at night on account of the street noises. Being the Yuletide season, we hung up our stockings, bought a tree, and had a real Christmas celebration at the hotel in Shanghai, Christmas Day, 1909.

On our way from San Francisco, all the way to Shanghai, we had the pleasant company of the American Consul, who had been at Hongkong; he was being transferred to Shanghai. He had been a resident of and editor of a paper at Madison, Wis.; a most affable and entertaining gentleman. I have never seen nor heard from him since, and his name has escaped my memory; however, I hope he is still in the land of the living and entertaining people as he did us.

At Shanghai we saw, not alone the modern city but also the native city, which is a very crowded one and to us seemed very filthy as it did to Mr. Morse, who mentioned it in his book. We took a British boat for Hongkong. The journey by steamer takes about three days. We found the trip around the Island of Hongkong delightful. So also was the trip on the main land from Kow Loon. We had no idea that this latter trip would be so enjoyable or the scenery as beautiful as it proved to be. We took a circular trip, going one way and coming back another, and enjoyed every moment of the several auto trips.

At Hongkong we found the hotels crowded. Indeed, throughout, on this trip, it was extremely difficult to secure accommodations. Of course I was "personally conducting" the four ladies, and to secure suitable rooms for us all, both on steamers and in hotels, was something of a task. Besides, as this was not only a pleasure trip but also a business one, I had my hands full all along the way, having shipped to various ports samples of my organs and pianos and player pianos, four or five samples to each place. These were forwarded a long time ahead of me and I had difficulty in getting them out of storage. Warehouses in the Orient are called "go downs" and, between finding my samples and getting them out of storage (on account of customs duties in the various countries), I had troubles of my own, in which none of the ladies could share. Then, in addition to showing my "party" the sights, as I sought to do—and, when I could not go myself, engaging a guide for them—I had to hunt up customers and make business arrangements with them, if possible. I discovered that it was unwise to ship samples very far ahead, if one hoped to get cost out of them, although it was beneficial to the extent of showing the merchants just what the goods were; but the idea seemed to prevail that since the goods *were there* and with freight and duties *paid,* they could buy them at any price they saw fit to pay; so I had to contend with that disadvantage and oftentimes I was not able to get full cost out of the samples I had shipped ahead of me. I had been

Group on Shipboard, showing "Cousin Minnie" Avery, Dorothy and Muriel Bent, and George P. Bent



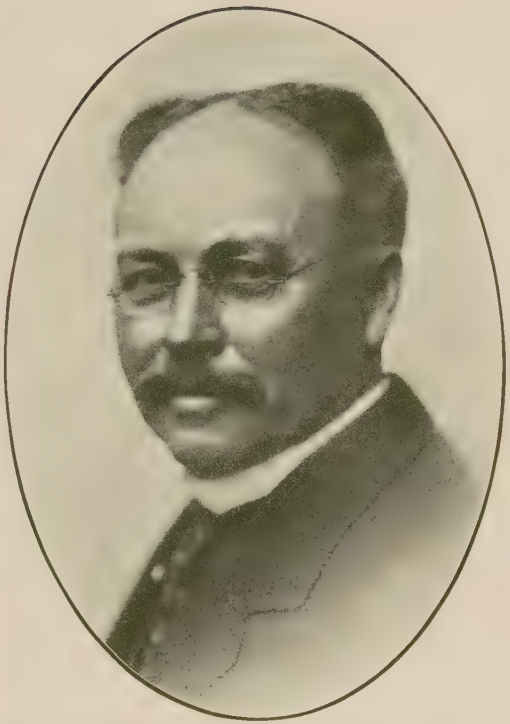
GEORGE H. PAYNE
A favorite cousin, of Omaha and Albert Lea

MRS. ELLEN BARTON MONTAGUE
One of our bridesmaids

FRED E. PAYNE
Another cousin, in my employ for several years

MRS. IDA MAE STARR WILLIS
One of our bridesmaids

THE BENT FAMILY IN THE EARLY NINETIES
Geo. P., Charles A., Arthur S., and Harriet M. Bent.



GEO. P. BENT, AT ABOUT 57

MRS. CYRUS M. AVERY
("Cousin Minnie")

CYRUS M. AVERY
My cousin of Peoria, Illinois.

GEORGE HENRY BENT
Our oldest son

CHARLES MATCHETT BENT
Our youngest son

for years making a specialty of export business and I had been to Europe and Mexico, and other countries, numerous times seeking foreign trade, believing that America was producing more goods than it could possibly consume and that our surplus products must seek a market in foreign countries. I can say that I was really a pioneer, in my line, in this endeavor. Following me in this effort, one of the principals was R. S. Howard, of New York, and since then my next door neighbors in Chicago, the Price & Teeple Piano Company, which company now is a most active seeker after foreign trade.

From Hongkong, we journeyed to Manila and spent a few days there with friends and customers, among them Mr. and Mrs. Mobley. Mr. Mobley was a resident of Nebraska and was the representative from that state during the World's Fair in 1893 at Chicago. I became acquainted with him there and he and his wife entertained our party most cordially during our stay at Manila.

We returned to Hongkong and then journeyed to Singapore. We saw all that we could of the country, including a visit to the Malay Peninsula, where the Sultan of Johor, with his many wives and concubines, lived in a palace decorated with all of the unseemly objects imaginable. Everything that people of taste would reject, he had. We went all through his palace. Did not see him, nor any of his wives or concubines, but did see hanging lamps galore, crockery, and everything else that might be thought decorative by him, but which would not be endured by anyone of good taste.

From Singapore, we sailed to Batavia, Java, passing by the island of Sumatra, and other islands. I had several customers on the Island of Java, but did not see them all. We went into the mountains, after leaving Batavia, and then traversed the whole island as far as Sourabaya, where we took a Dutch boat, the "Von Heemskirk," Capt. Arnold. The Captain did his best to entertain us. (Recently—on my last trip around the world—I met a nephew of his, who told me his uncle had passed away in 1919.) With Captain Arnold, we journeyed to Dutch Borneo, which comprises about five-sixths of the island of Borneo, after Australia the largest island in the world. We coaled there and then went on, touching at Macassar, Celebes, then we went to Thursday Island, immediately north of Australia, and from there to New Guinea.

At Port Townsend, on that Island, we took on board 150 or 200 stranded miners, who had been seeking gold in New Guinea, due to a false alarm about gold having been found on that island. The Government requested the boat to call there for these men and take them home to Australia.

From that point we journeyed south, touching at Cairnes, Brisbane and other ports along the way, inside The Reef, which extends from the north end of Australia on the east side of it almost to Sydney. This is a most dangerous coral reef and many ships have been and still are being wrecked upon it.

At Sydney we went to the Australia Hotel. We were in Sydney several days and saw all we could of it. The harbor is very beautiful, one of the three most beautiful harbors in the world, San Francisco and Rio de Janeiro being the other two.

I decided to make a business trip to New Zealand, while wife, daughters and Mrs. Avery went overland to Melbourne. I landed at Wellington, and went across country from that port to Auckland, where I had a customer. In the North Island there is a district which is somewhat similar to our Yellowstone Park, although not nearly so large, nor so interesting. This has been in late years almost ruined by volcanic action. They have geysers and other things very similar to those we find in Yellowstone Park.

My customer at Auckland was Mr. Nathan, and I journeyed with him from Auckland back again to Sydney and found I had just one hour in which to make a train for Melbourne, and that if I made that train I could catch the boat "Moldavia" which was sailing from Melbourne for London, and on which we had engaged passage. There was no other train for two whole days, on account of union rules and union domination in Australia, at that time.

I therefore made two or three calls and succeeded in catching the train and finally reached Melbourne in time to join our folks and catch the boat. We touched on our way at Adelaide and at Perth, then at Colombo, Ceylon and Aden, Arabia. Next, passing through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, we touched at Port Said, and from that point, until reaching Marseilles, we did not touch at all, passing through the Straits of Messina at night time and seeing the lights both on the Italian shore and on the island of Sicily. We then passed between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. On this trip Captain Gordon, of the "Moldavia," was seemingly much more interested in the lady passengers than he was in the command of his ship. However, he and his officers guided us safely to Marseilles, where we left the boat and reached London in due time by rail.

We were in London but a short time; proceeding to Rome, where, as previously arranged, we joined the Bureau of University Travel, under the guidance of Professor H. H. Powers. I had to run back to Naples to see a customer there. Then I returned to Rome.

We visited the various points of interest, studying Rome's ancient history in connection with its ruins and excavations. We continued with the Bureau, under Professor Powers' guidance, through Florence, Venice, Milan, Pisa; then up through Munich to Switzerland and over again to Paris, where we left the Bureau and journeyed to London.

We saw what we could of England, and particularly of London, before sailing from Liverpool for Montreal. At Quebec we were met by George Luzerne Avery and bride, he having married while we were absent. They accompanied our party to Chicago.

On our way out of Melbourne we had fallen in with Miss Amy Rocke, who had a cabin with Mrs. Avery, and of whom we became very fond. We persuaded her to go to America with us, where she spent four or five months with the Averys and with us. Her brother was also with us from Melbourne to Perth.

We reached Chicago on our return trip July 3rd, 1910, and went at once to our country home "The Boulders," at Williams Bay.

Trip to Europe and South America

In 1911 and 1912 I made a thorough tour of Europe; then went to South America, late in the fall, to make a close canvass of that territory; calling upon my old customers and seeking new trade.

I visited most of the European countries, seeing the customers I had made during previous trips. I went as far east as Warsaw, Russia, where I again saw Mr. Julius Heinrich Zimmerman, whom I had met several times in Leipzig, and had been entertained at his home on numerous former trips.

Completing my European tour, I went to England again, sailing from Southampton on the S. S. "Araguaya" for South America. On the way we touched at Vigo and La Coruna, Spain; also at Oporto and Lisbon. I had visited my customer at Lisbon many times before, and had crossed Spain from Lisbon several times.

We then sailed for the Madeira Islands, where—at Funchal, the capital—I had my first experience with sleigh-riding over cobble stones, instead of snow or ice. In Funchal the sole means of transportation is by these sleds, which slide and bounce along over the stones in a fearful manner.

From Funchal we continued to Pernambuco, where I went ashore and, incidentally, narrowly escaped missing the boat going further south, on account of the tender which took us ashore being late or delayed, for some reason. We next touched at Bahia, where we did not land on account of disturbances going on at that time. There was a revolution on, as is usually the case in Spanish American countries. The officials who are "in" are usually grafting from the government and the people, and those who are "out" naturally wish to get at the "crib" and have their share of the graft and rich stipends there. This accounts for the numerous revolutions, which are con-

On board S. S. "Araguaya." Senor Destefano as "Miss Columbia," George P. Bent as "Uncle Sam"

Sir J. Herbert Marshall with his daughter, his son, Ernest J. Marshall, Geo. H. Bent and Geo. P. Bent at Niagara Falls

Banquet of the Chicago Piano and Organ Association, Auditorium Hotel, Jan. 27, 1915

ORIGINATORS OF THE LACTEAL CLUB

Left to right, seated, Albert Gray, H. Stewart, D. Miller Wilson, E. W. Coxall. Standing, D. V. Coote, Bernard Elliott, H. Cottain, F. E. Quitmann, Geo. P. Bent, J. Whitaker and C. E. Lyon, taken at convention of Association of British Music Trades Association, Buxton, England, May, 1913

stantly occurring in all of South America, with the possible exception of Argentina and Chile.

We at length reached Rio de Janeiro, which —surrounded by mountains on every side—is, as far as I know, the most wonderfully beautiful harbor in the whole world. Rio de Janeiro is now a great city and a sanitary one. It used to be spoken of as the pest place of the world, as it was filled with yellow fever and every other sort of contagious and infectious disease. However, it was all gone when I was there and my stay was delightful. Near the bay it is very hot, but up the mountains it is cool and pleasant and the view up the hills or mountains from the bay is wonderful. Residence there, though it is so near the equator, is delightful. The days are not too hot and the nights are very cool.

I went overland from Rio to Sao Paulo and there spent a few days. Sao Paulo is a well built, pleasant city, both as to scenery and atmosphere. There also, they were on the verge of a revolution. I next went south to Santos, where, after visiting a customer, I took the steamer "Oriana" for Buenos Aires. On the way, at Montevideo, I was met by a customer, Mr. Furze, who escorted me to Buenos Aires, his home city, where I spent a number of days. Buenos Aires, which is right at the mouth of the River Plata, is as level as a floor, and very much like Chicago. The city is well built, after the European style, and the government of Argentina is one of the most stable in all South America. After finishing my visit there, I took another boat, returning to Montevideo, where I saw my customer and also saw as much as I could of the city, and of the country of Uruguay.

Returning to Buenos Aires, I went up the River Plata to Rosario, then to Mendoza and then, over the Andes Mountains, to Valparaiso, Chile. The railway across the mountains was completed not long before I passed over it. I might say that all of Argentina that I saw before reaching the foothills of the Andes Mountains is one vast plain, much like central Illinois. At Valparaiso I saw a customer, also one at Santiago, and another at Iquique.

Chile, like Argentina, is one of the best governed countries in South America. Every other country in Spanish South America is subject to revolution at any time, as has been said.

At Valparaiso I caught up with the "Oriana," which I had left at Buenos Aires, it having meanwhile gone around the Horn. From Valparaiso I journeyed north, touching at various ports in Chile, and on the way met Dr. William E. Aughinbaugh, who was going up to La Paz, Bolivia, on business. He left the steamer at Antofagasta; I continued as far as Mollendo, Peru. I wore at the time a Singapore suit, consisting of a pair of white duck trousers and a coat with a standing collar, and a gauze undershirt. When I reached Mollendo, I found that within the hour I must take a train for La Paz. If I missed this train I would have to stay in Mollendo, which was very hot, for three whole days, before the next train for La Paz left. Hence I hastened to get my trunk on the train I was to take, thinking that I would not wait to change clothing then, but would do so at Arequipa, Peru.

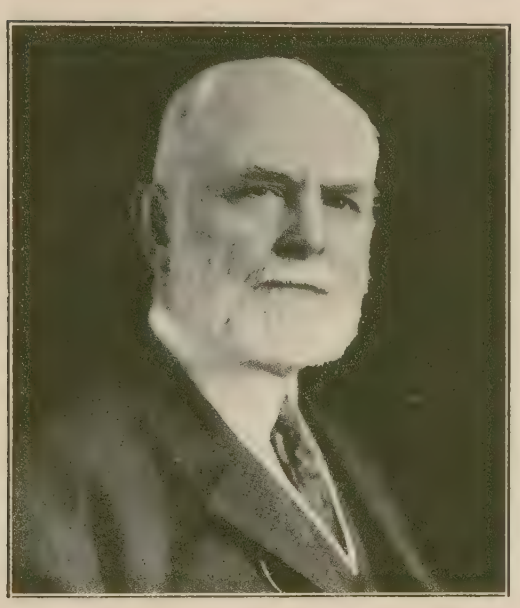
At Arequipa I saw a customer, and also endeavored to obtain my trunk as I wished to make a change to warmer clothing for the trip across the Andes to La Paz; but I failed, even with his help. My trunk had gone into bond and I could not touch it until I got into Bolivia, so they said, and so I found. Going over the Andes to La Paz, we encountered a snow storm, also a wreck which detained us about eight hours. When we reached Lake Titicaca (the highest lake in the world—about twelve thousand feet above the sea), I was very nearly "all in." When we got on the steamer at Lake Titicaca I thought I could certainly get into my trunk and make a change in my clothing, but not so. I did, however, finally secure a warm cabin. After crossing the lake, we were in Bolivia so I was confident I could now get into my trunk, but, alas and alack! I could not, for it had been checked through, in bond, from Mollendo, Peru, to La Paz, Bolivia. By the time we reached La Paz I was threatened with pneumonia and, upon reaching the hotel, late at night, I asked

for a doctor. I was told that there was none available unless it might be a doctor who had been staying at the hotel for several days. I asked who he was, and being informed that it was Dr. Aughinbaugh, I requested them to call him and see what he could do for me. He responded at once and labored with me for two or three days. Before he left, he placed me in the hands of the best doctor at La Paz, and I came out of it all right. I have always attributed to Dr. Aughinbaugh the fact that I am still alive, for if it had not been for his kindly services to me I think I should have perished. After he left La Paz, I continued there until I had recuperated. I saw my customer, transacted some business and returned to Mollendo. From there went to Callao: then to Lima, the capital of Peru, where I saw a customer, got an order and, after a stay of several days, in which I made various trips into the country thereabouts, sailed for Panama.

All the way from Callao to Panama, rumors were rife that yellow fever was prevailing at the latter port, and I decided that I did not care to encounter same.

At that time the Panama Canal was just being finished. The water had not been turned in, but I saw the canal in the course of its final construction. Crossing by rail along the banks of the canal I took the steamer "Advance" for New York. My cabin mate was a Mr. Smith, whom I had met at Callao. Mr. Smith was connected with the Avery Company of Peoria, Illinois, and I had a letter of introduction to him. I have never seen Mr. Smith since then, but he and his firm have always been good to me, and I appreciate and herewith render thanks for courtesies at their hands.

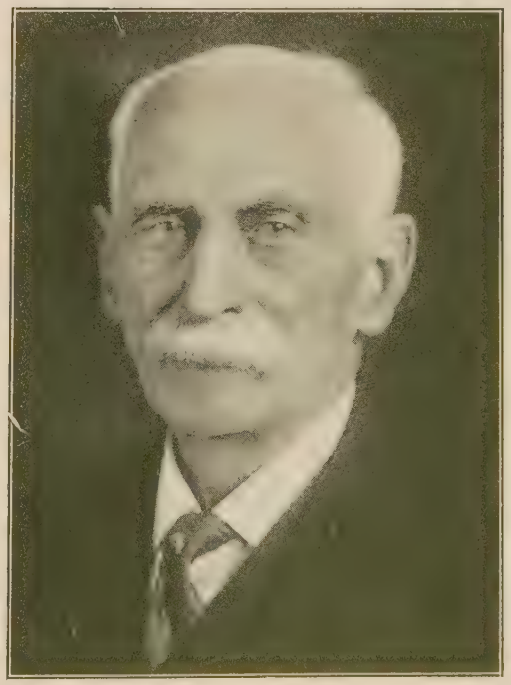
At New York I was met by my wife, and we journeyed home together, arriving about April 1st, 1912. I then learned that my brother, Charles, had left the office a few days before I reached it, and though I saw him several times before his death, he never returned to his duties, and passed away April 8th, 1912. He was one of the best, truest, and most dependable associates I ever had, and I shall never forget to be grateful and appreciative of the service he rendered me and mine in all of the years that we were in business together.



GEORGE S. EDDY
My friend and twin, exactly ten years my senior

MAURICE H. ADAMS
Neighbor and Friend

M. SCHULZ



JESSE B. BLANK

OLD CHICAGO FRIENDS

WM. B. PRICE
President, Price & Teeple Piano Co.

ADAM SCHNEIDER
With Julius Bauer for fifty years and treasurer of practically everything that ever happened

JAMES F. BRODERICK ("Jim")
Founder and ex-President of
The Chicago Piano and Organ Association
and of The Chicago Piano Club

PERCY S. FOSTER
An old piano man, now a banker, of Washington, D. C.

Chapter Nineteen

MY SECOND TRIP AROUND THE WORLD (1920-1921)

"Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth.
Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the Earth!"

—*Kipling.*

BEFORE going on my second trip around the world in the years 1920 and 1921, I gave a "farewell" dinner to friends at the Belmont Hotel in New York City. My friend, Herman Leonard, was of great assistance to me in arranging for this dinner. Mr. Charles H. Parsons, a friend of many years, acted as toastmaster. The affair was impromptu, a sudden inspiration, and, as in 1909, many friends invited could not attend on account of other engagements and the short notice of the event. Almost everyone present had something appropriate to say. As ever and always, Mr. Parsons was a witty and wise speaker and a most felicitous toastmaster.

One of the speakers was Major Winteroth. In the course of his remarks, he said that on my return from my trip, he and as many of those present as he could gather would meet me at the dock with his Ninth New York regimental band. I thought he made the remark in jest, but he was in earnest, and met me with his band, as he said he would. I detail this occurrence elsewhere.

A few days later I gave a farewell dinner to Washington friends at Losekam's Cafe, Mr. E. H. Droop presiding as toastmaster. On that occasion also, nearly everyone present had something to say of a kindly farewell nature.

Coming down to Chicago I gave a farewell dinner to about one hundred Chicago friends, as many as I could gather at short notice. This dinner was given in the private dining room of the Illinois Athletic Club. My long time friend, James F. Bowers, then president of Lyon & Healy, acted as toastmaster. It was a real farewell love feast where many old-time friends had something to say, a song to sing, or a story to tell. Among the speakers were Matt Kennedy, J. W. Elliott, Judge Carter, Maurice Adams, Jesse B. Blank, George S. Eddy, J. G. Elliott, Wm. D. Gates, Wallace Heckman, John T. Richards, R. K. Maynard, Adam Schneider, Otto Schultz, George P. Turner, E. F. Lapham, W. N. Van Matre, Eugene Whelan, Louis A. Mangold, Mr. Bowers, and many others.

Coming along to Omaha, I said farewell to friends there who were my guests at dinner. Then, at Salt Lake, I gave a little dinner to old Burr Oak friends. This, too, of a farewell nature.

When I reached Los Angeles, I gathered together as many of my friends as I could. Invitations were sent to many business and personal friends of California, especially of Southern California. This dinner was given at the Jonathan Club, and my friend, John Fremont Salyer, presided as toastmaster on that occasion. Among the speakers were George K. Barnes (Gee Kaa Bee), Chas. N. Post, I. Wellington Gardner, A. M. Salyer, A. G. Bartlett, August Blum, Stanley Bent, Ben F. Platt, J. T. Fitzgerald, I. N. Rice, A. G. Farquharson, and others.

Soon after giving this farewell dinner, my wife and daughter, Barbara, and self started for Seattle, stopping along the way to visit friends at San Francisco, Portland, and other places. We three sailed from Seattle in November on the Japanese boat "Katori Maru," having failed utterly to secure accommodations on any American, British or Canadian line, and only with difficulty securing passage on the Japanese boat, in which we were agreeably surprised, finding it a large, fine, well-equipped and well-manned steamer.

Nothing of importance happened until we crossed the 180th meridian on November 27th, where we lost a day.

On November 28th we celebrated Barbara's birthday and had a dinner in her honor with quite a number of boat companions as guests. We first saw Japanese land on December 3rd, reaching Yokohama and landing early in the evening of December 4th. On leaving the steamer for the hotel, my wife was thrown headlong from her jinrikisha. It was dark when they left the dock and the man tripped and fell over a wire. She was badly bruised and we afterwards learned she suffered some injury in her back from which she has not even yet fully recovered.

We spent Sunday, December 5th, recuperating and getting our land legs, also planning a trip to Kobe overland with Zero Iwata again as our guide. (He was our guide on our former trip through Japan.) My wife felt able to continue the journey so we visited Tokyo, December 6th, and saw all we could of the city. Here we again saw my old-time customer, Mr. Kurata of the Jiujiva firm. (An illustration of this firm's store is shown.) I also saw Mr. Mueller, an American contractor, who was then building a splendid addition to the Imperial Hotel (destroyed in the earthquake of 1923), where we lunched. I had been introduced to Mr. Mueller by Judge Harry Olson of Chicago.

December 7th, it snowed all day and on that account we could not visit Kamakura to see the great statue of Buddha. I went to visit the piano, violin and phonograph factory of the Nishikawa Musical Instrument Manufacturing Company, Ltd., at Kanagawa, Yokohama. I was shown over the plant by Thos. G. Baker, the Company's new superintendent and manager, who was formerly superintendent in several different Canadian and American factories. In Japan, the mechanics pull the saw and the plane to them instead of pushing them from them as we do. I found this factory fully equipped with up-to-date machinery, most of it American. They practically make everything entering into the construction of the piano except the plates, which they do not cast, but drill and finish. I found one department entirely manned by mutes; this, however, was not the tuning department. They avoid all exterior and interior glue joints; the keys are made of celluloid and need to be pinned or secured back and front and every hammer must be wired; the dampers must be wired or sewed with silk. No glue joint or glue work can possibly withstand, for any length of time, the tropical climate where they have alternate intense heat and dampness.

The next day we went by train from Yokohama to Kyoto; we started in the morning and arrived in the early evening. It was a fine day for the trip and for several hours we had good views of Fuji and of the sea and country. There is intense cultivation of all arable lands in Japan—even the mountains are cultivated clear to the top. The crop is mostly rice, and the mountains are terraced to hold the moisture which comes in snow and rain. Of course, in some parts, where it is practicable, irrigation is used. We found good warm rooms ready for us when we arrived; Iwata had seen to everything as he always does, wiring ahead whenever it was necessary to do so. He is certainly a most capable man, thoroughly well posted on the history of Japan, and knows the country and the best accommodations everywhere.

Thursday, December 9th, we again had snow and rain and slush almost as bad as at Yokohama. Barbara went out with Iwata to see the sights of the city while my wife and I stayed by the fire and wrote and read.

On December 10th, a fine day, we left Kyoto at 10:30 A.M., and reached Osaka at 11:30 A.M., where we went to the Osaka Hotel. At this point I met twenty-five or thirty baseball players who were touring the Orient giving exhibition games and playing with such Japanese and other clubs as they could. The game is quite popular in Japan. I had seen many of the players at work on the field in America, but never before had met one of them personally. I was introduced to the whole bunch. (I have been a baseball addict since 1870.)

On Saturday, December 11th, we reached Kobe at noon, lunched at the Oriental Hotel and in the afternoon wrote a number of letters.

I. N. RICE

GEO. K. BARNES, "Gee Kaa Bee"

J. V. CROSBY, Treasurer of the Rock Island Railroad

I. WELLINGTON ("Duke") GARDNER

OLD CHICAGO AND CALIFORNIA FRIENDS

E. H. UHL
President of Southern California Music Company

EDWARD A. GEISSLER
President, Western Music Trades Association
Ex-President, Music Trades Association of Southern California
Vice-President, Secretary and Manager Geo. J. Birkel Co.
Los Angeles, California

JOHN FREMONT SALYER

FRANK ANRYS, President, Wiley B. Allen Co.

FRIENDS AMONG THE CALIFORNIA MUSIC MEN

Barbara went out with Iwata to see the sights of the city and then we all returned to the Katori Maru on which we had planned to continue our journey. The next day we sailed for Nagasaki, passing through the Inland sea, a wonderfully beautiful body of water with land in sight most of the time and picturesque scenery on each side. At Nagasaki we coaled. The way they do their coaling there is quite interesting—both men and women work at it, and the coal is passed up in baskets from barges alongside. We saw in port the steamer "Siberia," on which we had sailed from San Francisco eleven years before. During the great war the Siberia (still under Captain Zeeder) acted as a transport for our troops to France. She was then under the American flag; she now flies the Japanese. While at Nagasaki we saw the Siberia sail for Manila, and we witnessed the launching of two naval boats, one of them quite large. It was a most interesting sight; both were launched within an hour.

We sailed for Shanghai on the afternoon of December 14th, just one month after we left Los Angeles. The following day we were on the Yellow Sea and on December 16th we landed at Shanghai. There I visited the piano houses of Robinson and of Moutrie. I was invited to go through the piano factory of the Moutrie Company, who also make organs. Their cases are solid, none of them veneered, and the wood used is almost entirely oak and teak. In this factory I found no machinery whatever; everything is done by hand, but they use the plane and the saw in China as we do—"pushee not pullee." The employees in both the Chinese and Japanese piano factories are paid about twenty cents per day for the women and forty cents per day for the men. The foremen—a few of them—get as much as one hundred and fifty dollars per month. The Japanese and Chinese are very industrious and thrifty people, and the Chinese are noted for their strict business integrity and absolute loyalty to their employers.

We lunched at the Palace Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Walker, who were boat companions. He is in business at Pekin. We dined that evening at the Astor Hotel and afterwards returned to the boat again, sailing the next day for Hongkong.

We were at sea Saturday and Sunday, December 18th and 19th, and Monday, December 20th, arrived at Hongkong. We could not get rooms at the Hongkong or the Astor Hotels, but at last got fairly good accommodations at the King Edward Hotel. The whole world seemed to be traveling—boats, trains and hotels were crowded everywhere. We went up to the Peak by incline railway and took jinrikisha rides about the city. We visited a Chinese theatre where the chief attraction seemed to be a dreadful noise; between every sentence of the actors they threw in shocks of cymbals, tom-toms and drums. The Chinese idea of music is entirely different from that of any other people so far as I know. We would not call it music at all—it is worse than rag time or jazz. The Chinese idea apparently is that noise is music and of course there are people all round the world who think the same. In China there does not seem to be any idea whatever of harmony or melody.

Coming out of Seattle, and until we reached Hongkong, we had the companionship of six seamen, five captains and one chief engineer, all of whom were returning to their stations in the Orient after a vacation in their homeland. With but one exception they were Scandinavians—the exception was Capt. Burditt, an American.

There is a beautiful ride around the island upon which Hongkong is built. One day we made the trip with three of the captains; the roadway and scenery are fine.

On Wednesday, December 22nd, we sailed at night for Canton where we arrived the following morning, engaged a guide and toured the city in chairs, which is the only way of getting about. The streets are only five or six feet wide and filthy beyond description. The old wall about the city is now being torn down and a fine auto road will take its place. The famous water clock, the first clock known, was destroyed in tearing down the wall. We saw in one of the temples a statue of Marco Polo, who was reputed to be the first European to visit China.

We returned to Hongkong, arriving there at 1:00 A. M. on December 24th. My wife and Barbara shopped during the day while I took a street car ride from end to end of the city. Christmas Day we had no tree but all of us exchanged presents and had a fine time. Eleven years before, we had celebrated Christmas and had a tree at Shanghai. It was cold then, whereas Hongkong this time was not unpleasant. The following day we went to Macao, the old Portuguese town and port, where we saw them make opium, and smoke it. Both seemed to be under official permission or acquiescence. We also saw a tobacco factory, and interesting handiwork in brass and ivory. It is in the main a fine clean city, quite a contrast to Canton. We saw some fine public and private gardens.

The next day, December 27th, we took an auto ride on the Chinese mainland, from Kowloon, which is across from Hongkong. We again had with us three of the captains—Falck, Wold and Westlie. We enjoyed the ride hugely except that the car was small and only intended to carry five, whereas there were seven of us, including the chauffeur. The road is a fine one, up and down, over hills and through valleys with fine views all the way. It is a fifty-mile loop tour.

On December 28th, we again boarded the Katori Maru and sailed for Manila, where we landed on December 30th. On our way across the China Sea, we fell in with a Mr. Romano, of Chicago, who was born less than half a mile from my factory. A United States Revenue Officer, he had been spending several years at Honolulu. He was on government business when we met him. The China Sea is usually rough, very rough, but we had a calm trip. We were told by Cook's representative at the boat that there were no rooms to be had at the Manila Hotel. We accompanied him to Cook's office in the hotel, and he was going to try to get rooms for us elsewhere. However, at the hotel office we fell in with Mr. Waggoner, formerly a clerk at the Van Nuys Hotel, Los Angeles, and secured rooms at the Manila Hotel through him.

On Saturday, December 31st, my wife and Barbara sailed for Seattle, making the return trip on the Katori Maru.

I made a trip into the interior, going to Baguio on January 1, 1921. It is a fine mountain resort, having an excellent auto road from there to the station. I found a great deal of arable, fertile land in the interior of Luzon. I had judged, from what we saw of the island as we approached it on this trip and also on the former one, that the whole island must be very mountainous, but there are wide valleys in the interior where they can raise almost anything, and several crops every year. On the train I met a Mr. Hanna, known as "Dad," with a mustache so long that he trailed the ends over his ears; he was a most enjoyable, interesting and entertaining companion. At Baguio, I went to the Pines Hotel and from there took a trip about the city and neighborhood, seeing all that was to be seen, among other things the dog market. We repeatedly saw fifteen or twenty dogs being herded like sheep to this market. The Igorotes eat them after they have been fattened, and are very fond of them. I motored back to Manila over a fine road with a Mr. Heald and a Mr. Hartigan, whose father is an old Chicago man. We had tire trouble on the way, and instead of reaching Manila at 11:00 P. M., as we should have done, it was 2:00 A.M. before we got there. In the morning, I met General Hartigan, the former Chicagoan, and reminisced with him about Chicago and mutual friends. I was told that he was a fine lawyer, having worked up a large practice since leaving the army service.

I got a Miss Grace Reaburn, an American, to do my stenographic work, and she was fine, not making a single mistake in a dozen long letters.

While in Manila I was taken for a long auto ride to Camp McKinley by Mr. Hanna and his partner, Mr. Martin. They had with them Capt. Whitehead, of the steamer "Montague," who said he had casually met Dick Montague of Portland. In the evening, I was taken by a Mr. Fielding, an acquaintance, to some of the cabarets.

He gave me a letter of introduction to his chum, Mr. Howard, in Sydney, a much older man than he, whom I called upon later.

Sunday, January 9th, I sailed at 7:00 A.M. for Sydney, Australia, on the steamer "Taiyuan," Capt. Hamilton. This boat was a small one and thirty-six years old, but very comfortable. It was manned by British officers, but with a Chinese crew. On board this boat, I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Tasmania, and enjoyed their company constantly during the entire voyage. Mr. Lewis and I were able to defeat all comers at quoits, and as there were only about forty first-class passengers on the boat, I introduced them all to the game of "Hearts." It has proved an entertaining game to passengers on every boat on which I have sailed.

On January 10th, we were well out at sea when I met a Mr. Mann, of Manila, but a native of New Zealand; later on in the voyage he became my roommate. I also met, the second day out, a very witty Scotchman, a Mr. Riddle who was suffering grievously from the gout, which did not interfere with his geniality a bit. He was chief engineer on ships for many years and later consulting engineer for various steamer lines. He gave me two poems, one for, and one decidedly against Scotland and the Scotch, which so long as I live I shall read to my Scotch friends with all of the unction of which I am capable.

The next day, I met the ship's doctor, Dr. Retallack, and his daughter, who was making the voyage with him. That day, we reached the port of Sandakan, British Borneo. On my trip, eleven years before, I had visited the Dutch portion of Borneo which is very much larger than the British part of the island. We arrived in the morning, but did not land until afternoon, when I went for an auto ride. Mr. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and Dr. and Miss Retallack joined me, as my guests. We drove over a very fine road. One can see all there is to see in this city in less than an hour as it is a small but very well built town. It began to rain very hard just as we finished our ride and as the Borneo money can only be used in Borneo, and as it is difficult, if not impossible, to change it into other money outside of the Island, I decided to get rid of it, and did so very speedily by playing Fan Tan in one of the many open gambling houses there. This seems to be the favorite game with the Chinese everywhere. It is one of pure luck, not requiring the least bit of skill, but the Chinese are passionately fond of it and play it in every part of the world where it is allowed.

Mr. Frederick Burlingame, the famous explorer, who has spent years in Borneo, recently said of the music and musicians of that Island, that they play on gongs, tuned to the Javanese scale of five tones, that the rhythm is a peculiar one, so alluring that you cannot keep your feet still, and that weird delight is added by the muffled beat of the tom-toms. He says there is no more fascinating music in the world than that played by the natives of Borneo, that it is infinitely better than Hawaiian music, and would put Jazz in the shade in no time. He goes on to say that music of modern France is largely influenced by that of the Javanese, and that our own MacDowell at times used the five-tone scale which he doubtless obtained from the American Indians. He also says that the most exquisite music of Grieg shows this five-tone peculiarity. He pronounces the music of Borneo more delightful than that of Java and says that it has a splendor and sensuous strain which would make a wooden image jump up and dance. I was unable to remain long enough to form any decided opinion as to the native music. I heard some of it, and in an offhand way should say it was a mixture or medley of Hawaiian and Javanese music. All three varieties are to me weird and fascinating, as is also the native music of India.

On Wednesday, January 12th, we sailed from Sandakan for Thursday Island, which is at the extreme northeastern corner of Australia. While we were in port our ship was coaled all day and all night by coolies. Dr. Conygham, who has practiced medicine for many years in Borneo, came on at Sandakan, and was a most enjoyable traveling companion so long as he was with us. We finally parted at Sydney. We were at sea with fine weather until

the following Wednesday, January 19th, when we landed at Thursday Island. Mr. Lewis and I were successful in defeating all comers at deck quoits, and I was decorated with the blue ribbon. We also played "Hearts" a great deal.

On Sunday we passed Bird Island, an old volcano in the midst of a wide sea. Many kinds of birds nest there, millions of them.

We played poker a little—penny ante—the first time I had played it in forty years.

We were at Thursday Island only a few hours. I saw what was to be seen of the port, with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. A bride and groom came aboard just as we sailed, and brought plenty of rice with them.

The next day we passed inside "The Reef" which, as mentioned before, extends from the northernmost part of Australia nearly to Sydney along the eastern shore. We were due at Cairnes the next day, but we had rough seas and a strong head wind and the Captain told us that he doubted our ability to land in case we reached that port. Later on in the day we had to run from a gale and get to land shelter, where we anchored for the balance of the day and all night. There are other dangerous reefs all along the eastern shore of Australia, in addition to the "Great Reef."

The next day we weighed anchor at daylight, landing at Cairnes at 7:00 P.M., where we took on about two hundred deck passengers, almost all of whom were stranded on account of the strike which they had inaugurated and which was not successful. We sailed for Townsville, Sunday, January 23rd, at 5:00 A.M., and reached that port a little before midnight, where we lost about half our deckload of passengers, but took on about as many or more than we lost, so there was no chance to sit on deck.

The following day was spent taking on cargo, most of it copper. The city has about twenty-five thousand population. I motored about the town with some of my fellow-passengers, and finally went out to the largest packing houses, which are very small in comparison with American packing houses.

We sailed direct for Sydney early January 25th, leaving behind us two hundred and fifty deck passengers who wished to go with us. A strike of boat stewards was on and this prevented many ships from sailing on schedule; doubtless our Chinese crew saved us from the same fate. The Chinese seem to be willing to work and are not much given to striking.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, we made very slow progress on account of rough seas and strong head winds.

On Sunday, January 30th, I landed at Sydney where I went to the Hotel Australia, but did not find it so good as it was eleven years before.

The next day, I found that on account of the stewards' strike no boats were running to or from New Zealand. I wished to go all over the south New Zealand Island, which I had been told resembles Norway in many ways. Eleven years before, I had seen much of the north island, going from Wellington to Auckland by rail. I made a call on Nicholson & Co., customers at Sydney, to whom I sold goods for nearly forty years. I saw Messrs. Nathan, Morgan, Davies and others.

On February 1st, I found that I could not get over to New Zealand or to Tasmania on account of the strike, and so obtained passage from Melbourne to Singapore on the Dutch boat "Houtman." I then called upon Mr. Crowle who represents Price & Teeple Piano Co., for all of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania. I had met him before in America, and he reminded me it was I who introduced him to Price & Teeple, since I could not do business with him myself on account of my arrangements with the Nicholson house.

Wednesday, February 2nd, I met Mr. Shrimpton, a director of Nicholson's who had just returned from a six months' trip to England. Mr. Nathan sent me by auto to the Beale piano factory where I met Mr. Rose whom I had known in England—first, when he was with Broadwoods, and later on after he became a partner of Sir J. Herbert Marshall, my old English customer of Leicester and London. I happened to be in London in 1911, and attended the farewell dinner given to Mr. Rose just prior to his departure for Australia. In 1912, he passed across America on his way to Australia and he and

his son spent some time visiting my factory, with my brother as guide, as I was at that time in South America.

The next day, February 3rd, I met F. Owen French, a nephew of Jesse French, of Newcastle, Ind. I dictated letters all the afternoon to Miss McKay, kindly loaned to me at Nicholson's; one of the few good stenographers out of the many employed on my journey.

On Friday, February 4th, I received quite a number of papers, and the poem, "Hello," sent me by Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Bowers of San Francisco. I lunched with Mr. Beale, Sr., his two sons, and Mr. Fitzpatrick, an architect, after which we went out to the Beale piano factory and were shown over the place by Mr. Beale, Sr. It is a thoroughly modern up-to-date plant, well equipped with fine machinery. They make almost everything required in building pianos, even casting their own plates, and were erecting quite a large addition to their factory at the time I was there. In the evening I dined with Mr. and Miss Rocke and a Mrs. Rocke, a relative, and we had a fine evening together. (Miss Rocke was the lady who voyaged with us from Melbourne to London in 1910 and then afterwards visited us in America for several months. Mr. Rocke, her brother, was one of the first to enter the World War, and one of the last to come out of it, and his health was greatly impaired during his service.)

On Saturday, February 5th, I mailed a number of letters and had Leslie D. Sim (brother of the chief engineer on the Taiyuan) to lunch, and then he took me over to Manley Beach where we had tea and spent a very pleasant afternoon.

Sunday, February 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan, with their little boy and girl, called for me in the morning and took me by auto to Bulli Pass, fifty miles south of Sydney on the coast, a summer resort, and the summer residence of Mrs. Grant, Miss Rocke's sister. It is a fine place. We had a glorious day and an enjoyable ride over good roads both going and coming. We came back through the National Park. On our way, we passed Mrs. Grant's seaside home at Austinmere; on the return trip the scenery was especially fine, particularly in the park.

The next day I called upon Mr. Howard, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Fielding of Manila. On Tuesday I got off more letters and in the evening went to see "Domino" with Mr. and Mrs. Nathan. The following day I saw Mr. Riddle at the Civic Club and that night went with Mr. Rocke to take dinner at the home of Mrs. Grant, his sister. There I again met Miss Rocke and Mrs. Grant's children, a son and two daughters.

On Friday I had Mr. Sim and Mr. Rose with me at lunch; in the evening had Mr. and Mrs. Nathan at dinner and then took them to see a comic opera.

On Saturday, I received a note from Mr. Beale, written days before, saying that he was to start on the trip to the Blue Mountains and the Jonolan Caves the previous Thursday. He had told me that he would let me know when he was to start and had given me a cordial invitation to join him. This was another case illustrating how slow mails are all around the world, and especially exasperating as I had anticipated a most pleasurable trip.

Sunday, February 13th, I slept late and read until 2:00 P.M. when Mr. and Mrs. Nathan called with their children and took me for an auto ride through the city out to the lighthouse, parks, and beaches. It was a fine, cool day and a most enjoyable trip.

The next day, Monday, Mr. Shrimpton, with his mother and Mr. Bax of the Nicholson firm, took us for a fine ride in his launch all about the beautiful Sydney harbor, also showing us where his new house-boat was anchored.

On Tuesday, I had Mr. and Miss Rocke and Mrs. Grant with me for lunch at Ushers, which is now considered the best hotel in Sydney. In the evening I was given a dinner at the same hotel by six or eight members of the Nicholson house, the table being decorated with British and American flags.

On Wednesday, February 16th, I wrote and mailed many more letters after receiving some at the Consulate that day. I took a train that night for Melbourne. Half-way there I had to change cars on account of change in

gauge of the railway. Each state of Australia has a different gauge of its railway from that of the adjoining state or states, so that freight and passengers have to be transferred at every border. In going from Sydney to Perth, one has to make five changes of cars on this account, and the same is true of all freight shipments. This is another beauty (?) of government ownership.

I reached Melbourne February 17th, in the early afternoon. The Menzies Hotel, where I stopped when there before, was so crowded I could not get a room, so I went to Scott's Hotel, where I found fine accommodations. The following day I took an auto ride through the parks and about the city, afterwards calling on Mr. Herbert Wertheim, whose father and mother entertained us royally when we were at Melbourne eleven years before. Next day, Saturday, February 19th, Mr. Wertheim called to take me out to their factory. It is almost entirely on the first floor with a few departments on the second floor. The plant is a fine one with modern up-to-date equipment, and they have about one hundred and fifty employees. Sunday I took another auto ride about the city, seeing the parks and gardens in the afternoon.

Monday afternoon, February 21st, I went on board the "Houtman." It was manned by a Malay crew under Dutch officers and, like all other Dutch boats on which I have ever voyaged, was a fine one and a model of cleanliness. We did not sail until early the next day. My cabin mate was a Mr. Simpson whose unfailing remark to whatever was said to him was "Quite" and "Quite so." He seemed to have something on his mind. I think he must have either committed a crime or have been disappointed in love. I was quite well pleased when he fell in with some one who liked him, and moved, leaving the cabin entirely to me. The next day I met a Mr. Arnold, one of the officers on the boat, a nephew of Capt. Arnold, of the steamer "Von Heemskirk," on which we voyaged eleven years before, from Sourabaya to Sydney. I learned from him that his uncle, the Captain, had died some years before.

On Thursday, February 24th, I reached Sydney again by sea and we began to take on five hundred tons of cargo, mostly flour. We took on one hundred and fourteen fine horses for the Javanese Army. Some of them did not like to make the voyage and rebelled strenuously to going aboard; two broke their necks rather than go. I went to the Consulate and received a few more letters and papers.

The next day, I was not well, and stayed in my room, reading and watching the loading of the cargo. In the evening I had a phone chat with Miss Rocke.

On Saturday, February 26th, I went to say good-bye to Mr. Nathan, Mr. Bax and others at Nicholson's, and at 11:00 A.M we sailed for Brisbane with a full list of passengers.

The next day, Sunday, we had a fine sea, air and sunshine. I read and slept most of the day. My tablemates, after leaving Sydney, were Messrs. Beech, Baker, Alder, and Schoknecht, who made me president with full power. I fined them all for being late, and as they never came to meals on time, kept fining them throughout the whole voyage. Among others whom I met on the "Houtman" were Mr. and Mrs. Gutmann of Cincinnati. He was a jeweler from that city, and, I understood, was purchasing precious stones along his way.

On Monday, February 28th, we arrived at Brisbane, and landed about 2:00 P.M. We sailed again at 5:00 P.M. for Sourabaya, Java. I went up into the town, sent a cable to my wife, and mailed letters I had written on the steamer. We lost quite a number of our passengers at this point.

On March 1st, we were at sea. I played quoits and read; was made a member of the Sports' Committee, of which Dr. Smithwick was chairman. The day and sea were fine.

Next day the sports began, and the following day, Thursday, March 3rd, the sports were continued, and I had to pass judgment and keep order. I again played some quoits and cards. Friday, another day of sports.

Saturday, March 5th, we were still at sea. The boat had to stop and make repairs, due to some engine trouble. I played Hearts and quoits. My three stiff fingers, aftermath of a severe rheumatic attack in 1918, sometimes

bothered me a lot, in writing or in playing quoits. They would not let go when my brain told them to. Some days they worked all right, and on others not at all. Sunday we were still at sea.

Monday, March 7th, we were still at sea which was very calm, and most of the time it was cool and pleasant; however, I kept the fan going in my cabin, No. 38, most of the time. Tuesday, I failed in the quoits finals, as my fingers were worse than usual.

Wednesday, we were still at sea. Alder and I "umpired" in the absolute final quoits games. Mrs. Powell and Mr. Elliott won.

Next day, March 10th, I did nothing but read and play Hearts with those who had become much interested in that game.

The next day, Friday, I played Hearts and quoits, read, and slept. In the evening, Mr. Gutmann gave out the prizes to the winners of the games, twenty in all. I took first prize, two pounds, in the Coon-Can game which I made the second time that I ever played the game. It shows that the "novice" is usually the winner, and that a fool has the best luck of all.

Saturday, March 12th, we reached Sourabaya, landing at 7:00 A.M. I then took a six hours' auto ride with Messrs. Alder, Beech and Schoknecht. The city, as a city, is much better than I thought it was. When I was there eleven years before, we had only a few hours in which to go about, and my impression was not a favorable one. I spent about two hours with the American Consul there, Mr. Gill, and with Mr. C. Seelig, Sr., my former customer. In the little time I had, I endeavored to make propaganda for certain American firms. I failed to get an order, but left with the impression that sooner or later orders would go forward to those for whom I spoke.

Sunday, I spent the day aboard. Mr. Beech came from his hotel during the afternoon to visit those of us who were going on. Many left the boat at Sourabaya, and consequently the passenger list was very much reduced. I read, wrote and slept. We sailed at 5:00 P.M. for Samarang and Batavia.

Monday, March 14th, we reached Samarang about noon, but I did not go ashore, as I was told autos in the town were very scarce. They took off cargo all day long, and had more to take off the next. I found I had been fortunate in not landing, as those who did so had much trouble to get boats in which to return. The sea was very boisterous, and it was quite interesting to see them put heavy machinery on lighters with the water as rough as it was.

Wednesday, March 16th, we were still at Samarang discharging cargo, and did not sail until afternoon for Cheribon, Java. We reached there, Thursday, March 17th, but did not stay long, as there was very little cargo for that port. We sailed in the afternoon for Batavia, arriving Friday, March 18th, in the morning. I went to the Hotel Java, as I found that I could not get a room at the Hotel des Indies, where I stayed eleven years before. I liked the Java quite as well. All the hotels seemed to be very much crowded, largely, I presumed, with traveling salesmen.

The next day, Saturday, March 19th, I visited the American and English Consulates preparatory to sailing in the afternoon on the "Rumphius" for Singapore, where we were due on the morning of the 21st. The Rumphius was the boat on which we traveled from Singapore to Batavia eleven years before. It had been rebuilt, and one would hardly know it. It was very crowded. I had secured first-class passage, and was given the use of the Second Officer's cabin on the bridge deck along with a Dutchman going to Singapore to join his boat, then in dry dock for repairs. I had supposed in getting passage at Melbourne that the Houtman ran straight through to Singapore, but found at Batavia that she transferred her passengers to the Rumphius. Many of the Houtman passengers had gone through Java by rail for Sourabaya, just as we did eleven years ago, to see interior points of interest. They rejoined the Houtman at Batavia; then took the "Rumphius" to Singapore. Sailing to Singapore, on the way from Batavia, we passed the Island of Sumatra on the left and of Banka on the right.

On Monday, March 21st, we landed at Singapore at 8:00 A.M. I had wired to the

Hotel Europe for a room, but was told by their man who met the boat that there was no vacancy, so I went to the Hotel Van Wijk, a very old, but well kept hotel on Stamford Road. It is not on the sea front, as are the Raffles and Europe Hotels about a block away. In the afternoon, I took a fine ride by auto around the island. The road is very good and the scenery fine.

On Tuesday, March 22nd, I found that I could not get a boat for Bangkok, Siam, until Saturday noon. I decided to go to that point by sea, as the rail route is hot and dusty, and takes quite as long as does the trip by sea. The trains in the Malay Peninsula do not run at night. They seem to be afraid of elephants, or else the Labor Unions have decided that no one driving an engine should work at night. I could not find out the real cause, but it is true that the rail lines in those parts of the world run trains only by daylight. I began here to suffer from mosquitoes and prickly heat, and scratched and squirmed until I was tired.

On Wednesday, March 23rd, I drew a little money and went to the Consulate, where I received several letters; one from my wife, and another from Barbara, dated January 31st. These letters had not been there long and must have been much delayed in transit. I got a ticket to Bangkok and called on the piano firms of Robinson and of Moutrie. The next day I called again on these houses and saw Mr. Robinson, and at Moutrie's saw the manager there, Mr. Madill. I also called on the piano houses of W. J. Garcia and H. C. Hudson. At 4:00 P. M. it rained hard and continued to do so for three or four hours. Afterwards, it was very hot. I was notified that the steamer Kuala on which I was to sail to Bangkok would not depart until 6:00 A. M. on the 27th. Mr. Robinson invited me to dine with him and his nephew, Mr. Pearson and wife, at the Raffles Hotel. We had a fine time together.

March 25th was Good Friday. All the shops, banks, and everything else closed for a four-day holiday. I could not get any money from the bank, so I had to work my "face" for some at the hotel. I succeeded in getting enough to go on to Bangkok.

The next day, I wrote several letters, sending off a number to the Trade Papers. In the afternoon I went on board the Kuala, due to sail for Bangkok, Easter Sunday, March 27th. We got away at 6:00 A.M. The boat was commanded by Captain Thompson. My cabin-mate was Mr. Mitarai, traveling manager for the Japanese line, Yamashita Kisen Kabushiki Kaisha. He could hardly speak English, but so far as he could go was quite cordial and companionable. I read, and played Solitaire. The next day, Monday, was fine, and the sea calm. I read and wrote and played Solitaire, but could not win. I met a Mr. Fleming, a Scotchman, who was then in the next cabin to mine—a very fine man.

Tuesday was beautiful, with the sea calm. The Kuala was a boat of only three hundred and ninety-six tons, the smallest I ever traveled upon. It, however, was very good, and the officers were fine.

On Wednesday, March 30th, we reached Bangkok, Siam, landing about 8:00 A. M. I went to the Oriental Hotel and there met Captain Dons, one of our much-liked traveling companions out of Seattle. He was a pilot who brought the steamers over the bar and up the river to Bangkok, twenty-five miles from the sea.

Thursday, March 31st, I took several auto rides with my guide, E. Montocchio, a Frenchman, and a teacher in the schools of Bangkok. He has resided there for thirty-eight years, and married a Siamese woman and has twelve children. Together we saw the Palace, the Sacred White Elephants bathing, some temples and many pagodas. In the evening we went to see the cremation of several bodies. It seems that it is the custom to keep the corpse for a year or more in a coffin at the home, and then, when they are absolutely sure that death has taken place, they burn it in a public way, accompanied by the weird, strange music of Siam, in the presence of friends and relatives. At this point I ran into another four-day holiday, and again had to borrow money, this time to get *away* from Bangkok. I had supposed that there was a direct rail line from Bangkok to Rangoon, where I wished to go, but found that I could

not get to that point except by way of Penang, so I decided, on Saturday, April 2nd, to go back by boat to Singapore and thence by boat to Penang, to avoid the hot, dusty, three-day trip by rail to Penang. I also decided that if I could, I would go by boat from Penang to Rangoon. The day was fine, but the sea very rough, and the small boat Kuala rocked vigorously, and almost everyone was sick except myself. Having traveled in my lifetime about 300,000 miles by water and never having been seasick, I concluded that I was immune.

Sunday, April 3rd, we were still at sea. My cabin-mate was a young Dane, Mr. Klindt by name, who seemed very nice. He was with some commercial house at Bangkok and on a vacation trip. His English was hard to sense, and I suppose that to him my Scandinavian control was quite as hard to understand.

Monday, April 4th, we were at sea until about 6:00 P. M., when we landed at Singapore. I took a sampan to shore, carrying only my hand grip. No one from the Hotel Van Wijk met the boat so I presumed that they had no rooms there and went to the Adelphi Hotel. They had a room for me, a better one than I had at the Van Wijk, but the service and the meals were not nearly so good as at the old and better kept hotel. I immediately went to the Van Wijk to learn why no one from their hotel met the boat (and also to get my mail) and learned that they had plenty of rooms vacant, and that their man had neglected his duty in not meeting the boat.

On Tuesday, I went to a bank, found it open, and drew money with which to pay my obligations, both at Singapore and at Bangkok. I had selected an antique ring from an assortment shown me by a Mr. Marican, a dealer at Bangkok, telling him that I had no money and could not then get any on account of the bank holidays, but that I would remit as soon as possible, so that he could send the ring to me. Again my "face" was good, showing what a wonderfully good "face" I had, for he insisted on my taking the ring anyway, saying I could pay later.

I sent him the money from Singapore. After securing a ticket for Penang on the steamer Ipoh, I again visited the Consulate, got some more mail, and also went to see the Robinson and the Moutrie piano people.

Wednesday, April 6th, I was at Singapore until afternoon, when I went on board the Ipoh, Captain Hunter. We sailed for Port Swettingham and Penang. The Ipoh was a boat of the same line as the Kuala and about the same size. At dinner I met a Reverend Austen, who for forty-eight years had been a missionary residing at Yokohama. I also met a Mr. Corlass, a surveyor, whose home was in Australia, but who had been working for years in the wilds of the Malay Peninsula.

On April 7th, we landed at 9:00 A. M. at Port Swettingham. Corlass and I engaged a motor and invited the Reverend Austen to take a ride with us. On our way to Kuala Lampur we passed through Klang. Kuala Lampur is a fine, new city and is the capital of the Federated Malay States. It is distinctly *not* ancient or antique, being only about thirty or forty years old. On our way to this place we passed through rubber plantations, going and coming, over a beautifully shaded and smooth roadway. We returned to the Port and sailed at 5:00 P. M. for Penang.

Friday, April 8th, 1921, we reached Penang, landing in the forenoon, and I went to the Eastern & Oriental Hotel. The manager there was a Mr. Long, an American, who asked me to go with him to a tennis match which was occurring that day. In the evening, he took me on some detective work he had to do—I do not know to this day what it was; I was simply an innocent bystander—but he told me on his return that he had accomplished his object, and had "got" the man he wanted. While he was doing his work, I took a two-hour auto ride in the vicinity.

The next day, April 9th, I found that I could not get a boat for Rangoon until the following Saturday, the 16th. This made another delay in my trip, for I wished to get away the following day if I could do so. The great war had disturbed train and boat service to such an extent that one had to take what he could get and be satisfied. This was especially true as to sea travel. Usually the hotels were full; so, also, were the boats and

the trains, especially the boats, for there were less of them than formerly, and there seemed to be no regular, fixed schedule, either for boats or for trains, that one could depend upon.

Here I again met Mr. Wyckoff of Los Angeles, then engaged in Borneo boring for oil.

The next day, Sunday, April 10th, Mr. Wyckoff told me that he would not be able to go with me to the top of the mountain, he having some fever; and being not at all well, but at the same time feeling that he must get back to his work as soon as he could. I met that day Mr. and Mrs. Dreyfus and their daughter of Santa Barbara, California. They asked me to ride with them on a trip, and I did so, visiting, among other places, the Waterfall Garden and the noted Chinese Temple.

On Monday, April 11th, I went to see Mr. Wyckoff, as I knew that he would have come to see me had he been able to do so. I found him still sick, but determined to sail that afternoon for Singapore and Borneo in order to get back again to his work. He was at the Runnymede Hotel, another good one at Penang.

The next day, Tuesday, I obtained some money, which I needed, and could get, because it happened that there was no four-day bank holiday on at Penang while I was there. Then I bought some American magazines—the *Literary Digest* and *World's Work*—and went back to my room and read almost all day. I was not feeling well and the prickly heat was bothering badly. I almost began to think that I was going to have a case of the "Shingles."

On Wednesday, April 13th, I was still at Penang. I finally got a ticket by the steamer "Ellora" to Rangoon, but she was not due to sail until the 16th. I had feared that I might have to stay at Penang until April 23rd, a full week longer, so was much gratified that I could get away on the 16th. I had to get my passport viséd again for India and Ceylon. It was a slow process, as it always is. The "red tape" in any place with which the British Government has to do is simply dreadful and exhausting, and I imagine that there is considerable "grafting" going on, unknown, perhaps, to the officials. I had found, some time before, that I could get much better and quicker attention if I contributed to the support of those whom I approached.

On my former trip, eleven years before, we had no delay whatever, and no one questioned us about our passports. There certainly is no reason or excuse in peace times for this passport nuisance, and it has been and still is my advice to everyone not to travel, but to stay at home, absolutely at home, until this passport difficulty and delay is entirely abolished.

Next day, April 14th, I tried to get some American papers, or *any* paper, telling what was done and said by Harding, March 4th. I could get no news whatever as to Harding's Cabinet until I saw Mr. McNice, our Consul. He told me, so far as he could, who were in the Cabinet. I got a book on Burmah, India, and Ceylon, by Murray, which I began to read.

April 15th I went shopping with the Dreyfus people. We all four tried to get Chinese slippers, but only Mrs. and Miss Dreyfus could be fitted. American masculine feet were entirely too large for Chinese or Oriental slippers. I read, wrote, and sent off a number of post cards during the afternoon.

Saturday morning, I was at Penang, and then in the afternoon, at sea, on the Ellora, Captain Chidley. Just before sailing I got a book on India by Pierre Loti, which, after reading, I intended to send to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Lindsay, a student of Theosophy. The author lost faith in Christianity and went to India to study the religions of the East, and finally took up Theosophy.

My table-mates on the boat were Messrs. Tait and Clay, and my cabin-mate was Mr. Green, a Dane.

On Sunday, April 17th, I was at sea—a beautiful day, sun shining and the sea calm. It was very hot except in the breeze. I played quoits with Tait and Green, and bullboard with Green; read the *Literary Digest* I had obtained, and the book on Burmah and India. Our course was almost entirely among islands, the mainland on one side and islands on the other side, profuse with tropical verdure.

The following day I was still at sea, making

good progress. When one could get the breeze, it was quite cool.

On Tuesday, April 19th, we reached Rangoon. We should have landed at 8:00 A. M., but the tide was against us. At this port there is a tide of about twenty-five feet, so we had to be patient until we could dock. I went to the Strand Hotel and was given a room in one of their annexes. It was a very poor room and full of water bugs. Late in the day, Green and myself visited the Zoo and Park.

Wednesday, April 20th, I went in the early morning to see the elephants at work with logs and lumber. Then Green and I went to the Ellora to get the Dreyfus people. Together we went to the Schwe Dagon Pagoda, then we visited the fish ponds, the parks, the bazaars and the native quarters.

On Thursday morning, I sailed on the steamer "Angora," Captain Amos, for Calcutta. The day was bright and warm. I again met Mr. Miller, an American, with the Firestone Tire Company at Singapore; also met Major Harry Howe, an American, with the Pressed Steel Car Company of New York and Pittsburg, and Lieutenant White, chief officer of the boat.

The next day, April 22nd, I wrote letters and post cards, and played Hearts. The sea was calm, and the sun and moon shone; there was a cool breeze, and we made good progress. Lieut. White said that we ought to reach Calcutta Saturday afternoon, and we did, docking about 5:00 P.M. Howe, Miller and I went to the Grand Hotel.

Calcutta is one hundred and thirty-seven miles up the Hooghly river. I had sent a wireless to our Consul to send my mail to the hotel, and also to notify Miss Reaburn that I wanted to dictate letters to her in the evening. However, I did not get a chance to dictate until Sunday afternoon. Later, Sunday, Miller, Howe and I took a long auto ride through and around the "Maiden," a park right in front of our hotel. We also rode through some of the native quarters, and found the people very queer.

Next day, Monday, Miller and I took an auto and went to the burning-ghats. There we saw them burning one body; saw another corpse ready for burning, and saw five or six fires still going where bodies had been burned. We then went to the Botanical Gardens and saw the famous banyan tree, one hundred and forty-seven years old, with five hundred and sixty-two rooted branches. It covers acres.

Tuesday, April 26th, we were still at the Hotel Grand, Calcutta. Mr. Hobbs, my old customer at this place, was then sick and in England. After thirty hours' work I got my passport viséd and expected to land in Egypt without trouble. These Indians are about the slowest and the most stupid people I have ever met, and, of course, are tinctured with the British "red tape" idea—"Come again tomorrow, or next week," is the motto, and unless you tip and do it generously, there is no telling when you will get through. After I finished with the passport business, I went to the Zoo in the afternoon with Major Howe and had a great time there with the monkeys and parrots.

On Wednesday, April 27th, I engaged passage for Agra, and at 8:30 P.M. left for that city, hoping on my way back to stop at Lucknow, Cawnpore and Benares.

Thursday I decided, since there was so much of interest to see at Calcutta, to defer my trip to Agra. I took another drive about the city and Major Howe was with me as my companion—a most intelligent and interesting one. Mr. Miller left suddenly for Bombay; had a sudden call, I learned; had to go without saying good-by to us.

Next day, April 29th, I spent seeing the sights at Calcutta. I again dictated a lot of letters to Miss Reaburn, one of the best stenographers I had on my entire trip.

It seems that in India every animal, bird and living creature of every sort is, due to the several religions prevalent, entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The crows are there in millions, and are fully as tame as chickens. No one seems to disturb them or pay any attention to them other than to feed them. I found this true wherever the Mo-

hammedans, Brahmins and Buddhists predominate.

Saturday, I decided to go to Agra at night. Went to Cook's for money, but they had closed. Fortunately, I had enough to get me to Agra, where they had an office, and where I could get money. I left by train at 8:30 P.M. for Agra.

Next day, Sunday, May 1st, I had a hot, dusty ride. There were no comforts on the train, which is government owned, and no one cared what happened to the people; no one had any interest in giving comfort or showing attention to travelers. There was no service, no soap, no bed, and no bed clothing. I finally reached Agra at 11:00 P.M., finding it as dark as pitch. On the way to the hotel we nearly ran over dozens of the people who were asleep in the streets on account of the intense heat, ranging from 100° to 120° day and night. As far as the streets were concerned, Agra had no electric or gas light, and had in the way of light only candle light and kerosene. At the hotels, or at least the hotel where I stayed, they had electric light, but the city itself is absolutely dark and desolate at night, though they had a population of about 200,000.

On Monday, May 2nd, I visited the Taj Mahal, also the Fort, and drove about the city and suburbs. I had a guide whose English was not the best. I went through the Taj Mahal and about it, and it really is the most wonderful building, architecturally, that I ever saw in my whole life. It is built of white marble decorated with inlay work all over the building done in the marble, in colors and with precious stones. I saw all I could of the city and the surrounding country, spending most of my time at or looking at, the Taj Mahal, from different points. It is quite as wonderful as it has often been described, its location adding much to its beauty. The Taj was built by an Indian ruler, Shah Jahan, as a monument to his grief over the death, in 1631, of his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahall. I started on my return to Calcutta at 10:30 P.M. I did not have time to visit Delhi, Lucknow or Benares.

On Tuesday I traveled with Mr. Warren, an electrical engineer, of Lucknow. We visited together as far as Cawnpore, and he told me that he had seven servants in his employ at a total cost of about thirty dollars, our money, per month. Going on toward Calcutta, I had as roommate in my compartment (a sleeper, so-called), an Indian doctor, who had been all through the war in France, Egypt and Mesopotamia. He was a very intelligent and well-educated man, but as black as they make them.

Almost the entire way from Calcutta to Agra, the country through which I traveled, was "flat as a floor," and only a few feet above sea-level. Fresh water can be had for irrigation purposes by going down a few feet, but the natives are so indolent that they do not seem to care to exert themselves, first, to get the water and, afterwards, to pump it on to the land. As a rule, they pay no attention to irrigation or to fertilization. The land has been under cultivation for centuries, and is so exhausted that even in the best of years it produces but a small percentage of what it might if it were properly fertilized and attended to, as are the lands of Europe.

Wednesday, May 4th, I reached Calcutta in the morning and went again to the Grand Hotel, repacked my trunk and sent it to the steamer "City of Marseilles," on which I supposed I would sail at 5:00 P.M. for Madras, Colombo and Port Said. I dictated letters to Miss Reaburn. Later, Mr. Affleck, manager for Mr. Hobbs, took me for an automobile ride through the parks and about the city. Next day, since I could not sail as expected, went to Cook's for my tickets and to the Consulate for mail. I again saw Mr. Loomis, the Vice-Consul; had Mr. Affleck to lunch, and at 5:00 P.M. went on board the steamer "City of Marseilles." We were again due to sail at 5:00 P.M., but did not.

Friday, May 6th, we got away from Calcutta about 1:00 A. M., with Capt. Miller in command of the steamer. His wife had come out from England to meet him, and at table I sat on his right and she on his left. At 4:00 P.M. we were down the Hooghly River about forty miles, where, on account of the tide, we had to anchor for the night.

Our coal was very, very poor, and it was almost impossible to make steam so as to get along. The passengers, including myself, were quite provoked about it.

On Saturday, May 7th, we got away about 8:00 A.M., and went down the Hooghly River to the sea, where we arrived about 4:00 P. M. During the evening we had a very enjoyable time on deck with community singing, and I started things by asking them to sing the old, old song, "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea," which has one thousand verses. I sang the first and the last stanzas and then I asked them to follow me in the song, "I feel like I feel like I feel," which also has one thousand verses.

Sunday was a beautiful day, with a blue sea, very calm, except for a long swell. I met Mrs. Pymm and also Mr. and Mrs. Lett, a young couple from New York. I went to the service that morning and heard a most stupid sermon.

Next day, Monday, we reached Bimlipatam at about 6:00 A. M., stopping there to get a cargo of monkey nuts—we call them peanuts. I did not go ashore, but a few did. The place is small and there is nothing there of interest. The monkey nuts, most all of them, go to France, where they extract oil and peanut butter from them.

Early Tuesday, May 10th, we got away for Madras, after taking on many tons of nuts at Bimlipatam. The day was cool and the sea calm. Capt. Miller told me that he thought we would reach Madras next morning, and would probably be there taking on cargo for three or four days.

On May 11th, we reached Madras about 7:30 A.M., and at once began to take on cargo.

The next day, I went ashore, and took an auto ride, visiting the zoo, the parks, the botanical gardens, and finally the aquarium. Though small, both the aquarium and the zoo are very fine, with great varieties of animals and fishes, entirely different from anything we ever see in our own zoos and aquariums.

May 13th, we were still at Madras taking on coal, and were told that we could not get away before Sunday, the 15th. This again, of course, put me back on my trip. Passport troubles and delays in getting passage at various ports caused a loss of at least four or five weeks besides the extra cost. Of course, the war upset the shipping and rail schedules, but at every port, dozens, and in some of them, hundreds of boats were tied up waiting for cargo, and the passengers who wished to go had to wait until the boats could get cargo. This was the case with our boat; they were ready to go anywhere, and to stay as long as they had to, in order to get enough cargo to make the trip profitable. As I had planned my trip, I was due at Colombo on April 20th, but would be lucky if I got to that port by May 18th.

On Saturday, May 14th, we were still at Madras taking on cargo, and we were told that we would not finish until late at night. It is really wonderful how much the hold of a ship will hold. It was dreadfully hot, not alone on the sea, but particularly so on shore. Had we been under way, no doubt it would have been cooler on deck.

On Sunday, we got away about 7:00 in the morning and found it much cooler, although we were moving very slowly. We were told that we probably would not reach Colombo until Wednesday or late Tuesday night, and that we would not land or get our mail until Wednesday.

Monday, May 16th, we were still at sea, and I again had some bowel trouble, coupled with prickly heat, which made me very uncomfortable and kept me scratching like a dog with fleas. During the day we saw a whale spouting, and also saw the mainland of Ceylon.

On Tuesday, we coasted along the shores of Ceylon. I was feeling better and got into some deck games; also played Hearts, which was new to most of the passengers on the boat. We reached Colombo at midnight.

On Wednesday, May 18th, I left the boat at 7:30 in the morning for a fifty-mile auto ride about the city and adjacent country. I saw all there was to be seen and then went to Mt. Lavinia, a seaside resort, for my breakfast. After that I went to the Consulate and received a lot of letters. I returned to the boat to read and answer them, and then again went ashore to mail a few brief replies. We sailed from Colombo on Thursday, May 19th,

at 3:00 A. M. I did not suppose that we should get away so soon, as we took on a lot of cargo and also coaled again. This was going on all the time we were there. The day we got out to sea was cool, if one was not on the lee side of the boat. Again we played games on deck, and also Hearts.

On Friday, May 20th, we were still at sea and we passed some small islands; I did not learn their names. There is very little land to be seen on the way from Colombo to Aden. We were not due to stop at that port, but would stop at Port Perim, Arabia.

Next day, I again played games on deck; also Hearts. Nothing specially interesting occurred. We still had a long run ahead of us in the Indian Ocean.

Sunday, May 22nd, we were still in the Indian Ocean, the sun shining and the sea calm. Prickly heat was bothering me, and almost all of the passengers. We longed to get into a cooler clime.

Next day we were still at sea. There was nothing doing, but once in a while we met a boat going to the East. Tuesday I ate, slept, read, and played games on deck, and Hearts and Solitaire inside.

May 25th, we were still in the Indian Ocean, but were approaching the Gulf of Aden.

Next day we passed very near to Aden. My time was spent much as it was during the previous days. Beyond Aden, in the Red Sea, we had a wonderful sand-storm during the day, something I had never seen or heard of before. We were absolutely out of sight of land when this sand-storm came upon us, and had we not already passed a dangerous rocky island, our Captain said that he should have been obliged to anchor until the storm had passed over, for it was worse, more dense, and things less discernible ahead, than in the worst fogs I had ever encountered. The decks were absolutely covered with sand, and I doubt if anyone could see from the bow a hundred feet ahead, though we had not encountered the worst of the storm, as it was behind us.

May 27th, we reached Perim, Arabia, about 10:00 A. M. We went to that port for the purpose of coaling, but we could not get anywhere near the coal as two steamers had collided just before we arrived there and both were put out of commission. They were still afloat, but had sent their passengers ashore at that dreadfully hot place. It was desolate, too, and there was no room at the steamer berths for a boat like ours, so finally the Captain sailed, saying that he thought he had enough coal to last us until we reached Port Said.

On Saturday, May 28th, we were on the Red Sea, in sight of land on both sides most of the time. The coast of the Red Sea is desolate and dreary. We had a fine breeze in the afternoon, but the mornings were usually hot and sultry.

On May 29th at about 11:00 A. M. we reached Port Soudan, Nubia. Just as soon as we got up to the wharf at that point millions, in fact I should say billions, of minnows came up to the side of our boat and about four or five dozen sharks were after them. I never had seen but one or two sharks at a time, but in this case there was a whole school after the minnows. We took on coal and cargo at this hot place where the shore is low and sandy, but with mountains twenty-five or thirty miles away where there are gold mines. One of the strangest things that I ever saw was at this port, where a school of small fish about one foot long raced along the side of our boat, jumping out of the water for the length of the boat eight or ten times in their efforts to escape the sharks which were just behind them. We sailed from Port Soudan for Suez and Port Said in the afternoon. We had a fine breeze after we got away to sea, but it certainly was hot while were were in Nubia.

On Tuesday, May 31st, I played Hearts with some of my fellow-passengers. I also played Solitaire (Canfield), and then played Shuffleboard on deck all day long with ship companions until I went to my cabin to read awhile. The day was cool and the sea calm.

Next day we did about the same things. I learned how the Chinese shuffle cards, and that they never will gamble unless the cards are shuffled their way. They insist, if they gamble, that the cards be shuffled as the ancients did,

namely, dealt out in four, five, six, seven or eight piles one after another, and then bunched together and shuffled again. After this they certainly must be well shuffled and there is no chance for cheating. In the evening there was a deck concert and entertainment.

On Thursday, June 2nd, we reached Suez about 8:00 A.M., where we took on several searchlights, as our Captain planned to go through the Suez Canal at night. I did not go ashore. It is an unimportant port, with nothing of interest to see. We only spent a few hours here, and then started through the Canal, after being inspected by a doctor to see that our lungs, lights, and liver were all right.

We reached Port Said, Egypt, Friday, June 3rd. I left the boat at about 8:00 A.M.; mailed a number of cards from that point; drew some money, and took a train for Cairo at 12:30 P.M., reaching that city about 5:00 P.M. I had wired our Consulate there to send my mail to the Shepheard's Hotel, but did not get it until late that night, when I received about fifty letters.

Next day, I went to our Consulate at Cairo to see if I could get a stenographer. I had the promise of one at the hotel, but later she phoned that she could not come. I worked all day, briefly answering my letters in longhand, but my stiff fingers troubled me a great deal.

Sunday, June 5th, we were still at Cairo. I wrote more letters and then went to see the Sphinx and Pyramids, where I had two photos taken of myself on the camel which I had been riding.

I then went to the Zoo with my guide, Brown by name, whom I engaged at Shepheard's Hotel. During our visit at the Zoo a very heavy shower came upon us, and Brown said that, in all his lifetime of fifty-seven years, he had never seen it rain there before in June. We were both thoroughly soaked through.

After returning to the hotel and changing our clothing we visited a number of the mosques, among them that of the Sultans Hassan and Ryfay. There are over one thousand mosques in Cairo. I also visited some of the native quarters.

On Monday I was ill, so I kept to my room almost all day, and ate nothing.

I finally got a stenographer who was very slow. It took him three hours to take letters to my wife, children and sister.

On Tuesday, June 7th, I was better, so I got up at 5:00 A. M. I dictated to a stenographer from 7:00 until 9:00, after which I went to have my passport viséd, which cost me 3 lire at the Italian Consulate. I then went to see more mosques—Kalaun, A.D. 1468; El. Ghuri, A.D. 1621; Barkoukah, A.D. 1267; Esmakeleshky, A.D. 1166; Abraham Agka, A.D. 1000; also others; then at the Citadel I saw that of Mohammed Ali of 1824, and his palace, both built largely of alabaster. I also visited the Abou Sawaka of A.D. 999.

There is a very fine view of the city of Cairo from the Citadel. On a clear day the whole Nile Valley and the Pyramids are plainly visible from that point. I visited some of the Bazaars and saw an old house which was built in A.D. 1792. I again encountered a four-day bank holiday—the Mohammedan Christmas.

On Wednesday I left Cairo for Alexandria.

Egyptian houses are what we would call "mud huts," built of sun-dried clay bricks.

With the exception of a few very fine Arabian horses in the cities I saw none in all Egypt. Seemingly, they do not use horses except for riding and driving purposes. All through the Nile Valley camels, dromedaries, cattle, water buffalo and donkeys are the "beasts of burden."

Much of the irrigation is primitive, and the plowing of the land and the threshing of the grain is almost entirely so. I only saw one modern reaper and one threshing machine in the entire Nile Valley which I visited. The plowing is done either by hand or with cattle, and the plow is a crotched stick, sometimes with a metal point. After the grain has been cut by hand with a sickle, it is threshed by putting it on an earthen floor in a circular enclosure and driving cattle over it. It is then winnowed by hand and the grain separated from the chaff in that way.

I saw crops in all stages. On account of irrigation and the climate, they can raise three or four crops each year if they wish to do so and are industrious enough to do the neces-

sary work. Between Cairo and Alexandria I saw very little corn, but a good deal of wheat and cotton. I also found on my way from Port Said to Cairo, and from Cairo to Alexandria, that the government railway was changing from wood to steel ties. These steel ties stand the dry Egyptian climate better and last longer than wood.

All the native women are veiled. The better educated and more aristocratic wear white veils; the poorer class wear black ones with a gilt nose piece. I bought one of the latter and sent it home.

On Thursday, June 9th, I had Mr. Eugenides and two of his force with me for breakfast at Alexandria. Mr. Eugenides was the Price & Teeple representative there. I then wrote a number of letters and mailed the photos taken at the Sphinx. I sailed at 3:00 P.M. on the steamer "Esperia." It was the most sumptuous boat I had ever traveled on, and a very fast one. It was then under the Italian flag, but formerly Austrian. I wrote some more letters and began to read "Bindle," a very amusing book.

Friday we were on the Mediterranean with the sky and sea blue, and the weather cool. I had become all "het up" in the tropics. I had a "hot time" for more than three months, and owing to the extreme heat in Egypt, decided to go as far north as I could as soon as possible and cool off.

When I came on board the "Esperia" they put me in Cabin 96, a single one, although I told them that No. 51 was given to me when buying my ticket. Next day after we started they discovered their mistake and wanted me to give them 12 lire extra if I remained in No. 96. I had already paid 40 lire, the fare from Alexandria to Brindisi and thought that quite enough, so declined to remain in 96 and went to Cabin 51.

We reached Brindisi, Italy, Saturday, June 11th. I finished reading "Bindle" during the trip and mailed it to my sister; also mailed a number of letters which I had written on board. We landed in the midst of a rain at 4:00 P.M., and I started for Naples at 6:50 P.M.

I arrived at Naples next day, Sunday, at 9:30 A.M. Had sat up and slept as best I could during the night, there being no sleepers on the train. (The railways of Italy are owned or controlled by the state.) On the way I passed through the cities of Taranto and Potenza. The former was a great military camp during the war. As we neared Naples our train passed at the base of Mt. Vesuvius. It was smoking hard, as always. Naples is a city of about 1,000,000 population. My guide at Naples was Paul G. Coster, my hotel, the Royal. From it we had wonderful views of the Bay of Naples, Capri in the distance, and Vesuvius on the left. The wonderful blue of the Bay of Naples has been described so many times that I need say nothing more than that no words of praise have been too extravagant.

The Castello del'Oro directly in front of my hotel, was built in A.D. 1407.

I wrote letters almost all day, and found out that I was losing weight, much to my satisfaction.

During the day, Monday, I visited the Aquarium and two piano houses—those of Ricordi & Finzi and of Fratelli Curci, both old customers of mine. I also bought a ticket to go to Capri next day.

Tuesday, June 14th, I went to Capri. On the boat going and coming were Caruso, his wife, brother and mother. He seemed a very sick man.

On our way we stopped at Sorrento, where there are many Roman ruins. The situation of Sorrento is very fine.

At Capri I saw the Castello del' Ovo dating from A. D. 1100; also the St. Elmo Castle there at the top, A.D. 1300; the Casa Tiberio, A.D. 1200. Also saw sail boats fishing for oysters, lobsters, etc.

The shades of blue at Capri are as beautiful as could be imagined, both inside and out of the caves, being very light inside and very dark blue outside. The climate is mild and delightful the year around.

On our return we passed close to Vesuvius and Pompeii. At this point, there is a very fine view of Naples from the sea. At Capri I lunched at the Hotel Quisisana. It is situated high up on the island, thus affording a

very fine view of the sea and land. That evening I sailed from Naples for Palermo, Sicily, on the steamer "Elena," owned and operated by the Italian Government, and dirty to the last degree.

Wednesday, June 15th, we were at sea, and reached Palermo at 10:00 A.M. We had a very rough voyage and nearly all the passengers were sick. I went to the Hotel de France, a very nice, quiet place, directly opposite a small plaza or park. I wrote letters most of the day; secured a guide and arranged with him to accompany me in visiting places of interest in Sicily.

June 16th I was ill. In some way the landlord of the hotel had learned that it was my birthday (67th), I think, possibly, from my passport—and he sent me flowers; also a scented box which I brought home with me. It is stated on the box that it never loses its odor. The forenoon I spent writing cards and letters; in the afternoon I was able to get out and see something of the city, a very fine one.

Friday, June 17th, I was still at Palermo, but discharged the guide I had engaged as he seemed to wish to rob me. His name was Rosario Fichera. Later, however, I re-engaged him, and when he found that he could no longer impose upon me, he was very nice. He was well posted as to the history and affairs of Sicily.

Opposite my room at the hotel was the Garden Garibaldi and the Piazza Marino Plazenti. Palermo has a population of about 300,000.

On Saturday, I took a long carriage ride with my guide. I was convinced that I did a good job when I "fired" him. We went through the parks and gardens, and saw some fine private residences; also the botanical garden. The more I saw of Palermo the better I liked it. The surrounding hills are terraced to the top, and the climate reminded me of Southern California. They grow oranges, olives, lemons, grapes and figs just as we do in Southern California.

On Sunday, I still remained at Palermo. Again being ill, I spent most of the day in bed, reading. The weather was cool and fine, and I was sorry to miss another drive which I had expected to take, and my guide seemed to be very much interested in my welfare.

On Monday, June 20th, I left Palermo by train, passing through Messina, and arrived at Taormina at the Hotel San Dominico at night. Our route was along the seashore almost the entire way, but on account of rain, clouds and fog we were prevented from having a view of the mountains and sea all day long. We only remained at Messina about an hour. On our way we must have passed through at least one hundred tunnels, some of them quite long. I have forgotten how many lives were lost during the Messina earthquake in 1908, but believe something like 120,000.

The hills of Sicily are all covered with old Greek, Roman, Norman, Spanish and Saracen castles. On the trip I observed on every side that the vineyards and orchards were very well kept, and the people seemed to be kind and thrifty. I saw some sheep and many goats.

On Wednesday, June 22nd, I was at Catania, Hotel Bretagne, where I expected to meet Mr. Mori and his wife, who had voyaged with me from Calcutta to Port Said, their friend, Mr. Humphries having been my cabinmate. I hoped to meet them all when I reached Catania, but they had not arrived, as Mrs. Mori had quite a serious illness after they reached Port Said. I was told by her father and mother, whom I saw, that they were due in a few days, but I could not wait. Mr. Mori was a very fine cellist, and gave us many happy hours on our month's trip on the "City of Marseilles."

I visited the Greek amphitheater, which was built 426 B.C., and which was taken over by the Romans 225 B.C. In the evening I reached Syracuse.

Next day, I saw the noted fountain Arethuse; also the Greek and Roman amphitheater, dating from 425 B.C. I also saw the Roman Temple of the same year, and the Greek theater of 635 B.C. It held 250,000 spectators to witness the fights of the gladiators. I also saw the Diana Fountain. In the evening I left by train for Rome.

On Friday, June 24th, I reached Rome and went to the Palace Hotel. The train runs straight through from Syracuse via Mes-

sina, where it is ferried across the strait of that name. I made some business calls, but did not go to see the sights of Rome, as I had seen them on former visits.

On Saturday, I reached Florence and went to the Hotel Washington. It is surprising how many hotels and streets in Italy have American names. There is a street in Catania named after Lincoln. As I had visited Florence several times before I did not go about to see the sights.

On Sunday, June 26th, I reached Milan and spent the day there. I again visited the Cathedral which, next to that of Cologne, I think is the finest I have seen in the whole world.

I called upon Ricordi & Finzi on Monday morning. Mr. Finzi did not speak a word of English, but was a very fine man and most cordial and hospitable.

On Monday, June 27th, I left Milan for Turin, a city I had never visited before, although I had been in Italy many times. I got a guide and made some calls on piano houses and traveled about the city until 2:20 P.M. when I took a train for Genoa. As I had visited that city several times before I did not go about to see the sights, but spent my time in writing and trying to get accommodations through to Marseilles. I had been told at Turin that I could get a through train with sleeper, but found that the train which I did get only went as far as the French border, Vitemilli, where I arrived at 2:00 A.M. I went to a hotel to sleep for a few hours, as there was no train going on to Marseilles until 9:00 A.M.

This is another illustration of government ownership or control. Seemingly, when the government gets hold of a job it is costly, and the "dear public" can take what they get and must be satisfied with it, for there is no competition, and nobody cares whether you ride or don't ride, and whether you are satisfied or not satisfied. Those people who "howl" for government and municipal ownership or control ought to travel a bit and then their "howling" would cease. The old saying that "Competition is the life of Trade" is certainly true, for no one ever knew of a government job that was not two or three times as long in its doing as it would have been if done by private persons or corporations who are so despised by the unthinking and the inexperienced.

Chapter Twenty

MY SECOND TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

(Continued)

"Coastwise—cross seas—round the world and back again."—*Kipling.*

AT 5:00 P. M., June 29th, I arrived at Marseilles; went to the Hotel Paix and without delay, called upon Messerer, my old customer there. He was away on a vacation, so I did not see him. I then went about the central part of the town, and took the train for Paris about 11 o'clock. I was very tired.

I had never journeyed through Southern France before in the daytime. It is really wonderful how closely and carefully every foot of the French soil is cultivated and made to produce. I discovered on my way to Paris that I either had lost some money, or had been "touched." I had only about six hundred francs left, and the franc at that time was worth only about seven cents in our money.

I reached Paris at 5:00 P.M., June 30th, going to the Hotel St. Anne, where a large amount of mail had been sent over by the Consulate at my request. I secured a stenographer and a guide, and found them both good. I wrote a few notes and wired home—the day had been a fine one.

Friday, July 1st, was spent in writing to the Trade papers, and bringing my diary up to date for the folks at home. I then took a ride through the Bois with my guide and went to see the Consul.

Next day, I again wrote letters and tried to find my former Paris customer, Schneider, to see if I could collect an old account made before the war. He had been interned at the beginning of the war, as he was a German subject, but further than that, could not trace him. He had disappeared. I visited one of the old churches, but having been pretty well "fed up" on churches, temples and mosques, was not so much interested in the old Paris churches as on former trips.

Sunday, was again ill, and did not leave my room. My guide came up to see me several times, but I had no use for his services; read, ate, slept and smoked all day.

Monday, July 4th, I still felt indisposed and did not go out, but read about the joint celebration of the day by the French and Americans. I saw nothing of the demonstration. Our new American Ambassador (Herrick, from Cleveland), was soon to arrive. He had been there as Ambassador before, under President Taft.

Tuesday, I went about the city with my guide, Chas. Renault. I found my stenographer to be an exceptionally good one. Took another ride on the Bois and saw the Eiffel Tower and Napoleon's Tomb, after which wrote more letters, cards, etc.

On Wednesday, I was still in Paris, and went to our Consulate to give instructions about forwarding mail; then got a ticket for Berlin and some cash at Cook's; tried to find Mr. Wright, who was the Paris manager for the Auto-Piano Company for some years, but could get no trace of him. I visited Notre Dame but was not able to see the Catacombs, as I had hoped and intended to do.

I started the next day, July 7th, at 8:10 A.M., for Berlin. On my way I passed through St. Quentin, Charleroi, Namur, Liege and other places. There were war ruins almost the entire way as far as Liege, but on account of speed and being able to secure a view from only one side of the train, could not see much. In my compartment I had four ladies as traveling companions. Not until I inadvertently asked some question in English did I know that they understood English. We had traveled several hours without my understanding a word that they said, as they talked constantly in French. I found that they

all spoke English fluently, and also found that five nations were represented in our compartment; one lady being Russian, another, French; another, Danish; and another, Spanish; myself an American.

I succeeded in getting a sleeper at Cologne, leaving there at 10:05 at night, after seeing the cathedral, this time by moonlight. In my opinion, this cathedral is far superior to the one at Milan. During the night the car in which I was sleeping caught fire. No one was hurt, but there was a "hurry" call to dress and get out. They then cut out the car and we had to ride in a day coach the balance of the way to Berlin.

I found upon arriving at Berlin on Friday that the hotels were very crowded; expected to stop at the Adlon, but could not get a room there or at the Baltic; finally secured a small room at the Hotel Nordland. The Danish young lady who was on the train coming out of Paris was to act as my guide and interpreter at Berlin as she said she was very well acquainted with the city, but after reaching Berlin I did not see her again, and she did not register at the Baltic Hotel, as she told me she would. She had been studying politics and Government for two years in Paris, expecting to obtain employment from her own government in some consular or diplomatic work.

I secured a Mr. Hoger as guide and interpreter. He had a prior engagement and could not guide me the following day, Saturday, July 9th, so I engaged a Mr. Holdorf, who proved to be very satisfactory. I spent all of that day, and, in fact, almost all of the day before, in an effort to get my passport viséd, so that I could get out of Germany and into Sweden. I had about as exasperating a time over passport matters at Berlin as I had anywhere along my way. It seems so utterly senseless to put the traveler to such delay and expense in securing passports. I can well understand how care should have been exercised during the war, but why they should continue the exasperation I do not know unless it is to perpetuate the petty graft connected with it. I found that I had to smile and be liberal in order to get anything done, and often had to see two to five persons before my passport was properly viséd. I hardly think that the consuls are a party to this graft, but surely they cannot fail to know about it. There is an element of revenge in it all on account of the laws in America enacted at the behest of the Unions, making it difficult for foreigners to visit us, and still more difficult for them to remain with us. America needs the help of the thrifty and industrious people of Europe, and should welcome them, though she should take care to keep out the undesirable ones who come here to make trouble, as they have done in the past and are still doing.

At Berlin I again met Julius Heinrich Zimmerman, who had removed to Berlin. I asked him if he was still a member of the Reichstag, and he told me he had dropped out, at the end of the war. To my questions he expressed himself as of the opinion that the Kaiser would never be brought back. He thought that the government in Germany would ultimately assume a form similar to that of England—something on the order of a constitutional government. He said the present Socialistic régime—the German Republic—would not endure, and I agree with him.

I started from Berlin to Stockholm on Sunday, July 10th. The train was packed. I never saw such a crowded one. I fell in with a Mrs. Weeks, her son and his wife. It was more than an hour before we could get possession of the seats for which we had paid, and all that time the four of us had to stand. This led to our acquaintance and a comparison of the travel-troubles we had experienced. People had crowded into our seats, and not until we discovered a young man from Norway who spoke German could we get the conductor or guard to take action in regaining our seats for us.

On going into Germany I found that my baggage had to be thoroughly examined, and the same was true on going out. This was unusual, for in my former experiences one only had to have his baggage examined upon going into a country. Going out of Germany, Mrs. Weeks and her daughter-in-law were searched, at which they naturally were very angry, and Mrs. Weeks said she intended to

inform her husband of the difficulties and humiliations she had encountered along the way. It was agreed between us to report to the Secretary of State some of our experiences and exasperations in regard to passports and other matters.

I reached Stockholm Monday, July 11th, going to the Hotel Continental. I engaged Mr. Modin as guide. I arrived about 9:00 A.M., having had to sit up all night, as I could not get sleeping accommodations at Malmo as expected. The train was almost as crowded going through Sweden as it was in going out of Berlin; could not even get a seat from Tralleborg to Malmo. I crossed the Baltic Sea from the German port of Sasenitz. We were told that the searching of the ladies at that port was for the purpose of making sure that they did not take more than a small amount of money out of the country. Why we men were not searched was more than we could understand, although they inquired how much money we were taking with us.

Tuesday, July 12th, I called upon our maid's people at Stockholm. (Hilma Olson has been with us for years, and she wanted me to see her mother, brother and sisters if I had time to do so.) They were very cordial in their greeting to me, and I learned the meaning of "Skal Mina Vanner" ("Good Luck. My Friends") over some Swedish punch, the national drink. I saw them all, and some of them three times and found them to be very hospitable. One of their friends, who spoke English, was present at each meeting and acted as interpreter, otherwise we should have had to use the sign language.

I had two guides in Stockholm, a man the first day, and a lady the last two days. The lady was far superior to the man, both as a guide and as an interpreter. She had been connected for years with one of the banks there. Stockholm is a most beautifully situated city on seven small islands, and is well built and well kept.

On Wednesday, July 13th, at 7:00 P. M., I sailed on a Finnish boat, the S. S. "Oihonna," for Helsingfors, Finland. Young Mr. Weeks and his wife were on the same boat. On our trip we were hardly out in the open sea at all as almost constantly our route was between islands and the main land. We only made one stop, Hango, Finland.

Thursday, we reached Helsingfors and I went to the Hotel Fennia, reaching there about 5:00 P.M.; spent most of the next day, Friday, riding about the city and attempting to collect a pre-war account there. Our Consul had collected the money, but on account of the exchange rate we had told him to retain it until there was an improvement. Finding, however, that there was a constant increase in the rate, left word that the amount be forwarded at the best possible rate of exchange. The Consul was away, so that I could not thank him for his courtesy in making collection.

Saturday, July 16th, I left Helsingfors by rail for Abo, where I took a boat for the return trip to Stockholm. I reached that city again on Sunday, July 17th, and on Monday, I visited a number of the piano dealers, among them my old customer. I also packed and properly marked a large package of tropical clothing, which would not be needed until my return to Egypt. I sent this clothing to Paris, in care of the St. Anne Hotel, but it developed later that the Express Company had repacked the package entirely, covering up the address I had plainly written on two sides. They then sent the package, without my name or address, to their agency in Paris, and I only found it after diligent hunting and telegraphing to learn where it was. They certainly have a strange way of doing things, and their motto seems to be "I Don't Care"; nor does anyone seem to pay the slightest attention to the wishes or instructions of the traveler.

My trunk, shipped from Cairo to Stockholm, failed to reach me there, but after sending two or three cables, I succeeded in locating and stopping it at London. It had been taken charge of by Thos. Cook & Sons, whose services I have usually found prompt and satisfactory, but this was the exception that proved the rule. On my arrival at London I found the trunk thoroughly smashed up and quite a lot of

the contents gone. These articles were removed at the Custom House either in Egypt or in London, or had been taken after the trunk was broken. I deemed it absolutely useless to try to find out; simply had to throw the trunk away and buy a new one.

I reached Christiania on Tuesday morning, July 19th. Finding that I could not get a guide or a stenographer at this point, I spent the time in answering important letters in longhand. I went to Bennett's to get my ticket for North Cape and was waited upon by Mr. Dyring. I told him about my wish to get a guide and a stenographer, and he volunteered to act as guide and interpreter after 5 o'clock. I invited him to take dinner with me and found him very companionable and obliging.

On the morning of Wednesday, July 20th, I took a day train for Bergen. It was a fine trip all the way, especially from Voss to Bergen. I escorted Mrs. Weeks from Christiania to Bergen. Her son and his wife went by motor and boat. Both of us had telegraphed ahead for rooms at the Hotel Norge, but when we got there about 9:00 P.M. we had great difficulty in getting any sort of a conveyance to take us to the hotel, and when we reached it we were told that they had no vacancies. However, when we talked about going elsewhere, they found that they did have rooms for both of us. We could not get the idea at all, and I do not know yet why they went through that performance. On parting from the Weeks, I learned for the first time that Mrs. Weeks, senior, was the wife of our Secretary of War.

The next day, Thursday, July 21st, we spent going about the city, obtaining a very fine view from a high point just outside the city limits. We fell in with a Mr. Hamblock, a Londoner, who acted as our guide and interpreter. I afterwards called upon him in London. He was a fine young man, and very kind and obliging.

I sailed at 7:00 P.M. that day for the North Cape, and for Kirkenes, which is way beyond the North Cape, near the Finnish border. I chose a small Norwegian boat, the "Neptune," on which to make this trip north, because the small steamers get into fjords and ports where large excursion steamers cannot go. My choice of this particular steamer was fortunate, as it was a fine, well-kept boat, and the officers were most courteous, attentive, and willing to inform the passengers as to the various places we visited, and the things we saw.

Friday, July 22nd, we touched Flore, Moldeen, Molde and Kristiansund. At Molde the Neptune sailed ten minutes earlier than we had been told she would. I had fallen in with a Mr. Brun, and a Mrs. Bartlett, an English lady, and we three had gone up to the business part of the town to look it over. On our return to the wharf we "saw the steamer go round the bend" out of sight. We chartered an auto and had a mad drive at about forty miles an hour over a very rough road. We had telephoned to Kristiansund for the boat to wait for us. We arrived at Kristiansund about an hour ahead of the Neptune and, of course, rejoined our steamer at that port.

On Saturday, July 23d, we reached Trondhjem early in the morning, and after going about the town all the forenoon, sailed again at noon. Just as we were leaving the dock, one of the crew was hurt quite seriously, and we put back again to the dock, where we waited more than an hour for an ambulance to take him to a hospital.

Next day, we touched at Rorvik, Broney, Sandnessjeen, Indre-Kvarey, Groney and Bode. The scenery all along the way proved to be interesting and very fine. The fjords are almost always between high, rocky shores. Usually the water is very deep, and usually, also the fjords are very narrow. Snow and glaciers are almost constantly in view, and then lower down there is the green grass and foliage, with a sprinkling of beautiful wild flowers.

Monday, July 25th, we touched at Svolver, Ledingen and Harstad; and the next day, July 26th, we touched at Finsnes and Tromso, where Mr. Brun left us to visit friends. He promised to see us on our return trip, and he did so. At this place we saw a sailing vessel loaded eight feet higher than the deck with dried fish heads, which we were told were to be converted into fertilizer in England.

We went to the Museum at Tromso, but it was not open. We were told it contained a most interesting collection of ancient Norwegian relics. The town is very old and quaint. It seems that in these northern towns of Norway the shops do not open until 9:00 or 10:00 A.M.

We sailed a little after 8:00 A.M., and during the day touched at Skjasvrvey and Oksfjord. We reached Hammerfest at 10:00 P.M., July 27th, and left that port at 2:00 A.M., Thursday, July 28th. At 9:00 A.M. we reached Honningvag and later in the day touched at Kjollefjord, Mehavre and at Berlevaag; and at midnight we reached Varde, where we would have seen the midnight sun had the sky been clear. We had several nights on the trip when we might have seen the sun at midnight had it not been very cloudy and rainy at that time.

We saw quite a number of Laplanders in their native costumes at the various ports where we touched.

On Friday, July 29th, we reached Vadso at 8:00 A.M., and Kirkenes at 1:00 P.M., and we left that point on our return trip at 6:00 P.M. Here we saw Finns and other northern peoples in their native costumes, and at this port a Finnish bride and groom came on board. We sat out almost every night until after midnight hoping to see the sun, and while we frequently saw most glorious sunsets after 11:00 P.M., and most beautiful sunrises before 1:00 A.M., we did not, either going or coming from Kirkenes beyond the North Cape, see the sun at midnight, which was really one of the purposes for which all on board made the trip. However, none of us regretted having gone, for we had wonderful views of the fjords, of mountains, snow, glaciers, mighty rocks, beautiful verdure, and wild flowers of every kind and color.

We made about the same number of stops on our return from Kirkenes as we did on our way there, and the weather proved to be delightful during the entire trip. It was very much warmer than I anticipated it would be, so I did not find it necessary to use the warm woolen suit which I bought at Stockholm after my trunk failed to arrive.

The Neptune reached Trondhjem on its return voyage at 2:00 P. M., Tuesday, August 2nd. I left the steamer here and the next day learned of Caruso's death on the 2nd. I had met him, as I said before, on the steamer going from Naples to Capri.

The Norwegian kroner I now found to be worth only about 12 1-2 cents, whereas when I had been in Norway before it was worth about 26 or 27 cents. I learned that the Swedish money was about the nearest in value to pre-war times of any in Europe, and it seemed very strange indeed to see such a difference in value of the Norwegian and Swedish money.

I called on quite a number of the members of the piano trade, but found most of the managers away on vacations. My guide was a Mr. Johansen, a fine young man.

I met Mrs. Bartlett's boat here, and asked her and her sister-in-law, Miss Bartlett, up to my room to see my family photos and for a short visit. Mrs. Bartlett was the lady who missed the boat at Molde and took the hasty ride with us to catch it.

On Thursday, August 4th, I was not feeling very well, having caught cold sitting up so late nights on my trip north. I had my guide take me to a doctor, and he prescribed whisky and glycerine. I found that Norway is not a "dry" country, although it has been held up by Americans as being the model "pioneer prohibition" country. A doctor's prescription will get you all the whisky you wish for, at a drug store, at the cost of $1.90 per quart. The usual charge for the prescription is $1.25, thus making the total cost per quart of best Scotch whisky $3.15, as against $15.00 to $30.00 per quart from bootleggers in so-called "prohibition and dry" America. I found that wines and beers are served at hotels, cafes, and over bars, all over Norway. Norway is not "dry." It is most decidedly "wet" in many, many ways.

I got off a lot of letters, brought my diary up-to-date and sent some papers to the folks at home. I wired for a room at the Grand Hotel at Christiania. Took a day train August 5th from Trondhjem to Christiania, where I arrived at 11:00 P.M. I got an excellent stenographer at Trondhjem, a Mr. Craig, con-

nected with the American Consulate. He is an Englishman, and did my work in good shape. At that point I wrote up my diary to send home.

On Saturday I received quite a bit of mail. which I attended to, and then found, through Mr. Dyring, a guide, who proved to be dull, dumb and absolutely useless. I also rented an Underwood typewriter, expecting to get a fine stenographer (Wahl) to do my work. He was sent to me by Mr. Dyring, who had heard that he was very good. He may be all right in Norwegian, but he was no good in English. I gave him a trial and found it was too much of a "trial" for me to endure, and so sent him away.

On Monday, August 8th, I succeeded in getting a very fine stenographer, Mrs. Hansen, and wrote up my diary to send home, and partly caught up with my correspondence. Late in the afternoon I went with Mr. Dyring, as interpreter, to Hagedall to call on the daughters of Mr. Falck, one of our boat companions from Seattle to Hongkong, who had requested that I do so. We found them in a very nice home, beautifully situated, and enjoyed our visit much, though, had it not been for Mr. Dyring I should have been unable to converse with them. Did not get back to the city until 10:00 P.M., when Mr. Dyring and I had dinner together.

The next day, August 9th, I still worked upon my correspondence, obtained some English money, called upon some of the piano merchants, and then took train at 11:00 P.M. for Bergen. I was to sail from that port for Newcastle, England, on the steamer "Leda," and did so at 1:00 P.M. The pass over which the railway line goes from Christiania to Bergen was scenic: rocks, hills, rills, ferns, flowers, snow, with occasional green spots, on each side of us going through the pass. Passed several glaciers on the way, and I found the trip from Voss to Bergen a delightful one. The scenery is fine, although fog and clouds prevented a full view of it all.

I found the "Leda" to be a very fine, new, Norwegian boat. After leaving the port of Bergen, it takes almost two hours to get to the open sea, with fine scenery on every side.

The next day, August 11th, we were at sea until about 5:00 P.M., when we reached Newcastle, where I found that the last train of the day had departed for London. I decided to go to the Station Hotel instead of taking the night train, and had a fine bed and a good night's sleep. I did not see much of Newcastle, as I arrived too late, although in that latitude it is quite light until a late hour in the evening.

August 12th, I took a train at 8:00 A. M., reaching London at 2:12 P.M., where I at once went to the Ivanhoe Hotel. There was no mail for me there, so I went to the American Consulate, where I found seventy-seven letters and five papers. They had not received my letter asking them to forward mail to the hotel. Next day I received more letters, making about a hundred in all; secured a stenographer and went after them.

Dan Wylie, my former European traveling salesman, came in from Brewood, one hundred and thirty miles out, in reply to my wire. He remained with me during my stay in London.

On Sunday he took me out to Staines to see his daughter, Mrs. McKissock. Mr. McKissock, the superintendent of a large plant there, as a recreation and diversion writes novels, and is also a writer for some London paper. Several newspaper men called while I was there, and it was quite a literary gathering, Mr. Wylie himself being a writer.

Monday, August 15th, the stenographer whom I had first engaged could not come, but sent another, a Miss Davis of the Mayfair Company. I found her quite as good and she did my work for the balance of the time I was in London. Some letters were long, and it was several days before I caught up with my correspondence. I went about London day after day with Mr. Wylie, who was so thoroughly familiar with the city that he was very helpful in planning my trips.

Next day I went to Cook's and there found my trunk which had been shipped from Cairo to Stockholm, as stated before. It was shipped June 7th, hence it was more than ten weeks before I found it, and very badly damaged at that. I bought a new trunk and gave the

old one to the chambermaid. I answered some more letters and then went about the city with Mr. Wylie.

Wednesday, after dictating several letters, I again went out with Mr. Wylie and called on quite a number of the piano merchants and manufacturers with whom I had become acquainted on former trips, among others seeing Mr. Ernest Marshall, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Ramsden, and both Mr. Mason and Mr. Reed of the Aeolian Company. I made another vain search for D. Miller Wilson, but on returning to the hotel that day I found a letter from my wife enclosing one from Mr. Wilson dated at San Francisco, he then being with the Wiley B. Allen Company.

On Thursday, August 18th, Mr. Wylie had to write some articles for Trade papers, so was not with me. I worked hard to get through with my correspondence. After giving the stenographer all that she could do for the day, I went about the city some and then called on Ernest Marshall, who invited me to go out to his home at Staines to see the Regatta on the Thames. As this was to occur on Saturday, I had to decline as I still had some more work to do, and other calls to make.

I spent most of the next day making calls with Mr. Wylie. I did some dictating in the morning before I started, then went to Bennett's and got a ticket for Paris by air for the following Tuesday. After that, called on Bertie Marshall at their factory. He, his brother Ernest, and their father, Sir J. Herbert Marshall, visited America several times, and for a number of years they had the exclusive sale of my instruments in England and part of Europe.

Saturday, Mr. Wylie had more writing to do. I went to call on Mr. Ivanhoff, the fine Russian violinist who was on the steamer out of Calcutta for Port Said. We spent many pleasant hours listening to his playing, for he is an accomplished violinist. He told me that he hoped to tour America in the near future; thought possibly he might come here the winter of 1921-22, but so far as I can learn did not do so.

Sunday afternoon, August 21st, I went out to Staines to visit with Mr. Wylie and the McKissock family. We took a long walk on both sides of the Thames. On the train we passed through a town called Barnes, and I wrote Mr. Geo. K. Barnes regarding it, telling him that I supposed it was named after him. When I got back to the city, I wrote several letters in longhand. Mr. Barnes passed on in 1922, by the way. Sir J. Herbert Marshall has been dead for years; his son, "Bertie," died in 1923, and I have just received notice of the death of Mr. Wylie.

Monday, I was still in London, but sent my trunk to Paris through Pitt & Scott. I found more letters at the Consulate, and spent the afternoon with Miss Davis, answering them. I sent off some more stamps to my grandson, my namesake, George P. Bent, Second; obtained some more English, and a little French money. At that time the pound was only worth $3.73 of our money. After the war it was even lower than that, being quite a contrast to the old rate, which on my former trips to Europe, stood at about $4.85 to $4.87. I am reminded by this to say that when I was in Berlin I bought 7,300 marks for $100. On former visits to Germany one could only obtain about 400 marks for $100. ("As we go to press" the mark is quoted at 22¾ cents per trillion.) I found the franc down in value from about 20 cents our money to 7 or 8 cents. But, of course, with the depreciation in the value of the currency of the various European countries, also came an advance in the price of everything one wished to buy, so that cheap money did not really buy commodities of any sort cheaper than when all the countries were on a gold basis with a stable currency.

On Tuesday, August 23rd, I had my first long trip in an aeroplane, going from London to Paris. It usually takes two and one-half to three hours for the trip, but on this occasion we were nearly four hours. The fastest trains and boats take seven hours. We had a strong head wind all the way and were driven out of our course and delayed thereby. There were ten or eleven passengers and not one of them was air sick. When my daughter Dorothy was making the same trip

from Paris to London earlier in the year, almost everyone except herself was air sick. I am certain that never again shall I make a trip by land or water if I can conveniently do so by air. The only disagreeable feature of the trip to me was the continual noise which was deafening in spite of the attendant stuffing cotton in the passengers' ears before starting on the trip. It was quite two full days before my hearing was again acute. The trip was made in a Handley-Page car. It carried two pilots, besides the passengers and our hand baggage.

When I got to Paris that day I did not find any mail at the Hotel St. Anne, so went to the Consulate to see if any mail was there. The Consulate was closed, but finally a boy let me in and told me that they had received my message asking them to send mail to the hotel, which was done. When I got back to the hotel they said that no mail had arrived.

Next day, my guide, Renault, and I started on a hunt for my mail. At the Consulate the man in charge of mail said the boy was wrong in telling me that letters had been sent to the hotel. He said no mail had come for me recently, and that the boy must have had in mind the big lot I got there on my arrival from Egypt, June 30th. I never did learn the actual facts, but the boy certainly had a good memory, for mail was sent to me at the hotel from the Consulate about two months before.

August 25th, I continued trying to locate my mail. Did not know but that it had gone to some other hotel. I also hunted further for the package of tropical clothing which I had sent from Stockholm by express on July 18th, more than five weeks before. Could get no trace of it until after I had gone to the expense of telegraphing to Stockholm, and then found that, as related before, the markings I had put on the package on two sides had been covered up and it had simply been sent to their Paris correspondent without giving me any notice as to where to find it. I also failed to receive the new trunk sent from London under promise that it would be in Paris three days after I gave it to them for shipment. This, too, was sent by express. I did not get the trunk until more than a week after it was shipped. The so-called "express" of Europe is slower than our slowest freight here.

I received a few letters, sent on to me from London, and the next day received more mail forwarded from London. My guide reported that he was sick and could not be with me, so I went to Cook's to see if through them I could get any trace of the express package sent from Stockholm, or the trunk sent from London.

Saturday, August 27th, I was not feeling very well and did not go out, as my guide failed to show up.

Next day, I did not get up at all; had my meals sent to me, but did not relish any of them, although the food in Paris was as fine as ever. They do say the Parisian chefs can make a very palatable muffin out of sawdust, but it is my opinion that this is a canard. With my loss of appetite I also lost my taste for smoking.

Monday, August 29th, I felt better, and went to see about my intended trip through Spain and along the coast of North Africa. I found that there was no line of boats running along that coast, and that I could not get a sailing from Spain or France for Egypt for three months, everything being booked until November 15th. Then in the afternoon I started to see if I could get to Egypt via Italy; found that I could get passage from Trieste to Alexandria, and engaged it, having abandoned my trip through Spain and the countries of Northern Africa except as to Egypt.

Tuesday, I was still better, but quite sore from my constant coughing, and finding I could sail from Trieste on September 9th, wired for the best cabin they could give me, having been told that the boat was very crowded. I then arranged for a two days' auto trip to the battlefields, starting September 1st. Received a few more letters and wrote some in reply.

Next day I received and answered letters from my wife and from Harry; wired and wrote regarding the package sent from Stockholm and the trunk which had been shipped from London by express on the 22nd. That day a letter was returned to me written to Otto Schulz, Chicago, on July 2nd. Not having his street number I had addressed the letter in care

of M. Schulz Piano Company, Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago. This firm has been located on Milwaukee Avenue nearly sixty years; however, the report came back to me that Otto Schulz could not be found. They had advertised the letter in Chicago, and as there was no claimant, after due time, they had returned it to me, the writer, at Paris. I readdressed it, as before, giving these details to Mr. Schulz, and on its second voyage across, it reached his hands. After my return I suggested to him that since they apparently did not know him or his father, who had been in business at the same place for nearly sixty years, he had better advertise in trade and other papers and thus make his name and address known.

On Thursday, September 1st, I started from Cook's office in Paris to visit the Marne Sector. The party consisted of fifteen or twenty people in a large "sight-seeing" auto. We had as our guide, a most excellent one, a former Captain of the British Army. He explained many things to us civilians about the war, the tactics of war, and the devastated district, which we should not have learned but for his knowledge and the pleasing way in which he presented it to us. We visited on our way Chateau-Thierry, and slept that night at Rheims. We passed through the village of Claye, the nearest point to Paris reached by the Germans in 1914; then through Meaux, a small village occupied, for a few days, by the Germans in 1914. At this place, the Marne Victory is now celebrated each year. We also passed through Trilport and Belleau Wood, the name of which has now been changed to the "Wood of the American Marine Brigade," in honor of the two regiments of Marines who finally captured that point after very severe fighting in June, 1918. We also visited the big cemetery at the foot of the "Wood."

We next passed through the ruined village of Bouresches, which was captured by the Marines on June 6th. Then we passed Hill 204, and went through Vaux, a place almost utterly destroyed by American shells, and the scene of brilliant engagements in which American Divisions participated.

This Marne Sector through which we passed was the scene of the dramatic entry of American troops into the Great War, during the second drive of the Germans to the Marne.

Chateau-Thierry, the birthplace of La Fontainè, is where American gunners in June, 1918, raked the river and the bridges continually for four days and nights. We took lunch at this place, and during the afternoon passed through three or four villages, either entirely or partially destroyed during the struggles at or near the Marne. In the distance we saw the grave of Quentin Roosevelt, where he fell, on July 14, 1918, while flying as a member of the Lafayette Squadron.

After reaching Rheims we went about the ruined city, the most famous of all the "martyred" cities, where, out of 14,200 buildings at the beginning of the war, only eleven escaped shot or shell. It is a ruined city, although wonders have been performed in rebuilding it since the close of the war. The several trips I made to the battlefields were the first occasions on which I had ever joined a Cook's party. In this case I was well pleased at the service given, and was gratified at having chosen this way of viewing the battlegrounds by auto under the guidance of the Cook lecturers, who were ready, willing and able to inform us in a lucid and entertaining manner regarding the battles and the results. On former visits to Europe I had shunned Cook "Touring" parties.

During this first day we saw the headquarters of Marshal Joffre at the time he made his memorable stand against the Germans and Austrians.

Friday morning we visited the ruined Rheims cathedral. Only a shell of the building remains, but many of the valuable paintings, and other articles of historic interest were removed to places of safety at the very beginning of the bombardment of the city.

We then visited Chemin des Dames, Craonne, Oulches, Vailly, Malmaison Fort, and Laffaux Mills, reaching Soissons for lunch. The Germans did not retreat from this district or sector until after the battle of Chemin

des Dames in 1917. They returned again for a short time in May, 1918, but they were finally driven back entirely in September of that year.

Returning to Paris from Soissons, we passed through Longpont, Corcy, and the forest of Villiers-Cotterets, where the preparations were made for the counter-attack of the Allies in the summer of 1918. We passed the Marne monument erected to the memory of Gallieni's Army of Paris, which in 1914 was brought up to the fighting line in relays from Paris in taxicabs, and which was most instrumental in accomplishing Joffre's defeat of the Huns at that point and time. The cathedral at Soissons was as totally wrecked as was that at Rheims.

Sunday, September 4th, I visited the Somme battlefields, going by rail as far as Amiens, and then by auto to Peronne, Bapaume, Delville Wood to Albert, back to Amiens, and then by train to Paris. On this trip we entered the Somme Valley at Villers-Bretonneux, the former British salient to the east of Amiens, where the Australians distinguished themselves. This region was as far as the Germans went in their offensive of 1918.

After passing through several small places we stopped at Chuignolles where we saw the big gun which for many months bombarded Amiens. It was captured by the Australians August 23, 1918, but had been put out of commission by the Germans before their retreat.

We passed through several other small places on the way to Peronne where an Irish monk founded a monastery in A. D. 650. This changed hands several times during the fighting in 1916. The Germans made a stronghold of it, but it was retaken by the French in March, 1917. After that it once more fell into the hands of the Germans, and was not retaken by the French until the victorious offensive in the fall of 1918.

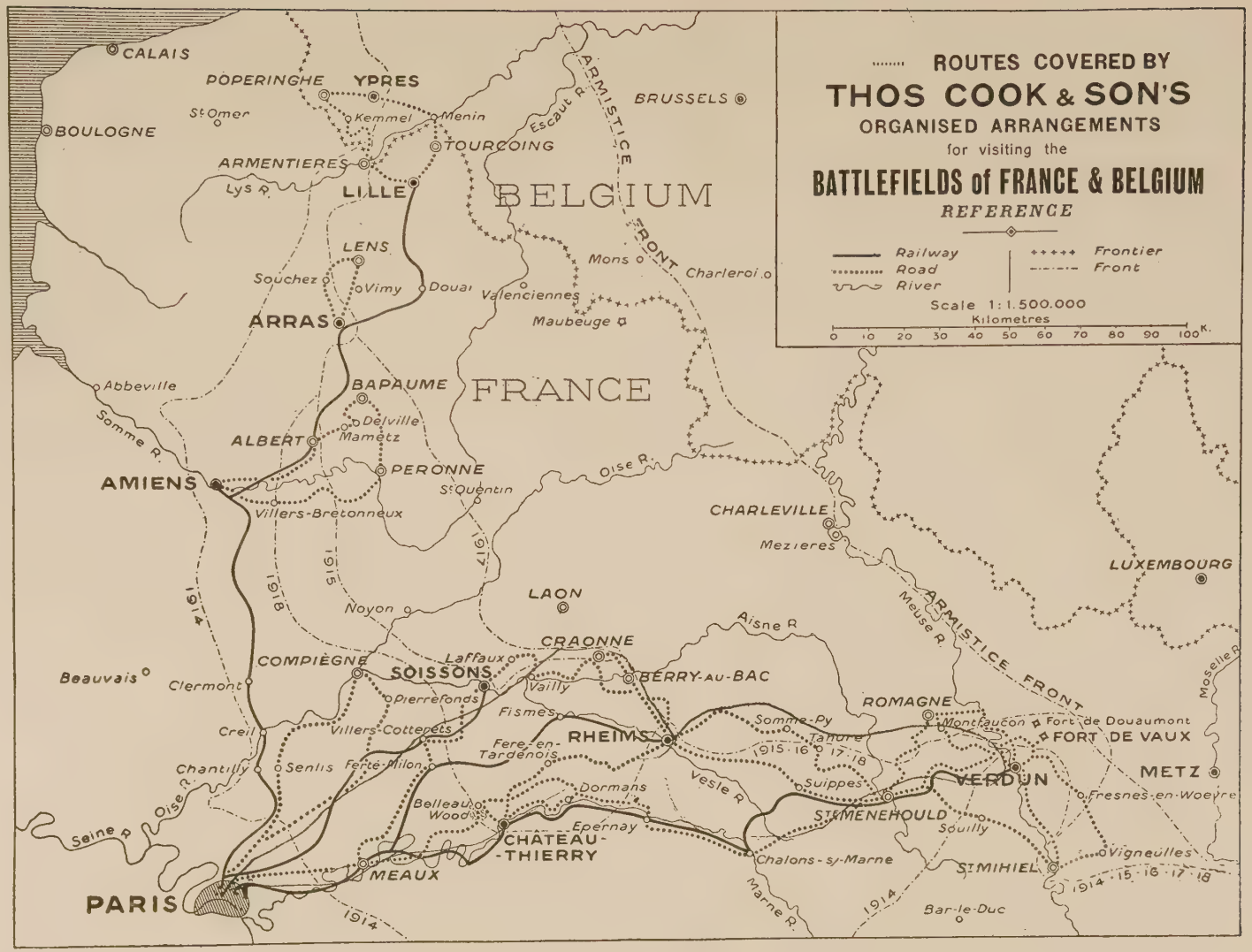
We lunched at Peronne, and starting out again passed Mont St. Quentin, the key to Peronne, which was stormed and taken by the Australians in August, 1918. We also passed Bouchavesnes, which was the extreme advance of the Allies in 1916. After passing through several ruined villages we reached Bapaume, a town founded in the Middle Ages, and the scene of an important battle during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. When I saw it, the place was a mere heap of ruins. It was taken back from the Germans twice. The principal buildings and monuments were mined by the French before they evacuated the place in March, 1917. It was again recaptured from the Germans by the British in August, 1918, the first to enter the place being New Zealanders. During the month of August the fighting near this place was almost constant, being the second of the great strokes of the British offensive, driving the Huns to the east of the river, toward the victorious close of the war.

In the afternoon we saw a huge burial place, where thousands of the British troops who fell are interred. Delville Wood, under the German Guns, was a death trap to the Allies. This whole district was fought over almost continually during the war, and occupied time and again by the Allies or by the Germans. South African troops distinguished themselves in this neighborhood in 1918 toward the close of the war, and there was especially fierce fighting here in 1916.

The entire region is desolate and ruined, even after much rebuilding has been done, and it was much more so at the close of the war.

Out of 392 towns and villages in the Somme Sector, 212 were totally demolished. All through this part of France, what were once beautiful forests are now trunks of trees absolutely stripped of verdure and branches. The appearance gives one the impression of being in a forest of telegraph poles. The scene is one of desolation and ruin. However, the soil has largely regained its former productive condition, especially that which once was under close cultivation. The whole surface of the earth through this district was an array of shell holes, hardly a single piece of ground ten feet square not having been struck by a shell. The battlefields in France amply justify what our own General Sherman said: "War is Hell."

Next day, September 5th, I took a nice rest, preparatory to making a trip to Verdun and


ROUTES COVERED BY
THOS COOK & SON'S
ORGANISED ARRANGEMENTS
for visiting the
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Pierrefonds
Fismes
ROMAGNE
Montfaucon
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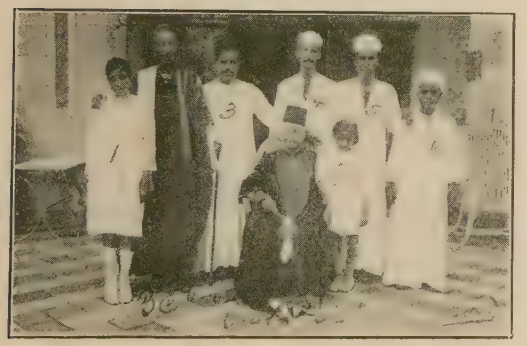
Egyptian Amulet
(see text)

Geo. P. Bent on the Nile

George P. Bent at Egyptian Temple

DAN WYLIE

THE SPHINX AND THE PYRAMIDS NEAR CAIRO, EGYPT
Camel, Bent and Dragoman in foreground



Geo. P. Bent at Luxor Hotel, Luxor, Egypt

(1) B. C.'s ten-year-old daughter; (2) B. C.; (3) Head waiter Luxor Hotel; (4 and 5) Waiters; (6) "Scarab," hotel errand boy; (7) B. C.'s eight-year-old daughter; (8) "Bent Pasha." Photo made Sept. 24, 1921, at entrance of Luxor Hotel.

George P. Bent at Assouan, Egypt

Entrance to one of the tombs of the kings in Granite Mountains—near Assouan

A quarry near Assouan. The author standing upon a granite stone (about 100 feet long) for an obelisk

Geo. P. Bent and "B. C." his Egyptian guide

Scene near Assouan, Egypt

that sector on Tuesday, September 6. I again went with a Cook's party. We traveled by rail direct to Verdun, and there were met by autos which took us to the forts and battlefields about that place.

While Verdun was not so large as Rheims, there was only one building in the entire city which escaped shot or shell. The city was an absolute ruin, and some of the forts also; but the Huns were told that they "must not pass," and they did not. They lost five hundred thousand men trying to break the line at that point. Fort de Vaux became a mass of ruins during its bombardment. It was once considered impregnable, but the Germans finally captured it, gaining possession of the top of the fort and fighting the starving garrison inside until they were forced to capitulate, after blowing up the last gun in the fort. However, it was retaken by the French, on November 3, 1916.

The attack on Fort Douaumont was most terrible. One hundred thousand German shells fell on it, making it also a mass of ruins. The French lost four hundred thousand men in the Verdun district, and most of those who fell were buried in the trenches. One of them is called the "Bayonet Trench." Quite a number of bayonets protrude from the ground just as they were left by the explosion of the shells. It is a permanent memorial to one hundred and seventy Frenchmen who, while awaiting the signal to attack, were buried as they stood in the trenches by a shell explosion. A monument at this point was erected by an American (Mr. Rand, of Rand-McNally).

Whole forests in this district were reduced to what the soldiers called "Rows of toothpicks."

I returned to Paris the same day, getting there about midnight.

September 7, 1921, I took the evening train for Trieste via the Simplon route, crossing Switzerland and Italy on my way, after leaving France. I reached Trieste the evening of September 8th, and on September 9th sailed on the steamer, "Vienna," passing through the Adriatic Sea and touching at Brindisi. Crossing the Mediterranean I reached Alexandria, Egypt, on September 12th. I went about the city for a day or two, visiting Mr. Eugenides by whom I was cordially received and entertained both by him and by his force.

I then went to Cairo and must say that Alexandria is a cleaner, better built city. Was not very well, so for several days did not go about much, although I visited some of the mosques and the bazaars. Among the mosques were El Hagar, the Moslem University, Kalann Amsu, El Ghuri, El Akbar (where the dancing dervishes are), and the mosque of the Caliphs, and their burial-place.

At the bazaars one sees the workmen making the things which they offer for sale. Everything is done by hand. No machinery is used, and there are no large manufactories such as in Europe and in America. One of the most interesting sights in Cairo is the Egyptian Museum with its collection of Egyptian antiquities—the finest in the world. In Room "P" are the mummies of the Pharaohs from 1700 to 1100 B. C., among them being the Pharaoh of Oppression, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and Rameses III. In this museum are the jewels of Queen Aah Hetep, and a very large collection of scarabs. I also visited the Arabic Museum where they have a wonderful collection of Korans. Also visited the Citadel, built by Saladin and rebuilt by Mehemet Ali. The Alabaster Mosque is named after, and sometimes called the Mehemet Ali Mosque. He is buried there. It has very fine and lofty minarets and is the richest and most beautiful of all the mosques. The view from the terrace at sunset is very beautiful, with the city, the Nile Valley and the Pyramids in the distance. The mosque of the Sulieman Pasha has a lavishly decorated interior.

I did not visit the Port of Cairo, but was told that it was very picturesque and interesting. Of course I saw much of the boat traffic on the Nile. I again visited the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Did not climb the Great Pyramid, as so many do, but paid to see a native do so. He went to the very top and returned in about ten minutes—it would have taken me hours to do it. I did not visit the interior as was told it was a very dark, hot, disagreeable undertaking, and the ventilation extremely poor.

One day while visiting the Pyramids I took luncheon at the Mena House, a very good hotel near the end of the car line which runs from Cairo to the Pyramids.

The temple of the Sphinx is almost entirely covered by sand. I did not go to Sakkarah and Memphis, which are about twenty miles south of Cairo. At the former place, there are monuments and two colossal statues of Rameses II; also tombs and pyramids.

There is a Mausoleum of the Sacred Bulls there which I was told is most interesting—it was built 650 B. C. The sarcophagi are thirteen feet long, seven feet broad, and eleven feet high. There are a number of them, they say, but the bulls have all been stolen.

The tomb of Thi is covered with paintings and sculpture, and its columns are remarkably well preserved after thousands of years.

I recuperated for about a week in Cairo before starting on my trip to Luxor, Karnak and Assouan. I went there by rail, and at Luxor stopped at the hotel of that name, which I liked very much. I engaged as my guide Georges Michail, known to everyone as "B.C." because of his knowledge of Egypt, Before Christ, and he is thoroughly posted on its history down to the present time. He speaks English, French, Italian, and Arabic. He was with me most of the time during my trip up the Nile, and I found him most satisfactory in every way.

I went to one of the small jewelry shops at Luxor—it was a mere hole in the wall with only one artisan, and there I selected two scarabs and had them mounted in gold, one for my wife and the other for my sister. The jewelry work in Egypt is all done by hand, there being no factories and only a very few stores where jewelry is sold.

One of the largest temples I ever saw is only a few rods from the hotel, and about this hotel are many statues carved in granite. These were obtained from the near-by temple before the government stepped in and stopped the carrying away of these relics of the Art of Egypt thousands of years before Christ.

At Karnak, which is right near Luxor, there are several other very large and very ancient Egyptian temples, or what is left of them. I give views herein of some of these temples, the Sphinx, and the Pyramids.

The greatest of all the temples, I was told, is that of Karnak. There are one hundred and thirty-five massive columns, some of them sixty feet high.

The temple of Luxor was built 1400 B. C. Near it is a red granite obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, built by Rameses II. There, too, are the colossi of the Vocal Memnon which watched the sun breaking over the Karnak group of temples. The pedestal of one of the Memnons is covered with testimonials of its musical merits. Though stone, they knew how to advertise themselves. The legend says that they emitted sounds when the sun's rays fell upon them.

There, also, are the temples of Medinet Habu—a remarkable group of monuments. The temple of Darel Bahari is a wonderful building, and unlike other temples in Egypt. It dates from 1600 B. C.

I visited the Tombs of the Kings up in the granite mountains out of Luxor. There were a great many of these tombs not very far from each other. They are cut through the solid granite and are from two hundred to four hundred feet long. The sides of the walls and the ceilings are decorated with hieroglyphics and paintings, and the colors in the paintings seem to be as bright and vivid as they could possibly have been when absolutely new. Of course, in the tombs, these paintings are not exposed to light and air, which may account in a measure for the permanence of the colors.

Most of the mummies which were once in these tombs have been removed. This was done in many cases to secure them against pillage.

Practically all of the tombs have been desecrated and robbed of their jewels and wealth, with the exception of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, which the robbers did not find, and which was discovered only recently.

My guide gave me a string of blue beads which my wife now has. He told me it was taken from one of the tombs, and is supposed to be five or six thousand years old.

After spending about a week at Luxor and Karnak and thereabouts, my guide and I went

on to Assouan. The modern Assouan Dam, the largest ever constructed, is one of the wonders of the world. It was built to store the waters of the Nile for use in irrigating a very large area of the Nile Valley. The dam is about one hundred and fifty feet high, one and one-half miles long, and has one hundred and eighty gates.

On the Island of Philae, above the dam, are the ruins of a great temple dedicated to Isis, with a colonnade of columns and towers. This temple is almost entirely submerged when the gates of the dam are shut and the waters of the Nile are being stored for use later in the season. When I was there the island was absolutely dry, and I went all over it, as at that time the gates were open and the waters of the Nile were not being held back, but were doing their work of irrigation below the dam.

At Assouan I succeeded in getting from a Nubian girl ten or twelve years of age and "as black as the Ace of Spades," an amulet which she was wearing around her neck on a greasy string. She was accompanied by several other Nubian girls of about her own age. This amulet was of silver and decorated as shown in cut herewith. There is about a dollar's worth of silver in it and in the center there is a setting of red stone in which a star and crescent are carved. My initial offer was ten shillings, but after consulting with her friends, she refused to sell at all, however followed me to the dam and half-way across it. My guide, who spoke her dialect well, increased my offer for the amulet to one Egyptian pound, which was worth more, when I was there, than the British pound. She again conferred with her friends and declined. Seemingly she hesitated between her desire for the money and her fear that selling the amulet would bring evil upon her.

The ignorant people of the earth are perhaps more superstitious than the educated, but there is plenty of superstition among the civilized nations. It will not do to smile at the superstitions of others while many of us have so much of it ourselves in one form or another.

We went across the top of the dam to the opposite side and on our return again fell in with the girl, who had finally concluded to accept my offer for the amulet. It had taken me four or five hours to bring about this purchase.

I visited the temple of Osiris. It, too, is a remarkable ruin. Of course all of these ruined ancient temples are without a roof, and most, if not all of them, were for many years buried under sand. It is only in recent times that they have been uncovered to view by the scientists and students who have caused the excavations which have enabled the modern visitor to see the wonders of ancient Egypt.

At Assouan I stopped at the St. James Hotel, where Mohamid Belat is the proprietor. He is very wealthy, and a very hospitable and courteous Egyptian. He did his best to entertain me while I was there.

I visited the granite quarries where are obtained the solid granite stones of which the obelisks are formed. I show snapshot of myself standing on one of these rough, unhewn and undecorated shafts of granite, which had been cut from this quarry and then left there because of some flaw in the stone.

I was helped very much in my Egyptian travels by memoranda given me by my friend, Hermann Leonard of New York, who described very vividly the things he had seen which interested him when he spent some six months in Egypt a number of years ago.

I did not go further up the Nile for the reason that I still was not feeling well, and after returning for a day or two to Luxor, I went back to Cairo, expecting to go from there to Palestine, Syria, Greece, and Turkey. After I returned to Cairo, however, I was advised not to undertake this trip, as it was a long, difficult one, and I could not be sure of getting proper medical attention if I should need it. Although I waited a while I did not feel any better, so decided to abandon this portion of my trip which I so much wished to make—though I still hope to visit these countries at some future time.

I also decided to give up my trip to South Africa; had planned to visit Madagascar, the gold and diamond mines, and the civilized portions of South Africa. That trip also is deferred to some future time, when I

hope to visit the countries along the Mediterranean Coast in North Africa.

I remained in Egypt about a month this time, and perhaps saw the most interesting things, but was not able to go about as much as I desired.

One evening, while in Cairo, on this second visit to Egypt, I saw an excruciatingly funny thing while enjoying the cool, balmy air on the terrace of Shepheard's Hotel. (The evenings, nights and early mornings in Egypt are delightfully cool and pleasant.) To me, a sober monkey is about the funniest thing in the animal creation, and at the Zoos and Menageries I have spent most of my time at the monkey cages. At Cairo, several dancing monkeys were brought to the hotels by their owners for the delectation of the guests, and, after dancing, the monkey always "passed the hat" for a "free-will offering." On this particular evening, four or five guests were seated at a table, drinking. These men asked the owner of the monkey there at that moment, to let him come up on the terrace, which he did. I heard one of the men say, "I wonder if he drinks," and with that they offered him some liquor, which the monkey proceeded to lap up like an "old toper," asking for more. Finally, after having emptied all the glasses on the table, he became hilariously inebriated. He would climb up the columns supporting the roof over the terrace, and as he got near the top his grip would loosen and down he would slide to the very bottom; then he would climb up again and then slip again. He must have done this half a dozen times. After that he began to jump from one chair to another, and he did it with such force he upset many of them. Then he would circle around, between, and over the legs and braces of the chair, beneath the seat, and then try to bring the chair back again into proper position. He practically overturned every vacant chair on the terrace, finally becoming so exhausted that he was not in condition to dance at the command of his master, but felt decidedly inclined to sleep off the "jag" he had acquired.

I returned to Alexandria, again crossed the Mediterranean and sailed up the Adriatic Sea to Trieste on a palatial Italian steamer; before the war an Austrian boat.

When I reached Trieste I telegraphed to Paris for a room at the Hotel St. Anne, and also to our Consul at Athens to have my mail forwarded, knowing there must be a great deal waiting for me, as I had planned to visit that city without fail and had asked that mail be sent to me there. Neither of these telegrams was ever delivered, and, while I secured a room all right when I reached Paris, I did not get the mail from Athens until I wrote for it after reaching home. I then tried to get the government-owned Telegraph Company of Italy to refund me the money paid for the undelivered messages. Another illustration of the beauties (?) of government ownership!

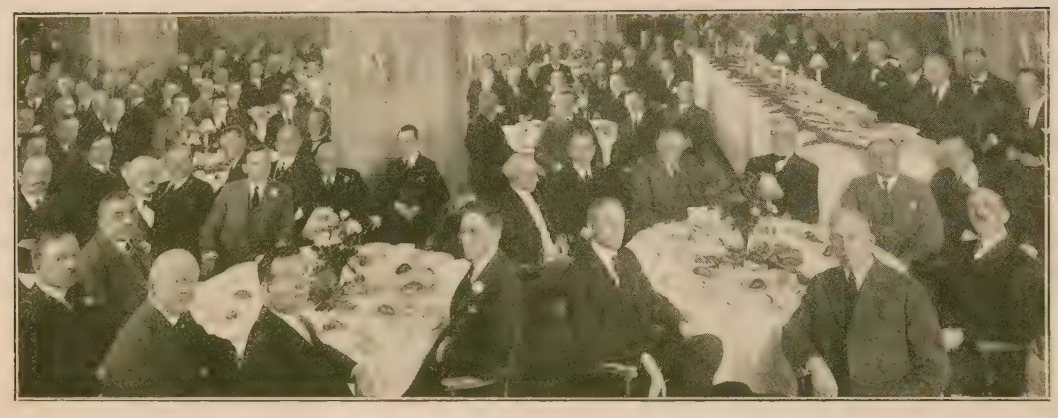
The day following my arrival at Trieste, I started to Paris via the Simplon route, not making any stops as on former trips to Europe I had visited the cities through which I passed in Northern Italy, Switzerland and France. After remaining at Paris for a week or so, writing letters and "seeing the sights," I sailed on Saturday, October 22nd, from Havre for New York, on the new French liner "Paris," a very fine, fast boat. Our voyage was a pleasant one, without anything of particular interest happening on the way. I had as fellow-passengers, on this voyage, Marshal Foch, Madam Caruso and Peggy Joyce. As we approached our shores early in the morning of October 28th, the steamer was met and escorted by twelve American naval vessels which lined up on either side of the "Paris" and remained with us until we reached quarantine, where we were met by a reception committee to greet and welcome Marshal Foch. He left our steamer at that point, and I saw nothing of the reception and parade in his honor at New York, for he did not linger there and had left the city before we docked, we having been delayed on account of the reception and greeting to Marshal Foch.

I found, much to my surprise, that about twenty-five or thirty of my New York friends had been waiting for me at the dock for three or four hours with Major Winteroth's band of the 9th New York Regiment, having ob-

"Welcome Home" dinner given at the Columbia Yacht Club, New York, in honor of Geo. P. Bent, Oct. 29, 1921

DR. WM. E. AUGHINBAUGH
Who saved my life at LaPaz, Bolivia. Toastmaster at above dinner

HERMANN LEONARD
My life-long friend. Very active in arranging for the above dinner, and in my reception at the dock, on my return from my last trip around the world.



"Welcome Home" dinner, given at the new Drake Hotel, Chicago, in honor of George P. Bent, November 7, 1921

JAMES F. BOWERS
A life-long friend, president of Lyon & Healy, and toastmaster at the above dinner

M. J. KENNEDY
A friend most active in arranging above "welcome home" dinner

tained a permit from the City of New York to escort me through the streets from the dock to the Belmont Hotel. They marched me into the rotunda of the hotel with the band playing. The manager told me it was the first time in its history that a brass band had ever been allowed inside the doors, and that they had supposed it was Marshal Foch coming or they would not have permitted it. When I was giving a farewell dinner to my New York friends, as I started on my trip, Major Winteroth said that he would meet me on my return with his band, but I did not for a moment suppose he would do so. Major Winteroth was the first New York customer I ever had, and our business and personal relations have always been most cordial and pleasant.

On the evening of the following day, October 29th, my New York friends gave me a "Welcome Home" dinner at the Columbia Yacht Club. On this occasion my friend, Dr. Wm. E. Aughinbaugh, Export Editor of the *New York Commercial,* was toastmaster. I have narrated elsewhere when and how I first met the doctor. Speeches of greeting and welcome were made by Dr. Aughinbaugh, Mr. Hermann Leonard, Mr. Geo. W. Pound, Mr. Chas. H. Parsons, Mr. R .W. Lawrence and Mr. Wm. Tonk. Mr. Ben H. Janssen added to the gayety of the occasion with his poetry, singing and playing. At their request, I told them something of my "Trip Around the World." Mr. Wm. E. Wheelock, who has since passed away, was one of the "greeters." I had known him for many years in Chicago, long before he became associated with the Aeolian Company.

After this most cordial and kindly testimonial dinner and greeting, an unexpected surprise to me, I went over to Boston, where I was given a "royal reception" at the Adams House by some of my old-time Boston friends and competitors, among them Col. Edward S. Payson, President of the Emerson Piano Company; A. M. Wright, President of the Mason & Hamlin Company; Geo. F. Blake, President of the A. M. McPhail Company; Winthrop A. Harvey, of the C. C. Harvey Company, for many years a customer of mine at Boston; Earle E. Conway of the Hallet & Davis Piano Company; Clarence H. Pond, President of the Ivers & Pond Company, and D. D. Luxton, of the Vose & Sons Piano Company.

I had been informed by wireless in mid-ocean that my Chicago friends were going to give a dinner in my honor on my return, but these welcoming affairs at New York and Boston were absolute surprise parties to me.

After reaching Chicago early in November, I was given a "Welcome Home" dinner by about one hundred and fifty friends at the New Drake Hotel on the evening of November 7, 1921. On this occasion, Jas. F. Bowers, President of Lyon & Healy, and for more than forty years a friend of mine, was toastmaster. The dinner had been arranged by my friend, M. J. Kennedy, assisted by numerous other old-time friends.

We had some fine community singing, and were entertained by Mossaiye Boguslawski, a pianist of rare talent, and Joel Leigh, a baritone with a rich pleasing voice.

The speakers were Mr. Alexander S. Shoninger, President of the National Travelers Association; Mr. Frank E. Morton, who in the midst of his remarks presented me with a Chinese vase, which, in receiving, I dropped (by request) and shattered, after which he presented me with a very fine hand bag, inscribed, "From the Music Trade of Chicago." This bag came at an opportune time, for the bag given me many years before by my friend, George T. Robie, which had been around the world twice and had been carried many thousands of miles by land and sea, was nearly worn out. Therefore the new bag was put into commission at once. Mr. Bowers as toastmaster, was, as he always has been, happy, witty, and wise in his remarks when introducing the speakers. Mr. Wm. B. Price delivered a humorous treatise on the German cocktail and its effects. I was again called upon to tell of my trip "Around." In fact everyone whom I met after my return wanted to have details of my trip, and it led to the writing of this book. At first I expected to detail only the incidents of my Second Trip Around the World but later on the plan expanded, and I

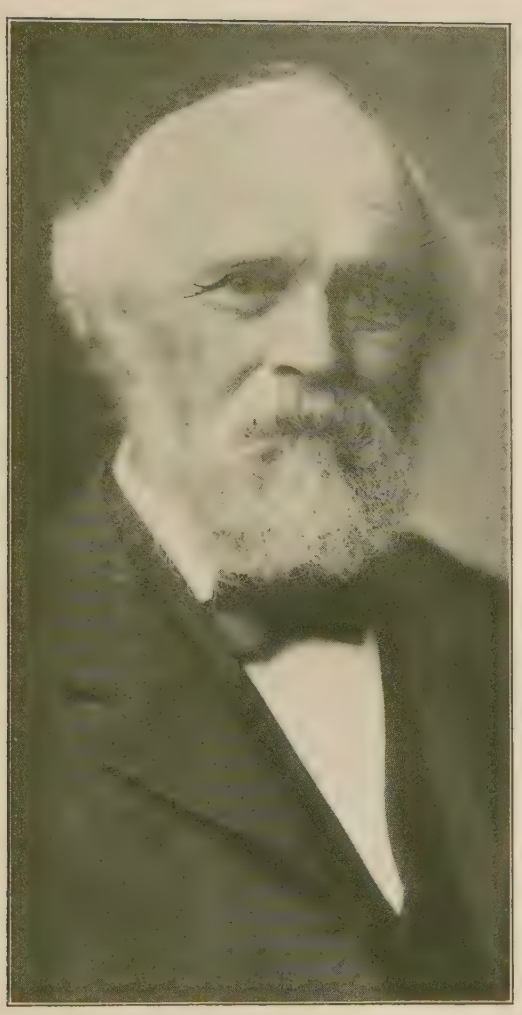
decided to tell of other trips—in fact write a sort of autobiography.

My wife had not fully recovered from her jinriksha accident at Yokohama, so was unable to meet me at New York on my arrival, as I had hoped she might, but was waiting for me at San Francisco where she was visiting our daughters. On my way to join her, I stopped at Omaha, where I was given a luncheon by friends; and I also stopped at Salt Lake City, where friends gave me a "Welcome Home" dinner. Finally, at Los Angeles, I was made guest of honor of the Music Trades Association of Southern California at their December meeting, and was again asked to recount some of my recent travel experiences. Before that, I had been asked by the *Los Angeles Times* to tell their readers something about the trip and especially as to the condition of trade in general all around the world since the close of the Great War. My article appeared in the issue of the *Times* of November 27, 1921, headed, "World Paying for Unionism and Socialism."

Since my return home I have been engaged in gathering photos and data for this "Tale of Travel, Life and Love," and have been working upon it as I have had time, and felt like it.

On my way around the world I wrote letters concerning my observations, to the *New York Commercial,* and to the *Los Angeles Times,* also to the Music Trade papers—*Piano Trade Indicator, Presto, Piano Trade Magazine, Chicago Musical Times,* and the *New York Music Trades.*

On my trip around, I was export representative and made propaganda for the Price and Teeple Piano Co., Chicago; the Packard Piano Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana; the Blue Bird Talking Machine Company of Los Angeles; the Southern California Hardwood and Manufacturing Company, makers of the Hawthorne Talking Machine at Los Angeles, and the Pacific Phonograph Company, makers of the Stradivara Phonograph at Portland, Oregon. However, I was not able to do much business on account of the condition of trade due to the reaction following war speculation and expansion.



REV. GEORGE BENT, my father
(Photo by Root)

MRS. MARY PRISCILLA PAYNE BENT
Born at Bridgeport, Vt., Jan. 11, 1825. Married my father Sept. 12, 1853. Died at Hazard, Neb., Aug. 17, 1898

My sister, Hattie Bent, with "Winnie" and Helen Webster

CLARA WINGATE BENT
Our oldest child

Bent Home at 6948 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, where we lived for 16 years. Here were born Muriel, Dorothy, Charles, and Barbara Bent. Wm. H. Matchett's home adjoining.

MY DAUGHTER, BARBARA BENT

MY DAUGHTER, DOROTHY BENT

Scene at the pool at The Boulders

Chapter Twenty-one

GEORGE PAYNE BENT—CHICAGO AND LOS ANGELES

"The average man comes into the world with nothing and goes out with the same or less.
He is too busy to be dissatisfied. He fights when he can't help it and makes love when he can.
For the average man, Life's account of joys and sorrows balance at the end."

—*Dixon Merritt.*

AT THE time of the panic and the World's Fair, in 1893, I was in quite easy circumstances financially, though still somewhat in debt. I succeeded in placing my instruments in thirty-two of the State and Foreign buildings on the Fair Grounds, and I believe I got out of the Fair, in the way of advertising and reputation, quite as much as did any of my brother manufacturers. I had, on the grounds, a far greater number of pianos than any other firm, in fact, two or three times as many. I succeeded in getting a most strongly worded award from the Exposition judges and officers, and the Commissioners of every State and Foreign building, where my instruments were used during the entire term of the Fair.

Speaking of pianos and other musical instruments, would say that I have made thousands of pianos in my factory, and yet it has always been something of a mystery to me that, though these instruments are made piece for piece and wire for wire alike, they invariably come out each with an individuality and tone of their own—no two exactly alike. I have never been quite able to fathom this.

As to violins, while I have never made them, I consider them more wonderful than any other musical instrument. There seems to be a general impression that old violins are best—that they mellow and become better with time, but I do not believe this to be so. I think that age does not improve these instruments. Those which are good now were good, in my opinion, when they were made, whether it was ten years ago or a thousand, and have been preserved and "brought down" because they were good. It may be said, as an argument against this belief on my part, that there are few, if any, old violins which are not of excellent tone and sweetness. True, but why should there be? Only the good survive—the mediocre perish. A well made instrument holds its own with age, but it does not *improve* with age, although its value may increase, because of its rarity, its tonal qualities and proven worth.

I have mentioned elsewhere the piano manufactured by William and Adam Bent in 1797. I found this old instrument with the assistance of Mr. Weed, of the Patents Office, in Washington, D. C., and for years had it on exhibition in the show window of my music store. Although the piano was over a hundred and twenty-five years old, the cabinet work was in splendid condition. When we moved to California I presented the piano to the Museum of History, Science and Art, at Exposition Park, Los Angeles.

In the Fall of 1894 I began building the factory at the northwest corner of Sangamon Street and Washington Boulevard (126x266 feet, six stories and basement). This undertaking made it necessary for me to go into debt deeper than ever before as, even at panic prices, the factory cost about $150,000. My associates, fearing disaster, strongly opposed the venture; however, this was not the first or last time that my fellow workers counselled caution rather than courage and confidence. I have often been obliged to forge ahead entirely on my own initiative and judgment, and very often my decisions were adverse to the advice given me.

In April, 1895, I occupied my own factory building. Our second son, Charles Matchett Bent, was born on August 25, 1895, almost seventeen years after his brother, George Henry ("Harry") Bent. "Charlie" was named after those two good men, my brother Charles and my lifelong friend, Wm. Henry Matchett.

In 1896, wife and I made our first trip to Europe. Needless to say, this trip was in a

way more enjoyable than any trips that followed. Certainly the world's great sights seemed more wonderful to us that first time. But in looking back upon the trip now, it seems to me that one of my most vivid recollections in connection with same is the fact that I wore over on the boat a pair of "toothpick" shoes. I had tried to secure more suitable traveling footgear, but for some reason could not find a pair that were as comfortable. At the time, toothpick shoes were quite fashionable in America, but when we landed in Glasgow I discovered that they were not yet common abroad. No sooner had I put foot on the quay than a crowd of small boys and loafers surrounded our party, eyeing the toothpick shoes with great interest and with no lack of outspoken Scotch comment. Mr. Thomas C. Mills of Kingston, Ontario, whose acquaintance we had made on the boat, happened to be with us at many of the points we visited. Wherever we went, it was the same; at Edinburgh we were almost mobbed on account of the curiosity my shoes aroused. If I am not much mistaken, our good friend Mills was more embarrassed by the attention our party received, as we traveled on, than was the writer. He was positively *ashamed* of the toothpick shoes, and their wearer!

In 1897, wife and I made the first of our many trips to Mexico and Cuba. A special chapter has been devoted to this.

It may not be generally known, but the first piano player commercially sold in the United States was exploited and sold in the month of May, 1897, at the Geo. P. Bent warerooms, then located at 309 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

S. R. Harcourt, known in the trade as "Still" Harcourt, and who was one of the Geo. P. Bent selling organization, is the person who made the sale. This was the actual beginning of the player industry, which has since reached to vast proportions.

The Wilcox & White Co. of Meriden, Conn., early in 1897 brought out a few cabinet piano players, as a selling "try-out." Meeting with disappointment, a few of these players found their way to the salesrooms of Geo. P. Bent (please note, this was before any other make of player had been made or offered for sale). The moment these instruments were shown at the Bent warerooms, the idea of such an invention was cruelly criticized by the trade in general, both far and near. It was the universal acclaim that such a thing as a "machine" to produce piano playing was not only ridiculous, but the very *idea* was preposterous.

We soon discovered there was a proper way to present the then little understood and crude player to the public. Soon afterward we broke the ice, as it were, by selling the first one to M. E. Cook, a prominent member of the Chicago Board of Trade. This started the "ball rolling."

By keeping up our own enthusiasm, as well as the enthusiasm of our patrons, giving attentive service, etc., a goodly volume of sales was made during the year, mostly to the Board of Trade friends of Mr. Cook. After this selling demonstration had been made, jeers turned to applause; competitive interests started in the exploitation, and in a very short time other players were on the market.

The following letter to myself, under date of July 10th, 1924, was written by Mr. Harcourt, who is still active in the player field, being the inventor of the Repro-Phraso Personal Reproducing Player Piano:

"Dear Mr. Bent:

Nothing does, or can, give me as much real 'honest to goodness' pleasure than to 'reminisce' about the good old days when I was a part of your selling organization—under that most successful and aggressive, but kindly and thoughtful, supervision of yourself. I have a dual pleasure in the remembrances. One is the honor of having been one of your organization. That alone is a testimonial which I prize. The other is the fact of having sold the first player in Chicago—which, I am told, was the first sold anywhere—thus giving me the satisfaction of knowing that I very materially helped create the player industry of today. I look back to these instances with much pride.

Had *our* selling demonstration failed, I wonder if the 'I told you so' fellows would have ever entered into the industry.

MURIEL BENT CHARLES MATCHETT BENT DOROTHY BENT

My daughters, Muriel and Dorothy Bent

Mrs. Geo. P. Bent and Barbara

CHARITY MARY BENT
Born May 23, 1884. Died Aug. 3, 1905

GRACE GARDNER BENT
(Mrs. George Henry Bent)

The head of the house of Bent, and sundry of the Bent children in the pool at The Boulders. The gentleman with the Jewish gesture is the author.

Helen Webster, Dorothy, "Winnie" and Hattie Bent
Helen Webster was one of our daughter Charity's best friends and has always seemed like a daughter

Mr. Bent, you are the pioneer of the player industry, and I was your helper, a fact of which I feel justly proud.

Wishing you continued good health and happiness, I am,

Very truly yours,

S. R. HARCOURT."

In 1898, my mother died at Hazard, Nebraska, and my father came to live with us in Chicago. Clara Wingate Bent, our eldest daughter, was married on June 21st of that year.

On November 28, 1899, at our Chicago home, our fifth daughter, Barbara, was born. In the Fall and Winter of 1899-1900, as mentioned elsewhere, I had quite a little trouble with organized labor, in which I came off victor.

In 1901, Mrs. Bent and myself, with our daughter, Charity, made a trip to Alaska, description of which is given in another chapter.

In 1902, wife and I made another trip to Europe, our daughters, Muriel and Charity, spending some time in Burr Oak while we were abroad.

After we returned, wife and I, with some of the children, visited Burr Oak in November. I had a good time hunting squirrels with Albert Wingate, over the old familiar stamping grounds. Wife returned to Chicago with the children, but I went from Burr Oak to Duluth on a business trip before returning home.

In 1903, as I recollect it, I remained in Chicago and worked hard, "for a change."

This reminds me of the story of the man who was sent by his doctor to Florida "for a change and a rest." When he returned someone asked him if he got it. He said, "No, the porters on the train got the change, and the hotels got the rest."

These hotels were unlike the one mentioned in the following story:

The departing guest, in this case, asked for and was given his bill. He looked it over carefully, returned it to the clerk and said, "There is something wrong with it." The clerk asked what was wrong and the guest replied, "Why, you have guessed wrong—I still have a little money left after paying you."

By 1904, through strict economy, hard work, and the faithful assistance of my associates, I had managed to accumulate something over a million dollars, all in good, tangible property. I was, moreover, discounting all purchases and was entirely out of debt. Years before I had promised wife and myself that when I was fifty, if I was able, I would retire and lead a less strenuous life. Therefore, I turned over the active management of my business to my brother, Charles, and with Mrs. Bent and our daughters, Dorothy and Barbara, spent the winter in California.

In 1904 and 1905 I was President of the National Piano Manufacturers' Association of America. I had been its first treasurer, and at the time of its organization and charter meeting at Manhattan Beach, Long Island, was the only manufacturer present from the West.

After attending the 1905 Convention, Mrs. Bent and myself again went to Europe. We had always hoped and planned to see the many interesting sights of the world together, and in making these various trips—most of which were for both business and pleasure—my wife accompanied me whenever it was at all possible. I suppose that by land and sea, I have traveled in all five or six hundred thousand miles, in distance, twenty or thirty times around the world. On the trip in question, we reached Berlin to find cablegrams awaiting us, telling of the serious illness of our beloved daughter, Charity. We succeeded in securing return passage on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, from Bremen, the next day. (I recall that Count Witte and suite were aboard, going to the Russo-Japanese Conference at Portsmouth.)

We reached home on August 3rd and found our daughter unconscious. She passed away four hours later, this being the first break in our family.

On February 27, 1906, our son, Harry, was married to Grace Fessenden Gardner, of Hinsdale, Illinois. In 1906, too, we all went to Burr Oak where, on July 12th, my wife's youngest sister, Julia Wingate, was married to

Joseph Lindsay. My good friend, Matchett, performed the ceremony and our daughter, Winnie, played the wedding march. We remained with the John Wingates a week, visiting St. Paul and other points before returning home.

In 1908, I organized the George P. Bent Company, and in 1909-1910, wife and I, with Muriel, Dorothy, and our cousin, Mrs. Cyrus Avery ("Cousin Minnie"), made a trip around the world—our first. On this trip, I made excellent business connections, especially in Japan, Australia and India. I have spoken of the trip more fully in another chapter.

About the year 1910, I bought a summer home at Lake Geneva, Williams Bay, Wisconsin. This home, "The Boulders," was on the ridge overlooking both Lake Geneva and Lake Como, on the Delevan Road. We were less than a mile from the Williams Bay station, and the view from "The Boulders" was a beautiful one, as we could see from end to end of Lake Como east and west, and across Lake Geneva, at Williams Bay, south to the Chicago Camp. We spent many happy hours at "The Boulders."

In 1911 and 1912 I made a combined trip of Europe and South America, details of which are given in another chapter. Returning home I found my brother, Charles, "my right hand," very ill. He died on April 8th, and I was forced to again become active in business.

On June 26, 1913, our daughter, Muriel, was married to Stanley G. Harris, son of N. W. Harris, a life-long banker friend. Our daughter, Dorothy, was married on August 23rd that same year. Later, I spent three months abroad, returning home December 6th.

In 1914, my son, Harry, to whom I had given an interest in the George P. Bent Co., sold his stock and moved his family to Pasadena, California, to live. My father passed away on May 25th, 1914, in his eighty-eighth year. Sister Hattie and I took his remains to Litchfield, Nebraska, for burial beside my mother.

When war began, our youngest son Charles, and Muriel's husband, Stanley G. Harris, were prompt volunteers. They served their country at home and abroad. Harry was over the age limit, but he, too, saw service as a member of the Illinois Reserve Militia which was called out during the Chicago Race Riots. He was also a member of and worked with the American Protective League.

And now we come to my life's tragedy. Early in the year 1916, about three months before my sixty-second birthday, I joined my wife and daughter, Barbara, in Pasadena, where they were visiting Harry. While there, early in March, I received intelligence that those whom I had loved and trusted most, and for whom I had done the most—those in whose hands my business had been placed, following the death of my brother, Charles—had "lifted" me out of all connection with the George P. Bent Company, in which practically every cent I had in the world was invested.

I had given away more than two-thirds of the stock in my company—much of it to these relatives and supposed friends—and had also, upon leaving for California, given them my proxy covering what I had retained of the stock. Thus, I presume, they thought they had matters in their own hands and proceeded accordingly.

I learned I was no longer president of the company, was not even a director, and had no corporate powers whatever—could not even sign a check or any other paper. There were six of these plotters, and, having thrown me out of my own business in my old age, they now planned to issue a little preferred stock with voting power—to be taken by outsiders and "dummies"—and thus absolutely control the business. I knew at once that I could stop *that,* but did not know, since I had given to the plotters my proxy, and they had a majority of the stock and of the directorate, just what I *could* do to thwart their plans. I telegraphed them immediately that I would not stand for such a raw deal and at once blocked the issuance of preferred stock. I was determined that if I was to be permanently ousted from the business I had founded, built and wholly owned until I gave away—not sold—control of it, the ousting should be done

The Boulders, between Lakes Geneva and Como, Wisconsin

Family scene at The Boulders

GEORGE P. BENT AND WIFE
At The Boulders

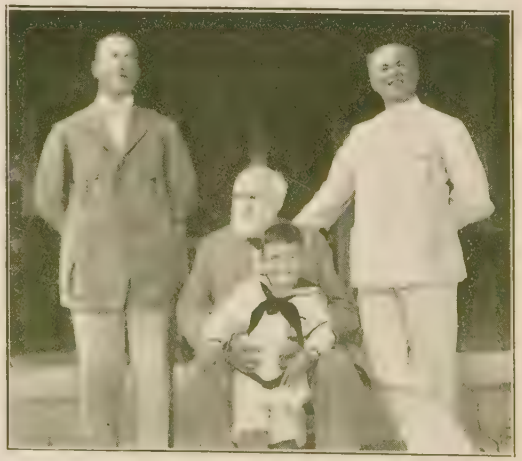
GEORGE P. BENT and GEORGE P. BENT II
At The Boulders

GEORGE HENRY BENT GEORGE BENT GEORGE PAYNE BENT

The Three Georges (not "Graces")

THE FOUR GEORGES

Geo. Bent, Geo. Payne Bent, Geo. H. Bent and Geo. P. Bent, II—Four Generations of Bents



THE FOUR GEORGES AGAIN

in the open by those to whom I had so foolishly given control, and they should have no chance whatever to hide behind the skirts or masks of those who might buy the preferred stock which they were frantically trying to issue. I knew something of the workings of preferred stock upon common stock and, returning to Chicago at once, I revoked my proxy and made it plain to those who had taken the power from me and assumed it themselves, that I knew the preferred stock game and would not permit it to be played upon me as long as I lived. The result was that I was restored to the presidency of the company with full corporate powers and was only ousted and out of the saddle for two months and six days.

As has been said, our son Harry had sold out of the business and was living in California, and Charlie, our other son, was in the army, as was Stanley Harris, our well loved and loyal son-in-law, Muriel's husband. Muriel promptly and voluntarily returned to me the three hundred shares of stock I had given her years before, refusing to accept a penny for same, while Harry returned from California and was most loyally helpful through all of the trouble.

I proceeded to, and did buy back every share of stock in the company which I had given away. I ousted from the company every one who had been connected with the conspiracy, but I did this at a fearful loss. In order to pay off the indebtedness into which the company had been plunged by those who had mismanaged it during the time I was sick or away from the office, I had to sell my factory and machinery at great loss. My family, fortune and ambition were wrecked. In closing up the affairs of the company which had been so mismanaged in my absence, I could only get out of it about half of what the stock cost me to buy it back from those to whom I had given it. I saved out of the wreck only about one-fifth of what I had been worth before I began to give it away.

I have written up at length the whole story of this affair under the title of "Another Lear," which story I shall be glad to send anyone interested enough to wish to read it. Not since Judas betrayed Christ, and Lear's daughters betrayed Lear, have I read or heard of anything like the ungrateful and treacherous treatment that was my portion in this affair of 1916. I said from the first, still say, and always will say, that every one of the six connected with my betrayal, should have done exactly what Judas did after his betrayal of Christ, gone out and hung himself.

But the greatest gratification of this tragedy of my life was this: that at the time I found out those who were false to me, I also found out those who were true, and the true outnumbered the false a thousand to one, at least. In my case, although I came to know as King Lear did:

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child,"

I can still say that *my own blood* had no part in the injuries done me. Although my betrayal came at the hands of those whom I had greatly trusted, and to whom I was closely allied by marriage and by ties of friendship and association, I cannot say too much of the loyalty and support given me by my own family and all—but the six traitors themselves—of the many in whom I had placed my trust.

My sister rallied to my support as a man would have done—as my brother, Charles, would have done had he been alive. Indeed, I think my sister saw through the veil of hypocrisy and pretended friendship, with which the plotters had attempted to cover their plans, long before I did myself.

Upon returning to Chicago from California, I had placed the true state of affairs before H. H. Hitchcock, of the First National Bank, with whom I had kept in touch through all of the years since the early seventies, when we had both been messenger boys on the streets of Chicago. Those in charge of my business had contracted debts amounting to about half a million, and Mr. Hitchcock had absolutely refused to let them have another penny's worth of credit at the First National.

However, when I told him I had come back and was going to clean up the traitors in the camp, he said to me: "Go to it—The First National will stand behind you"—and it did.

All of this trouble only served to make stronger the ties of friendship that have, since

my business was founded, bound together William Henry Matchett and myself, and it was largely due to the continued confidence and loyal backing given me by my old time banking friends, after I took charge of what the plotters had left of my business, that I was able to at least bring that business to an honorable close.

My advice to everyone is to avoid the foolishness of a fond old man. If you have anything to give away, do it *after* and not before death. Do not try, by gifts, to make those you love happy while you are alive, as I tried to do by giving away—not selling—control of my business. While in my case, my own blood have been loyal to me, if I had my life to live over again, I would not have anyone associated with me in a business way who was related to me in the slightest degree, either by blood or by marriage. Out of my own experience and that of others, I have learned that almost invariably trouble arises where relatives are associated in business. Even between father and son, or brothers, this is often true. If you are wronged, and the doers of the wrong are not related to you, you are in position to punish and jail for conduct and crime.

I made a trip to Florida early in 1917, my health being none too good at that time.

In 1918, wife and I went back to Burr Oak to celebrate our forty-second anniversary there, on April 26th. While at Burr Oak I felt the first symptoms of an attack, which a week later developed into severe inflammatory rheumatism. My wife had been greatly benefited by the waters at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and after being confined to my bed for five weeks, we both went to Hot Springs, where we remained until we were entirely rid of the rheumatic pains. I have to this day three stiff fingers as a result of my experiences with rheumatism that year.

This was my first experience with the dread disease and after suffering as I did, I can well understand what agonies others endure from it.

Stanley Harris was at that time in France, he being a Lieutenant of Field Artillery, and Charles, our son, was also in France, a Sergeant and Registrar at Base Hospital No. 13.

We had made various trips to California from time to time, and, in 1918, we decided to buy a home in Los Angeles and spend the rest of our lives in Southern California, where the climate is very similar to that of Italy.

Our youngest son, Charles Matchett Bent, was married on September 23, 1919, to Ida May Bourque. This wedding was the culmination of a wartime romance, Miss Bourque, after having done extensive Y. M. C. A. work both here and abroad, being with the Base Hospital No. 13, Limoges, France, as secretary to Colonel Robins, the officer in command, at the same time that Charlie was stationed there.

Following their marriage, Charlie and his wife, with Mrs. Bent and our daughter, Barbara, motored to California, where I joined them in our new California home. This was in the nature of a honeymoon trip for the newlyweds, who were obliged to return to Chicago soon thereafter, Charles being unable to remain long away from the music business which he had entered into at 214 South Wabash Avenue, my old stand.

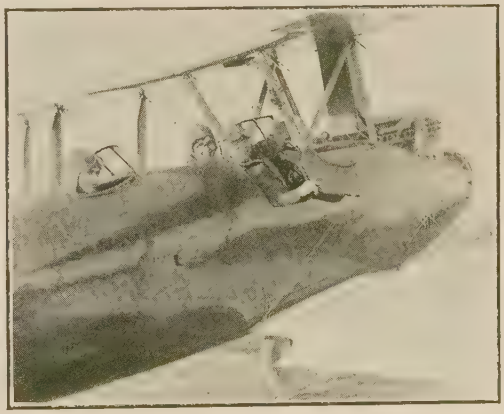
Shortly after we settled in our California home, 2205 South Gramercy Place, I began to attend ball games and "pal" around generally with George K. Barnes, another retired piano manufacturer, who had settled in Southern California. We thus cemented more closely the lifelong friendship that had existed between us, now that we had more time to enjoy ourselves together. Mr. Barnes was a poet of sorts, and when I was away, would write me many interesting and amusing letters, both in poetry and in prose. We used to address each other and sign our letters "Gee Kaa Bee" and "Gee Pee Bee." I have not yet ceased to miss my dear old friend, Barnes, who passed on a few days ago.

In 1920, I made another trip around the world, returning in 1921. This has been treated of in detail elsewhere. Our youngest child, Barbara, was married on October 1, 1921, to Edward O. Pringle. Her father was not at home to give the bride away, her mother doing the honors in his absence. In this connection, I might say, that it was one time at least, that I escaped wearing a dress suit.

No. 2205 South Gramercy Place, our Los Angeles home

2205 S. Gramercy Place (Southern exposure)

Mr. and Mrs. Bent in front of their California Home



Geo. P. Bent and Dorothy Bent, 1921
"Up in the Air"

Colonel De Witt, Captain John Kassar ("Yellowtail Johnny"), Captain A. J. C. Wingate and Private G. P. Bent, Catalina Island, July 31, 1924. 520 lbs. of albacore in four hours.

"Aunt Lucy" Wingate, Mrs. Geo. P. Bent and Geo. P. Bent at 2205 S. Gramercy Place

Barbara Bent-Pringle and wedding party

STANLEY GALE HARRIS (Muriel's Husband)

EDWARD OGILVIE PRINGLE (Barbara's Husband)

MRS. GEORGE PAYNE BENT
(nee Clara Ames Wingate)

GEORGE HENRY BENT

CHARLES MATCHETT BENT

MRS. IDA BOURQUE BENT AND SON, CHARLES MATCHETT, Jr.

My daughter, Muriel Bent Harris, with her three children Ruth Harris, Stanley Gale Harris, Jr., and Charity Bent Harris.

MRS. GEORGE H. BENT
DEBORAH (with "Sambo"), GEORGE P., 2nd, VIRGINIA and HENRY WINGATE BENT

Mrs. Muriel Bent Harris and Stanley Gale Harris, Jr.

Our daughter, Barbara Bent Pringle, and her son, Edward Ogilvie Pringle, Junior.

"Boy Bent," the family dog at Bentora, Nebraska

"Terry"

"Pep"

"Min"

George Payne Bent, George Luzerne Avery, Albert J. C. Wingate and George H. Payne, at Albert Lea, Minnesota, 1920

Stanley Gale Harris, Jr., and Charity Bent Harris

MY SISTER, HARRIET M. BENT
With her "pal" from childhood, Miss Sara Conner, she was for years at the head of the Marden School of Music in Chicago. They are now very busy teachers of music, living near us in Los Angeles.

Charity Bent Harris and Ruth Harris

OUR DAUGHTER, CLARA WINGATE BENT

MRS. BARBARA BENT PRINGLE

Our daughter, Dorothy Bent, who graduated at University of California, Berkeley, in May, 1924.

MRS. MURIEL BENT HARRIS

GEO. P. BENT
At sixty-seven

CHARLES MATCHETT BENT, 2nd

Edward Ogilvie Pringle, Jr.

Cynthia, daughter of Stanley Gale Harris and Muriel Bent Harris

Evening clothes and full dress have always been my pet abominations, and I usually wear them under protest, if at all. Barbara and her husband began housekeeping in San Francisco.

We have lived very quietly since coming to California, enjoying good health and the society of the numerous old friends who have settled in Southern California. It so happens that the writer of this autobiography has never seemed to take kindly to the game of golf. A good game of baseball I thoroughly enjoy, but for a long time I could not even simulate interest in golf, although many friends who are inveterate golfers have endeavored to show me the error of my ways. Finally, after playing constantly for many days with my son, Charles, and I. Wellington Gardner, an old ex-piano trade friend, I began to be a little more inclined to favor the game. But just as I thought I might come to be interested in it, I broke my left arm at the shoulder, and, consequently, it will be readily perceived that I have a most excellent excuse for avoiding golf for a year or so to come.

Fortunately, I can still enjoy our National pastime and Mr. Gardner and myself have put in many enjoyable afternoons at the ball park here, in addition to the spirited tilts we have at bowls, or at "Five Hundred," in which latter game his wife and mine join us.

My son, Harry, is as fond of golf as I am *not;* in fact, it was through him that I began to play golf in the first place. Harry married into a golfing family, as all of the Gardners, but his wife—Grace Gardner-Bent—are golf addicts.

Robert Gardner, his brother-in-law, was amateur American champion for several years. Mrs. Gardner-Anderson, a sister, was amateur American champion in the women's class for two or three years and, in fact, all of the family—father, mother, two sisters and two brothers—play golf, with the exception of Harry's wife. She is the only one who has escaped the "bug." George P., 2nd, now aged fifteen, shows promise of eclipsing all family honors; he plays a good game and has been known to defeat his father.

Speaking of my broken arm, it would seem that of late years, Chicago is rather a fateful place for me to visit. On one of my trips to Chicago in 1922 a taxicab threw me down and almost ran over me, and on my first trip in 1923 I foolishly attempted to alight from a street car before it fully stopped, and broke my arm; this accident—be it said for the benefit of the superstitious—occurring on Friday, the thirteenth of April, in the year 1923, and in the dark of the moon. On a second trip to Chicago in 1923 I almost immediately "came down" with an attack of erysipelas. What will happen next remains to be seen.

It is a source of great pleasure to my wife and myself that so many old friends, as well as many of our relatives, have, like ourselves, settled in Southern California. As mentioned elsewhere, Ben F. Kinyon and family now live in Santa Ana; Silas Brace and wife live at Inglewood, which, like Santa Ana, is quite near Los Angeles. Various of the old friends among the piano men have come to California to live and no good Californian is satisfied until he has induced two or three other men to move to the land of sunshine and real estate agents.

E. E. Smith, old timer, in years of business, but not in business methods, is hanging out at the old stand. William F. Dolge's widow and son live near us in Hollywood; and D. Miller Wilson, who traveled for me in Europe for years, is another who has now come to California to live. J. F. Salyer, C. B. Harger, I. W. Gardner, R. K. Maynard, H. C. Pressey, and others of the old-time friends who are piano men, now live in or near Los Angeles, while Frank T. Bowers, another piano man, lives at San Francisco. I see him often and bear him no malice, although I courted him—and his father before him—for years and years, trying to sell them Bent goods, absolutely without success. In spite of all of my blandishments, I could never sell him a nickel's worth of my goods. I used to think I was "some salesman," but when I got around to the Bowers folks I concluded I was *not.*

The late C. N. Post, one-time president of Lyon & Healy, was another piano man

who came to Southern California to live. He was, after he moved to Pasadena, President of the Pasadena National Bank and when it was absorbed by the Security Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles, Mr. Post was president of the Pasadena Branch until his death, in 1923.

C. M. Walworth and various others, who were old friends among the bankers, now live in Southern California as shown elsewhere.

I. Wellington Gardner, whom I call "Duke" (Wellington), while he calls me "Blucher," is an old customer who has lived in California for many years. His sister is the wife of E. E. Smith, and by the way, she is a lovely lady, quite unlike her brother, who plays golf and bowls with me, and beats me out of money I can ill afford to lose.

Chester Ellsworth, the mighty hunter, is an ex-piano man who lives at Long Beach. In the Adventurers' Club, of which both of us are members, he is known as "One Shot" and "Dead Eye Dick" Ellsworth. He refuses to hunt smaller game than grizzly bear. He shoots without glasses and one shot always does the job. In his trophy room there are five of six skins of grizzly bear, four or five black bear, in addition to horns, hoofs or hide of each and every sort of animal or bird that ever lived in California, all of which have been slain by Chester Ellsworth. He was, in his young days, an army scout, which may explain his marksmanship. He says he feels as well and his nerve and eyesight are as steady as they were forty years ago. It has been all of forty years, or more, since I first knew Mr. Ellsworth and began to sell him sewing machines, organs and pianos, which goods, by the way, had to be carried by team three hundred miles to Boise, Idaho, there being no railroad into Boise at that time.

As regards relatives, my wife's cousin, A. J. C. Wingate, lives with his mother, our "Aunt Lucy," in Long Beach, and we are expecting the Lindsays and the Porters to move out very soon.

We are extremely fortunate in having most of our children near us in California. During 1922 it was necessary for our daughter, Dorothy, to eliminate her husband, after nine years of married unhappiness. Following this readjustment of her life, Dorothy took up interior decorating, in connection with the completion of her regular collegiate course, at the University of California, Berkeley, where she graduated in May, 1924.

Muriel and her family, a large and growing one, moved to California in 1922. They live at "Woodside," their home at Redwood City, near San Francisco, where Stanley is manager of the Harris Trust & Savings Bank bond business. He motors back and forth daily and is quite often in Los Angeles on business connected with Harris affairs here. There are four children in the Harris home: Charity Bent Harris, born August 27, 1914; Ruth, born October 9, 1916; Stanley Gale, Jr., born June 19, 1918; and Cynthia, born June 6, 1923. Stanley, Jr., by the way, was born while his father was abroad, in the service of his country.

Our son, Harry, who was the "pioneer" Bent settler in California, sold his Pasadena home in 1922 and moved back to Chicago. However, after experiencing another season of Chicago's severe and variable weather, the George H. Bents have decided that California is better after all, and they have returned to live near us at No. 595 California Street, Pasadena.

There are four children, also, in this branch of the Bent family: Deborah Fessenden Bent, born February 21, 1907; George Payne Bent, 2nd, born May 7, 1909; Virginia Gardner Bent, born December 6, 1916; and Henry Wingate Bent, born August 4, 1918.

Our son, Charles, is the only one of our children who is not living in California now, and he is to come to us as soon as he can dispose of his business in Chicago. There is one child in the Charles M. Bent family, Charles Matchett, Jr., born September 9th, 1920.

Our daughter, Winnie, and her husband, came to California late in 1922 and are now living in Pasadena. They have no children.

Barbara, our "baby," lives in San Francisco, where she is very busy with the management of her home and her family, which

consists of Edward O. Pringle and, moreover, Edward O., Jr., otherwise "Ogie," born July 23, 1922.

I am showing in this book pictures of certain of our pets, including "Boy Bent," a Shepherd, who was the family dog at Bentora, Nebraska.

Picture is also shown of "Terry," who was my daughter Barbara's faithful, intelligent companion for many years. After her marriage she took him to San Francisco with her; Terry succumbed to poisoned meat which he picked up while out walking with Barbara.

"Pep" succeeded to Terry's place in our affections. He was worthy of his name and breed. Early and excessive devotion to his favorite sport, baseball, had placed one of his legs slightly on the bias, and his tail, like that of "Mickey O'Brannigan's" famous "pup," was a "wee bit of a stump," and slightly awry, at that. "Pep" was a splendid little watch dog and very intelligent. He was intensely jealous of our grandson, Charles Matchett Bent, 2nd, and he was not over fond of our other pet, "Min."

"Min" came to us from the streets, a poor little waif of a kitten of no particular breed or class, and was given a home by our housekeeper, Hilma. She soon came to be dear to all of us, and waxed exceedingly large. Finally Min began to exhibit peculiar symptoms of feline insanity or what is sometimes called "fits." She would make violent efforts to pick daisies from the floor when there were no daisies there, and, to vary the monotony, would earnestly endeavor to scratch or bite fleas which appeared to be located near or between her ears. Repeated sojourns in the hospital failed to affect a permanent cure, so we were obliged to part with Min.

Soon after, "Pep," who had always labored under the delusion that he could lick collies, airedales or any other large and violent dogs in the block, failed to return home. His fate was shrouded in mystery. It might be, we thought, as Clara's sister, Julia Wingate Lindsay had observed, that Pep was now "in the astral." But, after almost a year, the lost was found. Our chauffeur came across Pep roaming free and wild, wearing a collar and license belonging to a "black, female" dog. Where he may have been or why, we know not, but he is again home, and slightly more sedate and well behaved, at that.

Chapter Twenty-two

RETROSPECTIVE

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

—*Hamlet,* Act I, Sc. 5.

IN looking back, it is surprising to note that most of the really important inventions and discoveries are of comparatively recent date. With 1776, the year of the American Revolution, as a starting point, I will endeavor to touch lightly upon some of the more notable inventions and occurrences, many of them, of course, in my own time.

In 1776 the Swedish chemist, Scheele, discovered oxalic acid in wood sorrel and it came into extensive use for various purposes. In 1776 James Watt was very busy upon the steam engine which he was later to perfect.

In 1777 Scheele made important discoveries in connection with the art of photography, and in 1779 and 1782 James Watt obtained patents for double-acting steam engines, for which a method had previously been introduced for allowing the steam to work expansively.

In 1786 Andrew Meickle, a Scotch mechanic, perfected a threshing machine that contained many of the best features of the modern machines of like nature. That year James Rumsey and John Fitch, two Americans, constructed vessels to be driven by steam. Fitch's "paddle boat" moved at the rate of four miles an hour, but Rumsey's boat was not practical. At this time various experiments along the same lines were being made in England and France, but with no great success.

In 1787 Oliver Evans, also an American, patented a "steam carriage." The first machine power loom was patented that year in England, by Cartwright.

The first piano store seems to have been that of John Jacob Astor, at No. 81 Queen Street (Pearl), New York City. *Presto,* in a recent issue, quotes from the *Daily Advertiser* of January 3rd, 1789, concerning pianos "made by the best London makers," which Astor had on sale. (By the way, this store is duplicated in the motion picture "Little Old New York," as is Fulton's steamboat.)

D. D. Luxton, in his "Vose Reminiscences," states that the first American piano was made, about 1790, by Benjamin Crehore.

In 1793 the cotton gin was invented by Eli Whitney.

Scientifically, the year 1800 was important. Anaesthetics came into general use for surgery, being recommended by Sir Humphrey Davey. Extensive progress was made in printing presses, and Oliver Evans again made great strides forward in the improvement of the railroad. Richard Trevithick, an English inventor, constructed "an engine to draw wagons on wheels" that same year. In Philadelphia, the first upright piano was produced by a man named Hawkins. It is said that probably the first piano to be manufactured in America was one made in Philadelphia, in the year 1775, by one John Behrend. Hawkins made the first upright, as shown in 1800. A cut of the old piano made by William and Adam Bent, in 1797, is shown in this book.

Allen Bent's book, "The Bent Family in America," quoted extensively elsewhere, is my authority *re* the early manufacture of pianos in America.

In 1802 West Point was made a Government school.

In 1804 the railroad was again greatly improved by Evans. Obediah Elliott, an Englishman, invented the oval carriage springs which are in general use at the present time. Until then, carriage bodies had been suspended by leather straps.

In 1805 efforts were first made to use chemicals in the construction of matches. Prior to that, sulphur-tipped splinters of wood had been used, ignited by tinder, steel and flint. In 1805, the splints of wood were coated with sulphur, and a mixture of sugar and chlorate of potash. Fire was obtained by contact with a bottle of asbestos and strong sulphuric acid.

In 1807 Robert Fulton built and launched the "Clermont," which was patterned after an English boat, constructed in 1801, which he had seen.

In 1811 Fulton and Livingstone established a yard at Pittsburg, to build steamboats. In 1811, too, important steps were made in the improvement of printing presses, when Frederich Koenig, a German printer, invented a cylinder press with self-inking roller.

For many years engineers had maintained the mistaken idea that it was necessary for locomotives to have "spur" wheels, and inventors had worked along that line; but in 1812, the year of our second war with England, a coal operator in England proved that smooth wheels ran best, on smooth rails.

In 1814 George Stephenson built the first practical railroad locomotive. Important discoveries in connection with photography were made by one Joseph Nicephore, Neipce, a French chemist. Printing presses were also further improved by Koenig and, in rapid succession thereafter, by many others.

In 1815 there occurred the Battle of New Orleans, fought three weeks after peace had been declared, the news not having reached the combatants. (This is interesting as an illustration of the world's progress, when we remember that just a little over a century later, when the great World War was ended by an Armistice, on November 11th, 1918, all of America had the good news by midnight.)

In 1816 the first friction match, with a phosphorus tip, was made in France, although "friction" matches did not come into general use until some seven years later. In 1816, too, Sir Humphrey Davey invented the safety lamp, which was of great importance in mining activities.

In 1817 the gyroscope was first described by its inventor, Johann Bohneberger, after he had employed it in connection with important astronomical experiments. The first velocipede, a cumbersome thing made entirely of wood, was constructed in Mannheim, Germany, that year. This was the father of all good and bad bicycles and like machines.

In 1818 the first bicycles were introduced in England. That year the first reed organ was made in America by Aaron M. Peasley. It was called a "melodeon."

In 1819 great excitement prevailed when the "Savannah," an American boat, made a trip from America to Liverpool, with the aid of both sail and steam, in the remarkable time of twenty-six days! And now the trip is made in less than five days! The Savannah made six knots an hour, about a fourth of what the modern vessel makes. (The "Leviathan" on a trial trip June 22nd, 1923, broke all records for speed, when it traveled at 28.04 knots an hour for a run of 75.7 miles from Jupiter light. Before that the best time made by a transatlantic liner was that of the White Star Line "Olympic," which traveled for several hours, in July, 1922, at 27.81 knots.)

In 1820 Joseph Gillot made such marked improvement in the manufacture of pens that, in 1821, it is said a thousand pens could be purchased for what had been the price of a single pen in 1803.

In 1823 we are told that Jonas Chickering began to make pianos in Boston.

In 1825 the first railroad in North America was begun, being completed in 1826. It was four miles long. The New York Central was projected in 1825; the Boston and Albany in 1827, and the Baltimore and Ohio in 1828. In 1830 there were but twenty-three miles of railroads in the entire United States, although they were being constructed as rapidly as possible.

In 1829 the Washington hand press was invented. This type of press is still being used by some country printers, and printers and

engravers generally for the making of good proofs of type and cuts.

In 1832 chloroform was discovered by Leibig.

The first breech-loading shotgun was invented in 1836.

In 1837 Morse invented what has proven to be the most successful of the different systems of telegraphy.

James Nasmyth invented the steam shovel in 1838.

In 1839 the present art of photography was discovered by Daguerre, who invented a method of taking pictures on copper plates.

In 1841 Pierre Foucault, a blind Frenchman, obtained a patent for a typewriter, which was used in Europe. However, this was not the first typewriter, patents for a typewriting machine having been issued as early as 1714.

In 1843 Charles Thurber, an American, invented the first really practical typewriter, but it was so slow that it did not come into general use.

In 1846 the Smithsonian Institute was established by Congress.

In 1847 the use of chloroform as an anaesthetic was announced by Simpson. Nitroglycerin, which was to play such an important part in the world as an instrument of destruction was discovered by A. Sobrero, an Italian chemist. Emmons Hamlin, that same year, made great improvements in the manufacture of organs, by twisting and bending the reeds, thus improving the tone.

The first Emerson Piano was made in 1849, by William Emerson, a piano merchant, in Boston, Massachusetts.

The type of bullets and rifles invented by Captain Minie, of the French Army, came into use in the year 1851. That year photography was greatly improved when Scott Archer perfected what is known as the wet-plate process.

In 1853 Enright rifles took precedence over Minie rifles. (Enright rifles were used in the British Army until 1865, and many were used in America as late as the Civil War, although the Springfield rifles had been adopted in 1855.)

And now we come to the year 1854, which was a very important year to the writer of this autobiography, at any rate, as it was during June of that year that he came into the world and began to observe with interest its progress and inventions.

In 1854 Mason and Hamlin began to place their American organs on the market. That was the year of the Ostend Manifesto, which contemplated the sale of Cuba to the United States. That was also the year Lord Cardigan and his six hundred won deathless fame by their charge against the Russian guns at Balaklava. In 1854, too, Smith and Wesson revolvers were patented.

In 1855, as already mentioned, Springfield rifles were adopted by the United States Army and, I don't know whether or not it had anything to do with my having come into the world to make it more dangerous, but at any rate, safety matches were invented in Sweden soon after I was born.

In 1856 Hill Noys gave photography a boost by perfecting what is called the dry-plate process. The same year A. E. Beach patented a typewriter which we are told "did good work but was not sufficiently speedy."

Up to the year 1857, "town ball," a somewhat simplified species of what is now baseball, had been played, but that year the great game began to be played by amateurs, without, however, attracting very much attention.

The first automobiles, we are told, were manufactured as early as 1860, although they were more of a curiosity than anything else, for the next twenty-five or thirty years.

In 1861 Philip Reis, of Friedrichsdorf, Germany, constructed an instrument which he called a telephone. Although it is said that the ancients well understood the principles of the thing, Reis was the first to give the instrument its present name. That was the year the Civil War began, and one can readily understand that the invention of the telephone caused no great stir amid the general confusion and excitement that inevitably follows the declaration of war.

In 1863 the International Red Cross Society was formed. It is said that this great

association was formed upon the recommendations of a Swiss gentleman, Henri Dunant, who had served in the medical corps in the Italian Wars of 1859.

Naturally, with civil war raging, very little in the way of progress in invention was accomplished in America during the sixties. England, too, felt the ill effects of our internal warfare. Her supply of raw cotton was cut off, thus compelling the shutting down of her manufactories. Some three hundred thousand English laborers were thrown out of work, and many people were at the point of starvation.

The year 1865 saw the surrender of General Lee and the ending of the war. President Lincoln was shot on April 14th, and died the following day. The steam shovel came into extensive use that year.

In 1866, we are told that America got the news of peace between Prussia and Austria, by cable under the Atlantic.

Dining cars first came into use in 1867. That same year C. L. Sholes, Carlos Glidden and S. W. Soule constructed the forerunner of what is now the Remington Typewriter. It is said that most of the credit belonged to Sholes, who a few years later succeeded in getting the firm of E. Remington & Sons interested in the machine and its manufacture.

"Black Friday," a famous panic in New York City (caused by heavy speculation in gold), occurred on September 24th, 1869. Westinghouse invented the air-brake that year. (It may be remembered by some that this is also the great and important year in which the writer of this autobiography did *not* remove from Burr Oak, Iowa.)

The Brooklyn Bridge was commenced in 1870 by J. Roebling and was not completed for over thirteen years. That was the year of the Franco-Prussian War, which ended in 1871. Machine guns were first used in that war.

The Great Chicago Fire occurred in 1871.

In 1872 Yellowstone Park was set aside for a National Park.

In 1873 Elisha Gray, of Chicago, made notable improvements in connection with the telephone. There was another "Black Friday" panic, on September 18th, that year.

In 1876, the year of the Great Exposition at Philadelphia, commemorating the Declaration of Independence, Alexander Graham Bell completed and exhibited his telephone, which was the first instrument to successfully carry the human voice any great distance. Edison and others soon made great improvements.

In 1877 Edison invented the phonograph, and in 1878 the megaphone. The microphone was invented by Professor Hughes that same year.

"Spinning Jennies" were notably improved in the year 1879 by one Samuel Crompton, who invented what was known as the "Mule Jenny," a type still in use. A great advance was made in printing in 1879 when Walter Scott, of Chicago, invented the Scott Web perfecting press, which combined many of the best features of the machines now in use. In 1879 De Lesseps formed the Panama Canal Company for the French, although he did not actually begin work until two years later.

In 1880 Bell completed the photophone.

In 1881 occurred the assassination of President Garfield. The first convention of labor was held at Pittsburg that year.

In 1882 Dr. Koch made significant discoveries relative to tuberculosis.

In 1884 the Brooklyn Bridge was opened for travel, and, in 1884, the year of Cleveland's first election, there occurred labor riots in Chicago and Milwaukee, incited by anarchists.

In 1886 "Liberty" was unveiled in New York. That was the year of the Charleston Earthquake.

In 1887 George M. Pullman patented his "vestibule cars."

In 1889, the year of the Pan-American Congress, at Washington, the appalling Johnstown Flood took its toll of some twenty-two hundred lives.

Dr. Eisemann invented electric pianos in 1891. The telephote was invented the same year.

Cleveland was elected for the second time in 1893, and opened the World's Fair at Chi-

cago, in May, to run until the following October.

In 1895 Professor Roentgen discovered X-rays, that notable aid to surgical science.

In 1896 Krag-Jorgenson rifles were adopted by the United States Army.

In 1898 came the destruction of the United States battleship "Maine" and her two hundred and sixty-two men, in Havana Harbor, followed by the Spanish-American War, which began on April 22nd and ended on December 10th of the same year.

England's South African War lasted from 1899 until 1902.

The year 1901 saw the assassination of President McKinley, at the opening of the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was signed that year.

In 1902 Marconi succeeded in signalling across the Atlantic. His system of wireless telegraphy, however, had been used as early as 1897, though not at such great distance. In 1902 some 150,000 miners went on strike in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania.

In 1903 John D. Rockefeller gave seven million dollars to be used for research work in connection with tuberculosis. That same year MM. Curie and Laborde announced important discoveries in the thermoradioactive properties of radium. That was the year of the Iroquois Theatre Fire in Chicago, in which almost six hundred lives were lost. That same year, 1903, saw the assassination of the Servian Rulers and the crowning of Peter Karageorgevitch. This event may be said to have been the beginning of European trouble and discord, which grew more and more universal during the next ten years. And all during 1903 trouble was brewing between Japan and Russia, concerning Manchuria and Korea.

War was declared between the two countries early in 1904 and continued until August of 1905.

1904 is remembered for its two great fires, one in Baltimore, which practically wiped out the business district of that city, and another when the "General Slocum," an excursion steamer, burned with a loss of almost a thousand lives. Roosevelt was president then, and was re-elected that year by a big majority.

Serious rioting took place in Chicago in 1905, as a result of the Teamsters' strike. K. M. Turner, of New York, invented the Dictograph.

1906 was a troubled and disastrous year, both in America and abroad. That was the year of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, and there were serious race riots at Brownsville, Texas, and Atlanta, Georgia, as well. In France there was an appalling disaster and loss of life in the mines at Courrieres, followed by a great strike of French miners.

In 1907 over fifteen thousand persons were rendered homeless by floods on the Ohio River. Rockefeller, Carnegie and Mrs. Russell Sage all made huge endowments to the causes of science and education.

In 1908 there occurred the Springfield race riots, and the indictment by a special grand jury of some 117 persons. Relations between Servia and Austria were very much strained that year, and many raids and frontier fights occurred.

In 1909 M. Bleriot made the first crossing of the English Channel by air; Robert Peary reached the North Pole, and the famous Dr. Cook controversy raged.

The "hook worm disease" had been assuming alarming proportions and, in 1909, it received attention when John D. Rockefeller donated one million dollars to be used in fighting it.

In 1910 announcement was made of the discovery of an anti-typhoid vaccine. Southern Italy was shaken by a severe earthquake, Messina being entirely destroyed, 200,000 persons losing their lives. Walter Wellman and party attempted their unsuccessful flight by dirigible across the Atlantic that year, and the ladies at last got the vote when Washington granted complete suffrage.

The year 1911 saw the beginning of fresh trouble in Mexico, after that country had enjoyed peace and prosperity for a comparatively long period, under Porfirio Diaz. The Norwegian explorer, Amundsen, reached the South Pole in December, 1911. That was

the year of the McNamara-Darrow affair. A new typhoid serum and a new treatment for cancer were discovered that same year.

In 1912 the Becker case came to trial. Woodrow Wilson was elected president, the first Democrat to take office since Cleveland, in the nineties. The terrible "Titanic" disaster occurred in April of that year, with its loss of 1513 lives.

Taking the assassination of the Servian rulers, Alexander and Draga, in 1903, as a starting point, it will be noted that discord and contention had become more and more generally prevalent in Europe, South America, Mexico—indeed almost the whole world. Yet few could realize what the handwriting on the wall would mean to the world, until the assassination of Franz Joseph at Sarajevo, on June 28th, 1914. None of us need to be reminded of subsequent events.

There had been, as will be noted, a comparative lull in the progress of science. With the World War, strange and terrible inventions for the destruction of life and property came to light. But as is always mercifully true, medical science kept pace with destructive ingenuity. Human wrecks were almost miraculously made whole, while ruined countries were quickly rebuilt and restored, once freed from the armored heel of war.

As compared with the countries of the Old World, we have been extremely lucky, here in the United States. Our chief trouble has been, and will continue to be, the alarmingly general spread of Socialism, Bolshevism, Sovietism, Communism, Progressivism and all of the other "isms" which have possessed the United States for the last twenty years. It is impossible to predict where this is going to end.

Recent disclosures by Secretary Hughes of soviet activities and propaganda in this country, indicate that there is a well-defined movement on foot to "raise the red flag over the White House." This, and like plots and plans of the Reds, are startling, and at first unbelievable, until one realizes that in a country where radical and rabid demagogues, like Borah and Norris, are elected and sent to the Senate to bray forth their dangerous opinions, nothing is too violent or vandalistic to be hatched in the busy brains of the Bolsheviki.

I read an article by Herbert Kaufmann the other day, in which the statement is made that since 1900, more scientific progress has been reported daily than was reported monthly prior to that time.

The article goes on to say that we have become so accustomed to push-buttons, telephones, radio, phonographs, iceless refrigerators, electric stoves, etc., that we accept them as a matter of course, and not as the marvels of progress they are.

Henry Ford's little roadside companion we have always with us, but we shall doubtless become just as accustomed to air flivvers in a short time.

The kodak was considered wonderful when it was new, but there is now an instrument on Mt. Wilson that snaps ten pictures every millionth of a minute and photographs a flash of lightning hundreds of times before it dies.

It will soon be possible to move sunken ships from the path of traffic, or to lift them and recover their valuable cargoes, by means of electro-magnets.

In George Washington's time, surgeons operated on fully conscious patients, who screamed as they suffered, as a matter of course. Now, an anaesthetic has been produced which makes possible painless surgery, of any nature, upon conscious patients. The roots of mental ailments are being located, and lunatics are treated and cured in eighty-seven cases out of a hundred, whereas in the old days no cures were attempted or thought possible.

Surgeons cut through skulls, operate on diseased brains, and paralytics are made to walk. Radium cures cancer, and leprosy is treated successfully with a simple tropical oil. Doctors now bring stilled hearts into action with adrenalin, and nobody knows yet to what lengths they will be able to go with it.

Carrel maintained life for eleven years in soup-fed embryonic chicken cells and Welsh, Flexner, Harlow, Brooks, the Mayos, Banting, Noguchi, Crile, Lorenz, Vornoff and

Carrel, with all of their mighty deeds, are but forerunners of still more mighty men of science, and still more amazing steps in the ever-waging battle against citadels of disease hitherto considered impregnable.

Steinmetz, Marconi, Carty, Edison and Squier will be followed by other wonder-workers, beside whom they will, by comparison, seem mere clever mechanics.

There is an organ in the Wanamaker Store in Philadelphia, which has 17,954 pipes, and 232 speaking stops. It may, in fact, be classed as eight organs, rather than one, as it comprises a swell, great, choir, solo, ethereal, echo, pedal and chorus organ. It has six keyboards, five manuals and one set of pedals. This organ was originally set up for exhibition at the St. Louis Exposition, in 1905; however, only a small part of the present great organ was exhibited, as it has been much developed and improved since then. There is another great organ in Denver, which is said to have cost over eighty thousand dollars.

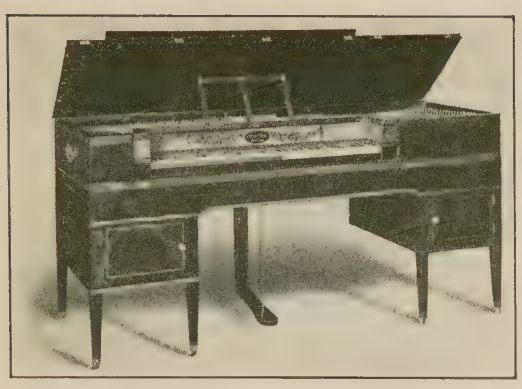
Another organ of noteworthy interest is that situated in the heart of Balboa Park's fourteen hundred acres, at San Diego, California. This magnificent outdoor organ, the original cost of which was $100,000.00, was given to the city and is kept up by the Spreckels Brothers. It is said that on account of the unusual climate of San Diego, the daily open air concerts have been omitted on an average of but nine days each year since its installation in 1915. The organ, which comprises five distinct instruments—each capable of being used separately or collectively, is connected to the console by a cable of electric insulated wires. This console itself is interesting because its mechanism is directly electric, no pneumatic or air pressure being used. The possibility of trouble from dampness or variations of temperature is thus avoided. The huge quantities of wind required to operate this organ are furnished by a large electric blower located at the rear of the pavilion building in which the organ is situated.

We now have the radio as well as wire photography, which latter was invented by Kermod Petersen, of Christiania. We also have the automatic telephone, which does away with the necessity for a central operator, although it cannot be claimed that it altogether does away with telephone troubles.

The Brownings have just perfected an automatic cannon, capable of firing 120 one and one-quarter inch shells per minute, with a seven-mile range; designed for use on land or sea and in the air as well.

A French scientist recently succeeded in sending "circles of light by means of wireless." This means that in time we may actually see, by wireless, and to an unlimited distance.

A German has invented a small attachment to the rudder of ships which, steering the ships by water power, makes unnecessary the presence of a crew and special engines for steering.



OLD PIANO MADE BY WM. AND ADAM BENT ABOUT THE YEAR 1797

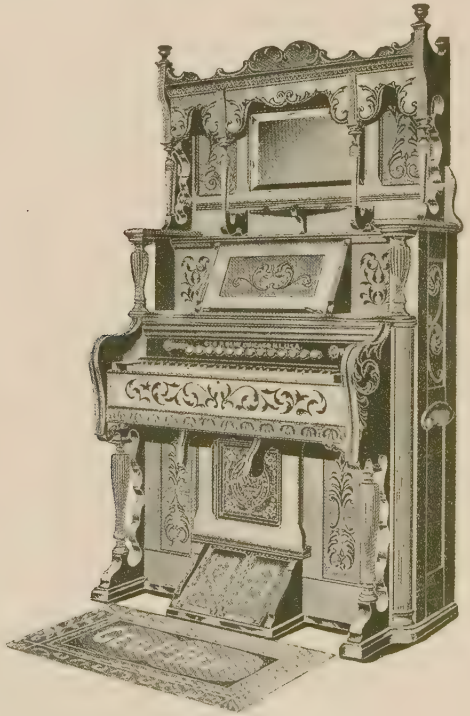
I had this piano on display in a show window at my store on Wabash Avenue for years. The piano is now at the Museum of History, Science and Art, at Los Angeles.

THE OLD BENT HOMESTEAD, SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Where the first Bent Pianos were made.

"GEORGE P. BENT'S NEW STYLE R. CROWN PIANO"

A good seller in the early days.



"CROWN" ORGAN, No. 85 CASE

One of the first organs I made.

Trophy Room of the mighty hunter, Chester Ellsworth, Long Beach, California. For many years a customer and friend, he is now a "neighbor."

Chapter Twenty-three

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS AND MEMORIES

"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the *righteous* forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."—Psalms 37-25.

IN THE fall and winter of 1899-1900, I had my first and only trouble with organized labor. When my men went on strike, I immediately shut down my factory, telling them they had better take all of the time they wanted for "meditation and prayer."

Of course it was a great loss to me financially—to shut down the factory at the busiest season of the year—all of which the union leaders and agitators had counted on; therefore my action in shutting down, instead of treating with them, was wholly unexpected. I stated that it was *my* business; that I had worked exceedingly hard to make it what it was, and that I fully intended to remain in command of it; that I would employ men whom I wished to employ and who wished to enter my employ; that I was always willing to pay well for worth and merit and would continue that policy; that while it was their privilege to quit my employ at any time they desired, it was also my privilege to employ whom I wished, and to retain them only so long as I desired.

Charles Dold, a cigar maker, was the ringleader, and for four months we fought it out in the courts and elsewhere.

During the four months of trouble and loss to us all, three of my men were most brutally "slugged." I spent five or six thousand dollars running down the instigators and employers of the villains who, with brass knuckles, "beat up" these men, and finally I captured some of them and brought them to trial. Charles Dold was one of them. They were defended by Clarence S. Darrow, who afterwards secured the acquittal of the alleged murderers of Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. Darrow was also counsel for the unions in their troubles during the coal miners' strike in Pennsylvania, and later defended the union dynamiters and murderers who blew up the *Los Angeles Times* building, in 1910, with such an awful loss in lives and property. As we go to press Darrow is defending Leopold and Loeb, the Chicago boy murderers.

In my case, the brutes who "slugged" my loyal workmen were acquitted, though the proof against them was overwhelming. Darrow himself has since been tried at Los Angeles on a charge of jury bribing in the cases which he defended there. Recalling that twice during the trial, brought by the State against those who assaulted my workmen, he tried to persuade me to "let up" on them, I have wondered if bribery or "jury fixing" was used in my case. I know that Harry Olson, then Assistant State's Attorney of Cook County and now Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago, sought most faithfully and earnestly to convict the men. Eight men on the jury were for acquittal and would not listen to discussion of the evidence. Two jurors for several hours, and two more for eight hours, held out for conviction, and at last only yielded to the argument of the others that not to acquit would bring down upon them the fury of the unions with harm to person or property, or both.

I consider that I came off victor, although Dold and the others who led my men astray did not get the punishment they deserved. Since then I have had no trouble with organized labor. As stated elsewhere, I think a firm stand in the first place saved me much trouble and financial loss later on.

In 1903 I became acquainted with General Harrison Gray Otis, editor and publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, this acquaintance being the result of rather unusual circumstances, as

follows: The Typographical Union of Los Angeles wrote me a letter stating that if I *did then* advertise in *The Times,* and *did not* discontinue my advertisement immediately, or if I should commence to advertise in that paper, they, the Los Angeles Typographical Union, and unionism generally, would boycott me and my products.

I replied to them that, until the receipt of their letter, I had not known there was such a paper in existence as the *Los Angeles Times,* but now that I did know it, if I could possibly induce this paper—which was under their ban—to take my advertisement, it should receive my order immediately, and that the unions might go ahead with their boycott and do their worst.

I sent *The Times* a copy of the Union's letter and of my reply, also a double column advertisement, with instructions that it be run until withdrawn. These letters were published in connection with an editorial, an extract of which follows:

"Mr. Bent, in addition to his regular business of manufacturing pianos and organs of superior quality, is also engaged in the occupation of being a patriotic, energetic, sincere, enthusiastic, and up-to-date American citizen, with plenty of backbone, a strong sense of justice, and the courage of his convictions, to a preeminent degree."

Commendatory editorials on the position I had taken appeared also in *Piano Trade, Chicago Musical Times, New York Commercial, Music Trades, American Industries* and other publications.

Out of this incident grew an acquaintance with General Otis, which continued up to the time of his death, in 1917. My customer at Los Angeles feared that this action on my part would harm his business; and, at home, my associates felt that I was running great personal and financial risk in taking such a radical and defiant course. The outcome, however, was that not only my customer at Los Angeles, but our house at Chicago, as well, found that business was helped, not harmed.

Before leaving the subject, I would like to say of the *Los Angeles Times,* and the men behind it, what they were kind enough to say of me, in the editorial quoted above—for certainly the policy of the paper since I have known anything of it, has been not only fearless, but likewise "patriotic, energetic, sincere, enthusiastic and up-to-date," which means that it has been and is being conducted by men who are one hundred per cent "American citizens, with plenty of backbone, a strong sense of justice, and the courage of their convictions to a preeminent degree."

Another thing worthy of note in connection with *The Times* is, that the names of its "owners and publishers" appear on the editorial page, as required by law; but are not found sprinkled lavishly elsewhere throughout its pages (as is doubtless required by a "law" most important to certain other newspapers), in the spaces devoted to feature writers, poetry, special articles, etc.

In January, 1904, I was a member of the Cook County Grand Jury, which was sworn in by Judge Gary, of anarchist trial fame. The December, 1903, grand jury turned over to us two of its unfinished labor cases—one against the Street Car Unions and the other against the Franklin Printers Union. In both cases numerous men had been assaulted and several men had been killed by "educators" employed by union officials as "sluggers" and "gun-men." My fellow-members on the grand jury delegated me a committee of one to shape up these cases for hearing, so that it might be determined whether indictments would justly lie against the higher officials of the two unions. During the three weeks we were in session a great deal of testimony in these cases was heard. One witness (Nockles) we took before Judge Gary to compel him to testify and to make him show us the records of the Union Federation of which he was then Secretary. Judge Gary expressed regret that he could not force him to produce his books when he swore that to do so might incriminate him. On the morning of the last day of our session, I had on hand, to be heard

in the two cases, between forty and fifty witnesses.

Charles S. Deneen was then State's Attorney of Cook County and a candidate for the governorship of the state. He had for many years been a neighbor of mine and, as a neighbor, as an official, and as a friend, I had believed in his integrity and honesty.

During the entire three weeks' session of our grand jury, Mr. Deneen had been absent from his office, engaged, so I was told, on his campaign work. On the morning of the last day of our session, as we were about to hear the testimony of the various witnesses I had ready, I was called from the jury room by Mr. Deneen, instead of his coming before the full jury, as he should have done.

As stated, I had believed in Mr. Deneen until then, but when, using the argument that his office had done its best to convict the sluggers of my men, he asked me to violate my oath as a grand juror and to stop the hearing of evidence against the villains we were after in these two labor cases, my confidence in him vanished.

Our interview, lasting about an hour, became heated, and I told him I would not be used as a "catspaw" by him, in his political aspirations; that I was determined the witnesses should be heard, and then, if the evidence justified and the majority of the jury voted indictments, that such indictments would be returned with my high approval. I further stated that I thought no twenty-three men could hear such overwhelming evidence without determining that justice should be done and the guilty brought to trial.

Deneen's evident purpose was to put himself before the high officials of organized labor as a protector; he sought, obviously through me, to get the twenty-three jurymen, who had been for three weeks voting indictments (over three hundred in number), to violate their oaths, dismiss the witnesses and discontinue the search for proof of crime and guilt, against those who had abused, not alone physically, but also by ostracism, and had even killed men—men who preferred to work rather than to strike and be idle. The outcome of our interview was that Deneen, after arousing my outspoken anger and contempt, stated that he had the power and would use it, to nolle prosequi any bills or indictments we might vote against these high labor officials, or the men who actually did the slugging and the killing. (We were after the "men higher up" in Unionism, in Chicago—the instigators as well as the perpetrators of crime.)

Returning to the jury room, I reported the facts to the other jurors. Several of them, much angered, said that if Deneen had the power, and desire, to void any action we might take after the hearing of testimony, it was useless to continue wasting our time and neglecting our business. I considered it our duty to go ahead, hearing the witnesses and voting indictments if justified by the evidence, thus putting the matter squarely up to Mr. Deneen. Most of the jurors could not see it that way and only seven voted to go ahead with it. After asking for a special jury to consider these two cases, they voted to adjourn; however, they at once requested me to tell the story to the people of Chicago.

I prepared a protest against Deneen's actions, which was signed by all but four of the members of our jury. Two refused to sign, out of fear of the unions, and two for political reasons. This protest, duly signed, was placed in the hands of James W. Nye, who had been foreman of the December jury, from which we had taken over the cases. He undertook to get it published in the Chicago papers; however, he failed, for only the *Chicago Chronicle* and the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* published the protest in its entirety. The other papers published only fragments of it and did this with apologies to Mr. Deneen, whose campaign for the governorship they were supporting.

Another experience with a trade union organization occurred soon after this. I received a letter from a New York City typographical union, in which I was asked to boycott certain magazines and papers. Other-

wise the Union was to boycott me and my products. Naturally I replied that I would increase my advertising in the papers they had boycotted, and invited them to go on with their boycott of myself.

Strangely enough, in the office of Howard Nichols, a cousin of mine in New York, I met, about a year later, the widow of the man who, as an official of the typographical union, had written me these threatening letters. His widow disclosed to me that he had in some way made himself obnoxious to other members of his union and had been murdered by them, and that she was earning her living as my cousin's secretary.

In the year 1913 I was asked by the Chicago Association of Commerce to speak at one of their dinners at the Hotel La Salle. I declined their invitation, frankly telling the association members that I did not want to address them; however, pressure was brought to bear and I finally agreed to speak and to hand them a brief of what I intended to say. My speech was entitled, "Cooperation and the Invisible Empire." It was *not* delivered. Probably it received far greater publicity for that reason, for the speech in full and the reasons for its suppression were printed in almost every paper except those under the yellow banner of Hearst. In the speech in question, I dealt with socialistic tendencies in general and with the *Chicago Tribune* in particular, and expressed, with my usual freedom, my opinion of the once sound old paper's degeneration into socialistic and sensational tendencies. But, of course, being at that time only one of the hunted and hounded "millionaires," I could not be permitted so much "freedom," hence was "suppressed," as stated.

In this "unspoken" but much-printed speech, I used the poem called "The Millionaire," which has been given in another chapter. I also used another poem which was then and still is a favorite of mine.

BE JUST

STRICKLAND GILLILAN

"Your 'heart goes out to the man who's down'—
But what if that chap be wrong?
The man who won may deserve the crown—
Why throttle his triumph song?
The rules of the game—God made them, lad!
Perhaps they played it fair.
Why hint that the victor is always bad,
And sob o'er the vanquished player?
Your 'heart goes out to the man that's down'—
God send he may not be wrong!
Yet rob no soul of a well-won crown
Or strangle the victor song.
The loser is oftener wrong than right,
The winner oft earns his bays.
The world sees many an honest fight—
Be just with your blame and praise!"

After the dynamiting outrage in Los Angeles, in 1910, I expressed my thought as to what would be a proper answer to the oft-asked question, "What's the matter with America?" as follows:

Too many demagogues.
Too much law-making.
Too little law enforcement.
Too much unionism, socialism and other "isms."
Too little liberty.
Too much license.
Too many politicians, preachers and teachers of hate, envy, malice and discontent!

And now, fourteen years later, I am of the same opinion in regard to "what's the matter with America?"—and with the world! I am not politic enough to be a politician—never was and never will be. But *I can say what I think,* which is more than any politician, depending upon the support of newspapers, is free to do!

Here in America, "the land of the rave and the home of the scream," no castes affect us, but we have the troubles of Democracy. I am not sure, and never have been sure—since I began to think about it at all—that Democracy *is* the best form of Government.

As it is now, both men and women have the vote, without regard to their qualifica-

tions as voters, and the result is that the educated, thinking, discerning people of America are ruled and governed by the unthinking and unlearned mob which outnumbers the wise.

I maintain and always shall maintain that the ballot should be given only to those who have educational and some property qualifications. In my younger days, I thought that the women should have the franchise, but of late I am not so sure about it. The good, wise men and women voters are so vastly outnumbered by the unwise and the unintelligent that many of the former, knowing this to be the case, stay away from the polls, considering the game of politics, as it is now played by demagogues and radicals, to be too crooked and too alarmingly corrupt to be attractive to good, honest, sound and sane men and women.

I consider that Unionism was more or less responsible, in the first place, for the influx of negroes, which later caused so much trouble in Chicago and elsewhere. Continued strikes and rioting among the Union Stock Yards laborers caused the large packers to become hopeless of running their business to advantage under such conditions, and consequently, they imported negro labor from the South. The wages which the organized white laborers thought all too small were princely to the ignorant Southern negroes and they flocked into Chicago and like points in thousands.

Then came trouble. The negroes settled wherever they could and gradually invaded residential sections of the city, greatly to the alarm and in some cases, riotous objection of many of the white families. This distaste and antagonism became acute as the years went on, and tilts between the races were frequent.

In 1919, following the Chicago race riots in July, I was made a member of the Grand Jury, before which the various cases were heard. Albert Pick was foreman of this jury.

In the course of our investigations, we found that every negro who had bought a house in sections where they were not wanted, had bought it from a white man. It would seem to the logical mind that the situation was of the whites' own creation. They should not have sold houses to the blacks in sections where they were not wanted as residents.

We also found that the negroes had acted on the defensive practically all through the riots, and while we found many, many cases of white mobs having broken into, looted and burned homes occupied by inoffensive negroes, there were no cases where negroes had broken into the homes of the whites. Moreover, where there had been shooting or killing by the negroes, it invariably developed they had been acting upon the defensive.

McLay Hoyne was State's Attorney and before the session of the Grand Jury was finished, he and I "went to the mat" repeatedly because of what I considered his most unfair attitude towards the negroes. Mr. Hoyne was a politician, and presumably he was endeavoring to cater to the element from which he expected to receive votes.

At any rate, he was supposed to represent the negroes, as well as the whites, but from the first openly discriminated against the blacks. To the Grand Jury, there appeared to be open, flagrant persecution of the blacks and careful protection of the whites, in the way the State's Attorney's office presented cases and brought them before us for hearing.

Cases where whites were the aggressors, were promptly thrown out, while case after case against negroes were prosecuted to the utmost. As a matter of fact, evidence that the whites were the chief trouble-makers was overwhelming. Notwithstanding this, every case brought to us for hearing was against negroes. Finally the Grand Jury "struck"—as the papers said—refused to hear any more cases against blacks until some cases against whites were heard. (This was about the only "strike," I believe, that I can plead guilty to having led.) We served notice upon Mr. Hoyne to that effect, and he was sufficiently impressed by the stand we took to bring in some cases against the whites, without the necessary evidence, however, to go on with them.

I believe that the so-called "yellow peril" in California is more or less a creation of fancy on the part of the union leaders and politicians, et al., in trying to fence out and keep out hard-working people who may wish to come to America and make their homes and their living here. As far as I can see, the Japanese in California, or elsewhere, are industrious and not afraid of work, which of itself would arouse the enmity and suspicion of the I. W. W. and their kind.

One thing is certain: California would not be what she is now had it not been for Oriental labor in railroad building, farming, gardening, etc. I wonder what will happen if they succeed in doing away with Japanese and Chinese labor? Certainly no politician or Union laborer would do, at any price, what the Orientals do in California.

My personal opinion, based upon many years of observation, experience and travel at home and abroad, is that the greatest "yellow peril" we have is Hearst and his coterie of newspapers, politicians, followers and "yes men." Ostensibly out to save the country, this man and his deplorably large following have seemingly done much to lead America into mistakes and ill repute, and I repeat that, in my opinion, journalism of the Hearst brand is America's greatest "yellow peril." The so-called "liberty of the press" is really license—not beneficial liberty.

For instance, when a false accusation is brought against anyone who has raised his or her head above the crowds, this accusation, whatever it may chance to be, is given in heavy "scareheads" on the front page and, though it be contradicted and apologized for in the next edition, it is done in a two- or three-line notice, in an obscure part of the paper. The harm to the one accused is irreparable, because more than half of the readers of the false accusation will always believe it true, no matter how firmly it may be denied or proven to be false. Striking instances of this will be noted in regard to the oil inquiry now going on.

It has come to such a pass—due largely to these dastardly newspaper attacks, made against almost any man well known or much in the public eye—that men of worth and honesty shun the offices and positions in public life that worthless men seek to gain. "You cannot spoil a rotten egg," and hence, bad men fear neither false nor fair attack, while the good men *do* mind being unjustly smirched for life.

There ought to be libel laws just as severe in this country as there are in England and other countries, where newspapers need to be very careful what they print and are liable for heavy damages if anything untrue is published. Here in our country of so-called freedom there seems to be no recourse against the paper or politician uttering gross untruths as to both action or motive in action.

With good men shunning public life and bad men seeking it, one wonders if, after all, Democracy *is* really the best form of government. We have come to be ruled very largely, it seems, by the mob and by demagogic, asinine politicians and law makers.

The peculiar conditions existing in Australia serve as an illustration of the beauties of Government ownership. Going from Perth to Sydney, one is obliged to change trains five times, owing to the fact that each state in Australia has a different gauge of railways from that of the adjoining state or states, making a transfer of passengers and freight necessary at each state border.

Recently I noted a statement made by E. J. Carroll, a prominent Australian, on the occasion of a dinner given by the Adventurers' Club of Los Angeles in honor of Stefanssen, the explorer.

Mr. Carroll stated that Australia now has a stretch of railroad five thousand miles long (from Freemantle to Townsville), a greater stretch than is covered by rail elsewhere on earth.

"Do you know," said he, "that we have the longest railroad in the world?"

This carried me back to my various trips in Australia. It certainly *seemed* like the longest railroad in the world and one of the worst. Somewhat like the story which goes:

"Married men don't live longer than single men—it only *seems* longer."

Wherever I have been—in New Zealand, Australia, Java, or any of the Asiatic, African or European countries, where railroads are government owned or controlled—I have found the cost of service to be one hundred per cent higher and that service one hundred per cent worse than in America, where it is under private ownership. Yet it is here in America that the traveling public emits the loudest howls. In lands where Government ownership prevails, the unfortunate travelers seem to be too apathetic or stoical to protest; doubtless they know from long experience that it is useless.

I feel sure that even the most ardent advocate of Paternalism, or Government ownership, would change his mind after a little experience in riding over railways in lands where it prevails. It has been my experience that under such conditions, the roadbeds are in dreadful shape, the rolling stock and equipment sadly neglected, and the cars not only dirty and ill-kept, but in many instances utterly lacking those conveniences which a traveler needs and certainly would feel himself entitled to, in view of the high cost of transportation which usually accompanies Government ownership or control of railways.

It seems the Government's pleasant custom to make place for four men where one could do the work, all of which extra cost is paid by the traveling public in the high prices they are obliged to pay for passage and freight, and the taxes levied upon them for the support in semi-idleness of politicians and job holders.

Competition is not only the life of trade, but it insures to a large degree the comfort and reasonable price of traveling. And as there is no competition in government ownership of railways, not the slightest interest is betrayed regarding the comfort of travelers or safety of freight. Of course, Government never has and never will have to advertise for or promote business in the usual way—in fact, the feeling of all connected with the operation of government owned or controlled railway service seems to be: "If you don't wish to travel over our lines and take such service as we grudgingly give, you may stay at home."

When I was at Cairnes, Australia, in January, 1921, a strike of boat stewards was on, due to which many vessels were prevented from sailing on schedule. We only escaped this annoyance and delay because our boat, the "Taiyuan," Captain Hamilton, was manned by a Chinese crew. The British officers of this boat were capable and efficient, and the men seemed willing and ready to work, regardless of any or all strikes which might be raging. Evidently the Chinese have found from experience what it would benefit laborers of more "civilized and enlightened" countries to know—that strikes, even if won, are losing efforts—the strikers lose, if they win—and any increase in wages achieved is not enough to offset the loss of wages during the duration of the strike. "Time lost can never be regained."

I have spoken elsewhere of the extreme difficulty I had on my last trip around the world, in 1920-21, in getting my passport *viséd* at different points along my route. On our former trip, eleven years before, there was no delay whatever, and no one questioned us regarding our passports. Of course, in war times, extreme vigilance and scrupulous care regarding such matters are necessary and proper, but in these times of peace there is certainly no excuse or reason for this passport nuisance.

Under present travel conditions, my advice to those who are about to travel is that given by Mark Twain to those about to marry—"Don't."

In addition to the red tape and grafting connected with this matter of passports, I believe that the treatment accorded Americans traveling abroad is more or less directly traceable to the immigration laws which American labor unions have caused our politicians to enact. These laws were made chiefly to create a labor monopoly in America, insofar as possible. It is quite wise to fence out all "undesirables," but it is cer-

tainly unwise to keep away from our shores and our country, willing, industrious people who are glad to give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. (This particularly applies to the people of northwestern Europe, the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Dutch and Germans.) Some of the laws passed during the Wilson administration were apparently passed by puppets who moved at the dictation of Gompers and Wilson.

Out of my own experience with these matters, I could write several books concerning the outrageous domination of idle, autocratic, "blatherskite" orators who head and control the activities of the so-called movement for the betterment of the laboring man.

Ultimately the laboring man will discover that the only royal road to success is work—long and hard work. Then these misleaders of men who have been for years supported by their dupes, will be out of jobs and out of luck, for when the real people learn that success in any business or profession is attained only by super-extraordinary effort—by long hours at hard work—then they will forsake the demagogic leaders and politicians who apparently think they can make people good, wise or wealthy by national, local or labor laws. As a matter of fact, men never have and never will be made good by legislation, as has been proven by the failure of all such attempts.

Harding's administration was both safe and sane. Our late president believed neither in idiotic Idealism, bigoted Bolshevism, conceited Communism nor simple Socialism. I recall reading, shortly after he took office, some of his words which I thought noteworthy, "Less government in business, and more business in government." President Coolidge is following out and improving upon Harding's policies.

All Socialistic, Bolshevistic and Communistic schemes have failed utterly—never have and never will work. Though many of them have been tried again and again, since history began, like the I. W. W. they "Won't Work." The socialistic slogan of "all for each and each for all," sounds well and is ideal in theory, but it simply doesn't work, and all efforts along those lines, made through the centuries, have only gone to prove that men are *not* created equal. Some men are ambitious and wish to excel, while others do not care, or at any rate are too lacking in ambition to endeavor to rise through effort and hard work. And it would be a fatal blow to the progress of the world if this were not so. If there is to be no supreme reward for supreme ability, effort, thrift and industry, then the whole forward movement of the world ceases. If there is no incentive, no reward for excellence, then all things drift back to the common denominator of mediocrity.

The Socialistic and Communistic leaders preach and teach this slogan of "each for all and all for each," and that all are and should be equal, but in every idealistic scheme they attempt to put into practice, it will be noted that the ambitious, selfish men are the ones who gain control of the movement and profit by it at the expense of the others. And so, after all, instead of their "each for all" slogan, "each man for himself, and the devil take the hindermost" would be more fitting. These demagogic leaders are constantly preaching to their dupes that they are "slaves" and their employers "tyrants." The fact is that the followers of these leaders are slaves, tyrannized over and terrorized by them and held by them in the strongest bonds of slavery. They are led into strike after strike, always to their loss, and pay their leaders roundly for leading them into jails and trouble generally.

Former Senator George W. Cartwright said in one of his recent speeches that, beginning with Cain and Abel, the world has been blundering along trying to solve its problems by force.

"The world's greatest blunder," he said, "has resulted from the delusion that we can help the weak by shackling the strong; that we can help the slow by shackling the swift; that we can help the poor by hurting the rich."

In America we call all of these socialistic ideas "Progressivism." It is only another name for the fifty-seven varieties of socialistic

vagaries, all of which are distinctly "sour." Roosevelt and Bryan, both preacher-politicians, have been guilty of preaching these ideas which never have and never will lead to the happiness of mankind.

It may be noted from some of my remarks that I am a believer in personal effort as a means to success. No one helped me to gain whatever measure of success I may have attained. I always had to work, and work hard, for everything I had or have, and to my belief, the only way for anyone to know and appreciate wealth is to earn it, save it, keep it and spend it in ways that give true enjoyment. The longer I live the more I am convinced that what we are given or what we give is not appreciated, and only out of what is earned can real happiness be attained.

Speaking of Unions and Unionism, I think one of the sanest and most enjoyable books along these lines I have ever read is "The Iron Puddler," by our present Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis. I have found it intensely interesting. In fact, I consider it about the best thing of its kind I have read, coming as it does from one who assuredly knows whereof he writes.

Napoleon was an apt illustration of my contention that work is the main element in anyone's success in any calling, profession or business. Napoleon was indefatigable; he could, and did, often work twenty hours per day—sometimes twenty-four—not only in his campaigns, but in civic affairs.

He was also an illustration of my contention that, almost without any exception, those who have achieved success and fame are those who have risen from the very bottom, have been men without pedigree or pelf, but willing, diligent workers from the very beginning. Apparently ability and capital may do something for each one who aspires to rise or to excel, but I should say that ninety-five per cent of all that goes to make any sort of a success is due to work—constant, incessant, untiring work. I never yet have known a single case where work was not the great factor in any achievement attained.

The effort of the unions to shorten the working-day and prevent one working harder and longer than another, is one of the things that tends to kill ambition and to insure mediocrity, for if the ambition to succeed is ever killed and the unions, as operated, seem to be working in that direction, then the whole progress of the world will stop. As I have said before, unless there is supreme reward for supreme effort, all ambition dies. The unions, as operated, are putting a premium on *lack* of industry and *lack* of ambition and *lack* of the desire to excel. Unless that policy is changed and a premium put upon skill, industry and excellence, these unions are harming, instead of helping, their membership.

Certainly the most rabid and rampant of the union leaders can never have read history or at least have not profited by it, for all history goes to show that the great men of earth have risen from the very bottom, through their own efforts; and history also shows that those born rich, or to whom riches come too easily, are, with but few exceptions, miserable failures in life. History shows that riches are a curse rather than a blessing, unless honestly achieved by one's own untiring effort. The old maxim, "It is better to be born lucky than rich," should be changed to "It is better to be born a worker than rich." I do not believe much in luck, myself, and think that the greatest luck one can have is to be born with a willingness and desire to work, and to strive, and therefore succeed. It certainly is struggle which makes men strong, and "a silver spoon in the mouth" does not amount to anything unless it is earned.

Never a day passes but what mention is made in the papers of some man who has prospered in his business or profession, who began at the bottom with nothing, and rose through his own efforts—long hard hours of work.

In these same papers may be noted items concerning those who have been given wealth, and have proceeded to squander it as fast as they can. The Rockefellers, Carnegies and

Fords illustrate how work and worth win—how "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

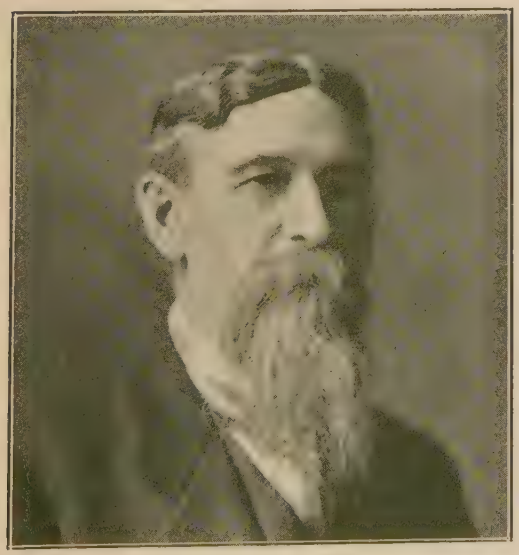
The motto of the unions seems to be, "Do as little as you can and extort as much as possible for that little." I never had much standing in union circles because my working day, all of my life, has been nearer eighteen than eight hours. And now they are talking about a six-hour day! It is absurd to say and try to maintain, as some do, that as much can be accomplished in six or eight hours as in sixteen or eighteen. No law, in my opinion, should limit the length of a working day. It should depend entirely upon individual worth, willingness and ability. The ones who win are the ones who work long and hard, not those who fail and find fault with fortune; who accuse capital of robbing them of success, and who appeal to Government for their own support, and to Government to tax, or by lawless means to enact laws which shall deprive capital of its just reward. The workers who fail to do their utmost, are thereby hurting themselves very much more than they are their own employer.

The further idea, that today there is no hope for the poor man to rise, is also a fallacy and absurdity. The good, diligent, loyal men of earth are so extremely scarce that employers are bidding against each other constantly, and ever will do so, for the service of such men. No one, who has a willingness to work and desire to succeed, needs any union to gain good wages for him. Good, willing, competent workers are so dreadfully scarce (more's the pity) that they are constantly sought after and always command the highest pay. Merit needs no searchlight to disclose itself; if one employer does not see it, some other will.

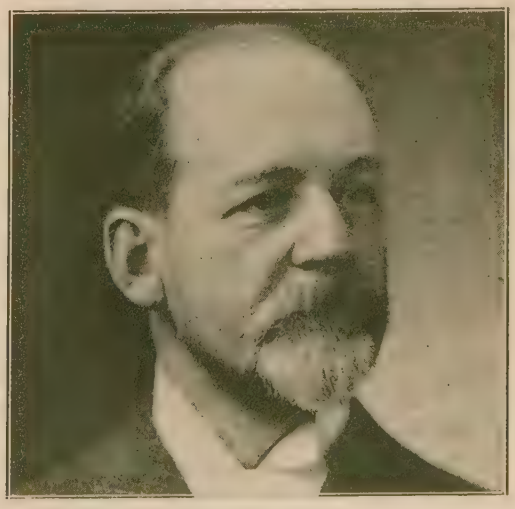
In my lifetime I have never yet known a really good man to be out of work or to fail to achieve some measure of success.

FRANK T. BOWERS
An old San Francisco friend.

REV. JOS. A. VANCE, D.D.
For years Pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church, which we attended. He officiated at Charity's burial, and at Dorothy's marriage.

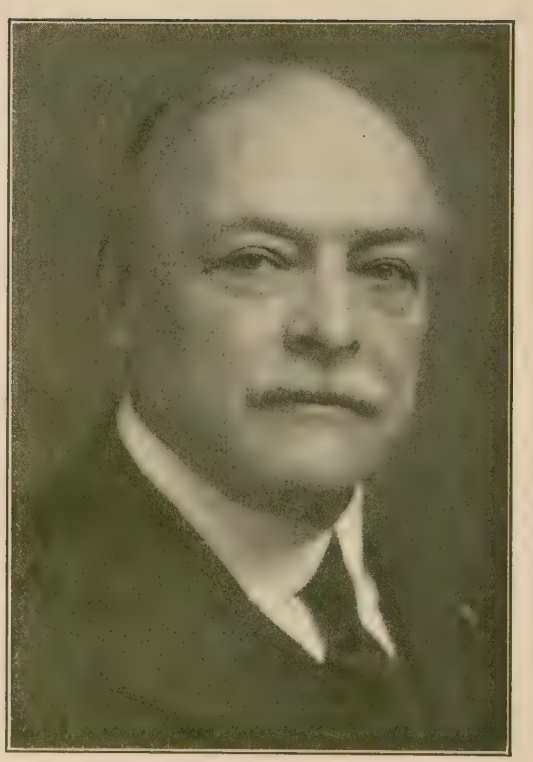


CHESTER ELLSWORTH
An old time friend and customer of Boise, Idaho



H. B. SPEED
One of my first, best and most helpful friends.

WM. E. WEBSTER
A Chicago friend and neighbor
His daughter, Helen, is a famous Chicago photographer, and many of the best pictures of the Bents shown in this book are from her studio.



JAMES W. NYE
(See text regarding our grand jury work in 1903-1904.)

CHARLES C. WARNER
Long time financial friend and adviser, now Manager, Milwaukee branch, Ames Emerich & Co., Bonds, Chicago.

JUDGE HARRY OLSON
Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago. He was Assistant State's Attorney under Deneen at the trial of the Union sluggers of my workmen in 1900.

Chapter Twenty-four

MORE MATTERS AND MEMORIES

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things,
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
And Cabbages and Kings."

—*Lewis Carroll.*

AFTER living in the world for about seventy years, during which time I have endeavored to see as much of it as I could and learn all I could of its people, its physical features and its beauties, its living and dead things, I have come to the conclusion that it is a pretty good world in which to live. Of course if I were governing it, there are some things which would be changed.

But since I am most decidedly *not* governing it, my subsequent remarks must be taken simply as an expression of my opinion of "things as they are."

I have not and do not pose as a prophet, but many of the things which I predicted twenty or thirty years ago have happened just as I said they would, unless the socialistic tendencies of the times could be controlled.

Recently W. H. Cotter, an old friend of mine, wrote to me, in connection with the famous home-brewed sausages of Colonel F. B. T. Hollenberg. He waxed enthusiastic over the sausages; then, by degrees, digressed to other subjects.

"Do you remember the days when we were kids," he asked, "when most of the things we ate and wore were home-brewed; the old days when the hired girl got $2.00 a week and did the washing; when milk was five cents a quart and other things in accordance; when the butcher gave away soup bones, liver and bologna, when women didn't smoke, gamble or paint, and wore woolen underwear in the winter?

"Men wore whiskers and boots and were a little lop-sided from standing on one foot so long. When they arrived home late they found the women waiting for them, instead of coming in still later. Beer, you will remember, was five cents a glass and lunch free. In most parlors you would find a base-burner, coal oil hanging-lamp and a Bent organ or Kimball piano, while a horse and 'top buggy' in the stable was the height of elegance and luxury.

"I leave it to your versatile imagination to make the odious comparison of things then and now; of how we travel, fast and slow; what we do, what we eat and drink; whether you consider hair tonic, bay rum and lemon extract equal, as thirst destroyers, to the things we used to have. You might also give us your opinion as to whether it will continue to be popular for everybody to ride in automobiles, and aeroplanes, play golf, Mah Jongg, poker, bridge, coon-can and shoot craps and to violate the Volstead Act."

As I said before, I have never posed as a prophet, and scarcely feel equal to giving an opinion on all of the momentous questions indicated above. I must confess that I like to ride in automobiles and aeroplanes and do play golf, though I am not over-fond of it. On the other hand, I graduated from poker in my early youth; and, regarding Mah Jongg and other games mentioned, while I have not yet learned them, I may before long.

As for the Volstead Act, I consider it a great mistake. It is making drunkards instead of otherwise. Probably it does prevent the workingmen from spending their wages at the corner saloon, on Saturday night, and many a worthy carpenter, painter, etc., now goes to his daily toil in a Ford, whereas, B. V., he was obliged to go home from the saloon on foot. So much for that phase of it. But how about the girls and boys—yes,

and older women and men as well—who now drink, and drink habitually, the dangerous, and often deadly concoctions sold under the name of liquor? In other words, strong drinks have taken the place of mild drinks and the liquor people get now is often rank poison. The majority of this class of people drank little, if at all, in the old days but now one and all must drink, because it is forbidden, and the "smart" thing to do.

Young and old, they must eat of the forbidden fruit—always have and, in my opinion, always will. You cannot make men good by law. The man who wants to murder, steal or drink will do it in spite of all the laws that ever were made, from the Ten Commandments down to the Volstead Act. If people won't be good for goodness' sake, no law can make them so.

My friend Cotter's remark about the men getting in late, reminds me of the story of the Irishman who, slightly inebriated, returned home very, very late—or "early" and, most thoughtfully desiring to permit his wife to slumber undisturbed, he crept into the room on hands and knees. Just as he reached the bed his wife half-waked, snapped her fingers over the side of the bed, and said drowsily, "Is that you, Fido?"

"And praise be to Hivin," said Mike, in telling the story later, "I had the prisince of moind to lick her hand."

It is impossible to predict when or where this socialistic spasm, which has infected the United States for the last twenty years, is going to end. If the "I Won't Works" are to triumph, which I hope they will not, then indeed woe is upon us!

I have never yet heard of permanent, sound success coming to any one, capitalist or workingman, who attempted to win out by doing the other fellow up illegitimately. Under the caption of "Horse Sense," Elbert Hubbard, whose writings I have always read with much interest, said:

"If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him . . . . If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness."

Out of the experience I had with my own men, when they were led astray by one Charles Dold, and from a rather careful study since then, of labor conditions both at home and abroad, I have come to the conclusion that most business men are cowards. They do not realize even yet that there are some questions which it is impossible to settle except by means of a good fight to a finish. Arbitration is not always possible or practical, between individuals or between nations.

When confronted with the threat of a strike, most business men consider the prospect of certain present financial loss more important than the principles involved and the equal certainty of continued trouble once the precedent of compromise and permitted dictation is established.

In my case, I know that after taking my stand as I did the first time I was threatened, I had no further trouble with organized labor. I fear I am not and have never been any more popular with the unions than they are with me; however, I am still of the belief that I did the wisest thing in going to the mat with them once and for all, and giving them "a fight to a finish." I lost about fifty thousand dollars, it is true, but eventually I should have lost more, had I procrastinated.

I must confess that I differ from ex-President Wilson in practically everything that he has ever said or done, notably in that I am *not* "too proud to fight," in any case where I consider myself in the right. I have not only had innumerable spirited and interesting fights, mostly legal, during my lifetime, but am enjoying one, in my old age, even as the book goes to press.

This came about as a result of an accident in Chicago, as mentioned, wherein my left arm was broken at the shoulder. I was attended by two efficient and capable members of the Medical Union. (They have a regular schedule of rates—*all* they can get from anybody.) Shakespeare says that "a man may smile and smile and be a villain"; my doctors

are fine fellows both of them, in and out of their profession, but apparently very poor judges of human nature. Their first misapprehension was in believing, as—judging from the size of their bills, they evidently did—that I was a millionaire. Their second mistake was in believing that I could be made to pay such bills while conscious.

With all respect to these two gentlemen, would say that I succeeded in ridding them of the socialistic idea of "from him that hath shall be taken," as I settled with them out of court for a third of their original bills, which were really out of all reason.

In the old days, "Leeches" and "Chirurgeons" used to bleed their patients for almost every ailment they thought they might have; now they merely bleed them for every dollar they think they may have.

All of which recalls the story recently told me by my friend Richard Montague, who, being a lawyer, is none too fond of the medical profession himself, although he has a son who is a doctor—and a good one, at that.

Gould and his party, it seems, were stranded in a small and dried-up Texas town. There was but one hotel and restaurant, the proprietor of which arose nobly to the occasion, taking his prices with him. Noting that their morning eggs were charged for at the rate of one dollar each, one of the party ventured to protest. "Are eggs so scarce in Texas?" he asked. "No," said the proprietor, "but millionaires are."

Speaking of the antagonism, real or supposed, existing between the legal and medical professions, I once heard a lawyer, pleading his own case, cross-examine a doctor, who had testified that the lawyer was insane and ought not to be out of an asylum. The lawyer asked: "Do you doctors never make mistakes?" and the doctor said, hesitatingly, "Well, of course, everyone makes mistakes sometimes." The lawyer then said that lawyers also made mistakes at times, and that the difference was that when a doctor made a mistake he "goes out and buries it," but "when a lawyer makes a mistake he hangs for it."

Another good fight in which I have allowed myself to become more or less involved is one which has arisen out of "trouble in the church."

To digress a little: I was forced to attend church so much, as a boy and later, conditions at Wheaton were so little to my liking—that I conceived a strong distaste for church-going and for over thirty years have only attended church occasionally.

I used to go to hear Professor Swing and Dr. Thomas, who were tried for heresy, also M. M. Mangasarian and Dr. Gunsaulus, whose thought and speech appealed to me.

Rev. Jos. A. Vance was pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church, which was within a block of our home at what was then 52nd and Washington Ave. (now Blackstone Ave.). We attended his church for years and esteemed him highly. He officiated at the funeral of my daughter Charity, and later, after he had removed to Detroit, returned to perform the marriage ceremony of my daughter Dorothy.

From the time I began to think for myself, it has been simply impossible for me to believe in, or subscribe to, the repellent church dogmas, such as "infant damnation" (that a child or a heathen was eternally doomed because he had not been baptized): nor could I believe, that a man who had been an absolute sinner all of his life, could repent a few moments before his death and go straight to Heaven, while an absolutely good, moral, honest man was doomed to Hell, because he simply could not and would not (being an honest man) make a hypocrite of himself and say he believed that which he did not and could not believe.

To me, the most despicable creature on earth is a hypocrite. Honest, sincere belief and opinion, if they are at all logical, I admire and respect. The ones who profess little, and practice and perform much, are worthy of all respect, and the fact that they are honest in what they think, and say, and do, should call for the respect, and never con-

demnation, of those who cannot quite agree with them.

I used to go to hear Robert Ingersoll speak whenever I could. He was a brilliant orator, one of the "silver-tongued" sort, and it was always a delight to hear him speak, though you could not always agree with what he said. I came away, after listening to him, with the feeling that he had not given me any real, good substitute for the belief or thought that he had endeavored to take away by his eloquence.

I think that about the best thing he ever said was at the grave of his brother, when he said, in substance, that while he did not *know,* he had hope. It was Ingersoll, too, who said that "a noble God is the greatest work of man." In its rightful interpretation, I think this remark may be quoted without the slightest disrespect to the Supreme Being.

Most of the various beliefs are so improbable, and the devotees are so illogical in their arguments about their beliefs, that it is hardly surprising that so much disbelief, in all of the old beliefs, has arisen on every hand. There is no doubt whatever that the faith, or belief, which people have is comfort to them, but just how they get that belief is beyond my understanding. I regret exceedingly that I have never had the comfort which a sincere faith, or belief, gives to those who possess it.

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, was, according to his new biography (by Werner) a very religious man, still, he called himself the "Prince of Humbugs," and was the author of the saying that "the public like to be humbugged"—and he did humbug them in many ways.

I have found many of his remarks and views upon religious matters most interesting. Barnum was a Universalist. To quote from his biography:

"Barnum was sincerely pious and devoutly religious, and it is significant of the narrow scope of his mind, that he could stoop completely and bow faithfully before his own brand of worship, while he was virulent in his attacks on any forms of religious devotion, whose adherents were not patrons of the American Museum in large numbers. . . . Barnum's theological philosophy was comparable to the conviction of the soldier who believed that every one was out of step except himself."

Barnum wrote a pamphlet, it seems, called, "Why I am a Universalist"; in it he said, "All Christians pray for the salvation of sinners, and yet profess to believe it will never be. The first essential of prayer is that it be of faith. The Universalist Church is the only one that believes in success."

It is stated that Barnum often tried to convert those of other beliefs and especially clergymen. Once he met an old friend, the Rev. C. A. Stoddard, editor of the *New York Observer,* a religious publication. The two men proceeded to discuss what Barnum called, "The old doctrine of endless suffering." Barnum, so Werner tells us, told Rev. Stoddard that if he persisted in this old doctrine, he must surely lose numerous subscribers, who could not believe that there were childless mothers in Heaven. The clergyman replied that the places of these lost subscribers were readily filled by those who "loathe the thought of spending an eternity in the company of Judas."

"But cannot Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness conquer, purify, and win even the betrayer of our Saviour, who on the cross prayed for the forgiveness of his murderers?" asked Barnum. The religious editor replied, with a good-natured, patronizing smile, "Judas would require considerable fixing up before he would be fit to come in close contact with the holy angels and the saints in heaven." "True," said Barnum, "but will not you and I need some 'fixing up' for that state of perfect holiness, without which no man can see God?"

I have just been reading "The Story of My Life," by Sir Harry H. Johnston, painter, traveler, novelist, explorer, linguist, etc. This very versatile man was, however, utterly unknown to me until I was given his book, last Christmas. It is very interesting and his story is well told. From the last chapter

I glean that he is an absolute infidel. I have called myself an agnostic for many years, simply because I do not know what to believe—do not know what is the truth, in the various sects and religions of the world.

Sir Harry Johnston however, as I say, is apparently an absolute infidel. He says: "From the time of my own awakening to the logic of facts and discoveries from 1880 onward, it has been a source of growing amazement that intelligent men and women,—careful students of real history, followers of the teachings of astronomy and geology,—continue any longer to believe the theological nonsense generally understood by the term 'Religion.'" He does, however, laud what he calls the "human side of religion—defined by St. Paul as 'charity,'" and, while he does not believe in a Deity or Trinity, he does praise the utterances and teachings of Christ as being remarkably beautiful, original and true, "singularly attractive . . . and of lasting, world-shaping importance.

"Jesus, however—to whatever extent He really lived and suffered—had an enormous effect on the after history of Mankind. Though it is remarkable to note that His Gospel was taken over, partly practiced and believed in—not by the people of His own race or lineage, or His own family—but by the population of Europe; who afterwards becoming vastly predominant, carried the religion founded on Christ's teachings into Asia, America and Africa.

"The staggering truths and discoveries revealed in astronomical research and the study of geology have taken a very long time to penetrate human consciousness, imagination and religious ideas. Let us turn around and think to what extent.

"In 1860, six hundred millions of Asiatics; one hundred millions of Africans, and almost the entire population, then, of the New World (sixty millions) except about fifty thousand educated inhabitants of the United States and Canada; and all the millions of Europe, barring another fifty thousand scientific thinkers in Britain, the Netherlands, Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, Austria, France and Piedmont, believed—when they thought about it at all—that the earth was the center of everything.

"All through the periodical newspaper literature sixty years ago, in what we call the civilized world, it was assumed almost without question that the age of our planet only went back about five thousand to six thousand years, and that all life on its surface, save what was conserved in the Ark, had been drowned by a dissatisfied Deity and proliferated again in three or four thousand years. This measure of destruction accounted for the fossils in the rocks.

"To this day it is said, in the newspapers published in the English language, that five or six millions of Baptists in the United States believe on the lines of the Six Days of Creation, and are threatening physical violence towards the thinkers who may differ from them as to the age of the earth and its relative importance in the universe."

Johnston states that "a Jew, Israel Zangwill," wrote what he considers as the nearest approach to a true sketch of the life of Christ. This sketch was published, with other matter, under the title of "Italian Sketches," "the only book of Zangwill's which did not succeed, yet . . . containing the finest things he has written."

Returning to the subject of the recent church trouble in which I have become involved, would say that since coming to California I have been much interested in the Wilshire Congregational church, of which Dr. Frank Dyer, a staunch and able exponent of Congregationalism in its truest, broadest form, is pastor. Dr. Dyer, by the way, is an ex-Wheaton man, but I should not call him a typical product. He has had quite a struggle with certain reactionary elements, and his congregation, including myself, were solidly behind him. The contention arose over the erection of a new church, services being now held in the theatre of the Ambassador Hotel.

An outside body is seeking to dictate to an individual church, whereas Congregationalism, as I understand it (my father and two

uncles were Congregational clergymen), is one out of the many sects, in which there is no synod or presbytery or superior governing body, each church being a power and law unto itself, with the majority in that church deciding all questions of belief and policy.

I was with Dr. Dyer in his fight for a deed to the church lot without a reversionary clause, but later discovered that his associate pastor, Rev. Taft, was under salary to a communistic or I. W. W. organization, and, to my great amazement, found that Dr. Dyer was in sympathy with movements of this sort. Correspondence with Dr. Dyer followed. I tried to get him to avow or deny that he held such ideas, with which I have no patience and which I shall always oppose and work against so long as I live. His reply to my first letter was absolutely evasive, so was his second, and to my second letter, in which I told him that I considered his two letters to me absolutely non-committal and evasive, he has made no reply whatever.

His close association with members of the clergy and others who are avowedly socialistic, convince me in connection with his letters, that he "trains with" socialistic people and will continue to do so. Hence, I shall no longer attend or support his church in any way, since I fear it is to be committed to socialistic endeavors.

There are many of my friends whom I firmly believe should follow my good (or bad) example in writing a book. I have often told Colonel Edward S. Payson, the grand old man of the piano trade and for many years president of the Emerson Piano Company, that he should write the story of his interesting and adventurous life, for the benefit of others, and there are many in the same class, one of them being my friend James F. Bowers, for fifty years with Lyon & Healy. Another is Adam Schneider, who has been for fifty years with Julius Bauer & Co.

Ben Janssen, "Poet Lariat of the Trade," needs no introduction. I wish that he would get out a volume of his charming poems and give me a copy of it. It has been his custom for years to send original verses to his friends at Christmas. I have saved them all, but think he ought to bring out a volume.

In 1909, I gave a reminiscent and farewell dinner to friends prior to my trip around the world, of which trip details are given in another chapter. About four hundred friends were present, but Ben Janssen was unable to attend. He expressed his "regrets" in the following poem:

Sept. 14th, 1909.

To George P. Bent:—

Von way off, Chorge P., I greet you,
Und der friends vat's by your side.
Und regret mit heafy heart beats,
Dat der distance is so wide,
Dat I can't be in der party,
Take you by der hand und say:
"Gott be mit you—like he has been,
In der days long gone away."

Memories are der schmoky pictures,
Vat we see awake—aschleep;
Yours must be a fine kollecksbun,
One I know you're proud to keep.
Well! enchoy dem, Chorge, like children,
At der moving picture play;
Close your eyes vhen some show droubles
In der days long gone away.

Dream of all der happy peoples,
In dis coundry far and wide,
Vhat have pianos mit your name on,
Und a whole brass band inside.
Dream of many tones and pedals,
Und der noises they could play,
YOU invented inside players,
In der days long gone away.

Let der filims show you der friendships
Of dat kind vat makes life dear,
Men und vomen who were habby
Just because, Chorge, you, were near.
I am just one shap of many
Who will shtand shtraight up und say:
I was lucky, Chorge, I met you,
In der days long gone away.

Gott be mit you, Chorge, und bless you,
Und der dear ones you love best,
May each day be filled mit sunshine,
Und der next one beat der rest.
Let me shpeak for dhose who love you,
In our heards you'll be alvay,
Just der dear friend as we met you,
In der days long gone away.

Your friend, ever since der days long gone away,

—*B. H. Janssen.*

Robert O. Foster is another who is a poet as well as a piano man, and there are numerous others of the piano men who ought to be more in print than they are.

I have even been accused of being a poet myself, but I deny the allegation, for as yet I have not written a line of poetry or rhyme and "the divine afflatus" has not settled upon me. All of the rhyme ascribed to me as being the product of the poetry machine which I control, has been bought and paid for, as explained elsewhere.

Dr. William E. Aughinbaugh, whose name appears so often in this book, has written several books on Foreign Trade and allied subjects and has been for years Export Editor of the *New York Commercial.* He is also a lecturer of note at Columbia University and the University of New York, and is, in fact, a recognized authority on Foreign Trade and Export subjects.

I cannot say that our old teacher, Robert H. Thomson, *should* write, because he does write, as many of us know. His essays and pamphlets upon various phases of religion are indeed fine and his views and comments upon other subjects are equally interesting and well expressed.

Pliny McAllister writes poetry that is really good, as readers of this book may judge for themselves.

Frank Robinson is not only a poet, but is otherwise gifted, and while only a few of his sketches appear in the book, those of us who know him and have had an opportunity to inspect his work, do not need to be told that he is a painter of sorts. I have seen many beautiful examples of his art, one of which, a landscape in French pastels, hangs in the living room of our California home. My wife declares that it reminds her of Burr Oak scenery, and the stream in which the children used to wade.

Cleveland, the man and the politician, I have always believed in and admired. In 1890, when the census taker came to our house, our daughter Winnie met him at the door and, as she was the only member of the family at home, he questioned her and finding that she answered freely and well, continued. Finally he asked her, "What is the religion of your father?" She answered, "Oh, father is a mugwump." This was carried to our neighbor next door, and I have not heard the last of it yet.

In politics I *have* been a mugwump, ever since I cast my first vote in 1876. That year I voted for Samuel J. Tilden. So far as I know in matters political, I have always voted for the best men and measures without regard to party. I voted three times for Grover Cleveland, who was, in my opinion, one of the greatest Americans that ever entered public life. He was both honest and fearless and his fame will grow, I am sure, as time goes on.

It has been said that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," and I believe it is a true saying, especially as to politicians, for, alas and alack, there are very few who seek public life who consider it, when attained, as a public trust, as Cleveland said it should be. Another saying of his that impressed me was that "people should support the Government, not the Government the people." This saying certainly has my approval and is more than appropriate in these socialistic days when so many people seem to think that they can be made successful, pure and good, by laws and governmental action.

Public ownership is another of the ideas popular with unthinking people and with politicians, but it certainly would be a sad and sorry day for the U. S. A. if the government went into business. Everyone knows that every governmental job, such as the construction of a public building, takes two or three times as long and costs two or three times as much as would be the case if done by individuals or corporations.

The average politician has no sort of business sense. If he had, he would be in business instead of in politics, and he goes into, and stays in, politics because he can make much more money that way than he could in any sort of business enterprise.

In my time and theirs, I have seen most of the great actors, including Booth, Barrett and

other great Americans, also Bernhardt and, greatest of all, in my estimation, Salvini the elder. Not only was Salvini's acting great, but in physique and expression he was especially suited for the great tragic parts he played, such as *"The Gladiator," "Othello," "Samson,"* etc. While one could not understand, without a knowledge of the Italian language, just what Salvini was saying, his performances were always superb, to me, and I never failed to see him when he appeared and I could attend.

Reminiscing about plays and players, I don't think I ever fully realized what remorse was until I saw Richard Mansfield in *"The Bells."* His portrayal of this repulsive character was wonderful. This man, who had committed a murder, and some bell having rung at the time, was ever after overcome by remorse when he heard any sort of bell, cow bell, door bell, church bell, sleigh bell or whatever it might be.

I consider Victor Hugo's *"Les Miserables"* one of the most fascinating books I have ever read. My wife, knowing my admiration of it, bought all of Hugo's works for me, in none of which did I become interested, with the exception of the *"Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* and *"Toilers of the Sea."*

I have always been a great admirer of Napoleon and an apologist for him. The first "Life of Napoleon" that I read was by John S. C. Abbott, attacked vigorously as an apologist for Napoleon. I think his attitude toward Napoleon was fair, while that of many other authors I have read since were decidedly not. I was twelve years of age when I read this first "Life of Napoleon," which was loaned to me by the Camerons, of Hesper. I enjoyed the book immensely and, since then, have read and collected every "Life of Napoleon" I could find. I must have fifteen or twenty in all. Recently Julia Wingate Lindsay, my wife's sister, gave me "Napoleon's Dynasty," by "The Berkeley Men," published by Cornish, Lamport & Co., in 1852. This book, to a certain extent, agrees with the Abbott "Life" and depicts Napoleon as I have always thought him to be.

Many people consider he was a bloodthirsty tyrant. My idea of him is entirely different. He had his faults, but I consider him the greatest genius in war and peace that the world has ever known. There is no doubt as to his having ruled with an iron hand when he came into power, but he was ever quick to recognize and appreciate merit, as is proven not only in his choice of marshals, but in his choice of civic helpers and lieutenants as well.

Another rather interesting edition is that given me, in 1900, by my son Harry. Printed in 1815, these "Secret Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte," written by "one who never quitted him for fifteen years," and translated from the French, are anonymous; but there is a penciled note to the effect that it is "by Charles Davis, First Edition."

In reading these different "Lives" of Napoleon, I have endeavored to inform myself on both sides of the question. In fact, I always try to see both sides of any question, and there *are* always two sides to any question which has ever arisen.

As stated, I was very young when I read this first "Life of Napoleon." I was much impressed with it, and also with "Robinson Crusoe," which I had read when I was ten.

Naturally, being the son of a clergyman, with two more clergymen for uncles, and destined for the clergy myself, I was given many religious books and tracts, but I did not enjoy them as I did literature of a more adventurous nature.

I was made to read the Bible through and through, three times. I considered this a great hardship at the time, but since then I have come to appreciate the great Book and certainly this enforced reading of it has made me quite familiar with its contents. The same might be said of Shakespeare, which I was forced to read, at Wheaton College. "William" was one of the wisest men who ever lived and wrote, and none knew more of life in all of its phases, than he did. Just recently,

in Los Angeles, I have heard and much enjoyed, a series of lectures on Shakespeare by Rev. Charles Aked, and also by Frederick Warde, the famous actor and authority upon Shakespearean matters.

Books have played such a large part in my life, and have meant so much to me all of my life, that when I come to the subject of them I find they are like my friends—I have had and still have so many of both that I am unable to mention as many of them as I should like, in this, my own book.

One of the finest and most delightful things in my life has been the correspondence with friends in securing data for this book. I have broadcasted this correspondence to all of the members of the "Burr Oak Clan," and they have expressed their enjoyment, along with myself.

Mine has been a humble, happy home life. I was not great, nor did I achieve greatness or have it thrust upon me. But I have had an ideal home and family—a Heaven on earth.

Some one said, "Enjoy life while you live, for when you are dead, you are dead a long while." I have obeyed that injunction and am satisfied with the Heaven I have had here, regardless of what happens hereafter.

Our son Harry was about the greatest "'girl boy" I ever knew until he finally married his charming wife. He had at least thirty-one girls on his "string," one for each night in the month, and was "out" taking them "out" till twelve or two every night of his life. As a result of this, he was late at business almost every day. So one morning at breakfast I remonstrated.

I said, "Harry, why don't you quit this, settle down, pick out *the* girl, marry her and be happy?"

Then to "point a moral and adorn a tale," I said, "Look at your mother there. She was and is the *only* 'girl' I ever had. She was my first, last, best and only! Don't you think I did well to win her?"

Harry looked over the table at her and said, "Yes, you did wonderfully well, Father, but there's no telling what you might have got had you 'shopped around' as I am doing."

I have had a most happy life for over forty-eight years with one charming, comforting, congenial, companionable and most adorable wife and our seven loving and lovable children. The only shadows were our loss of Charity in her twenty-second year and my betrayal in 1916.

It has been my lot to make thousands of trusty friends and to have (not make) very few enemies and traitors to my trust.

Wife, six children and ten grand children still make me happy at seventy-plus. I have enjoyed my long life. No faith was in it except that in wife, children and friends. No cult or creed ever appealed to me. Mine has been a most sincere "doubter's" life since I first began to think. But it has been "joy to be alive and enjoy."

THE END

FOOT NOTE

Dear Friends All:

Whereas, I, Clara A. Wingate Bent, believe that a woman should always have the last word, I wish to say that Harry, in his mother's opinion, won the best of the "thirty-one," though mother had nothing to do with it.

And, Whereas, I do not believe in throwing bouquets, but do enjoy giving them *from the heart,* Therefore, be it resolved, that George P. Bent has been a most devoted and Loyal Friend-Husband and that I am very happy that we did not wait longer to "pick and choose" any other for our life's companion.

Selah!

CLARA WINGATE BENT.

FOOT NOTE No. 2

The above was written without Mr. Bent's knowledge.

M. W. DILLARD, Secretary.

GEORGE PAYNE BENT AND HIS ANCESTORS

Biographical Data

1519: Bent Wills, at Winchester, England.

1558: Edward Bent's will, at Winchester.

1564: Ede Bent born in September, at Penton-Grafton, Parish of Weyhill, England.

1566: Robert Bent born in September, at Penton-Grafton. Died there 1631. First son and second child of John Bent, who died 1588.

1588: John Bent died at Penton-Grafton. The first Bent of whom we have much definite knowledge.

1596: John Bent, third child and second son of Robert Bent, born November 20th, at Penton-Grafton. The original Bent immigrant to America.

1636: John Bent born at Penton-Grafton. Baptized January 24th. Fifth child of John Bent above. Died Framingham, Mass.

1638: John Bent emigrated to America and settled at Sudbury, Mass. Died there September 27, 1672.

1691: David Bent born about 1691, at Framingham, Mass. (Son of John, born 1636.) Died Framingham, February 15, 1730.

1730: David Bent, sixth child of above, born March 30th, at Framingham, Mass. Died Rutland, Mass., January 15, 1798.

1784: Samuel Browning Bent, twelfth child of above, born November 27th, at Rutland, Mass. Died November 4, 1858, at Middlebury, Vermont.

1827: George Bent, twelfth child of above, born March 29th, at Middlebury, Vermont. Died at Chicago, May 25, 1914.

1854: George Payne Bent born June 16th, at Dundee, Ill. First child of above.

1856: At Anoka, Minnesota. (See Mother's letter.)

1858: At Lansing, Iowa.

1859: (Or 1860) Burr Oak, Winneshiek County, Iowa, until 1870.

1870: To Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, in Fall.

1871: Chicago, with David C. Cook. Back to Wheaton in Fall.

1872: At Wheaton and Chicago.

1873: Canvassing Iowa; selling scissors' sharpeners from house to house in Summer; in Fall at Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.

1874: Again with Mr. Cook, in Chicago.

1875: With Mr. Cook, in Chicago.

1876: Married Clara Ames Wingate, at Burr Oak, Iowa, April 26th.

1877: Our first daughter born March 10th: Clara Wingate Bent.

1878: Our first son born October 11th: George Henry Bent. Bought from David C. Cook, his sewing machine and organ business, and my name went over the door.

1879: William Henry Matchett became associated with me in business and continued until business was sold and my affairs in Chicago closed up.

1880: Brother Charles Avery Bent entered my employ and remained with me until his death, in 1912.

1884: Our second daughter born May 23rd: Charity Mary Bent. Died August 3, 1905.

1890: Our third daughter born August 18th: Muriel Bent.

1893: Our fourth daughter born April 5th: Dorothy Amelia Bent. Secured high awards and fine testimonials for my products at the World's Fair in Chicago, they being used in the State and Foreign buildings.

1894: Began erection of factory building as shown by cut and described elsewhere.

1895: Occupied my new factory building in April. Our second son born August 25th: Charles Matchett Bent.

1896: Wife and I made our first trip to Europe.

1897: Wife and I made the first of many trips to Mexico and Cuba.

1899: Our fifth daughter born November 28th: Barbara Bent.

1901: Made trip to Alaska, with wife and daughter, Charity.

1904: At age of fifty I turned active management of my business over to my brother, Charles, and began to take life easier.

1905: Trip to Europe with wife. Called home by illness of our daughter, Charity, who died four hours after our return.

1908: For the purpose of perpetuating my business, I organized the George P. Bent Company.

1909-10: Made first trip around world with wife, our daughters, Muriel and Dorothy, and my cousin, Mrs. Avery.

1911-12: Made combined trip to Europe and South America, visiting Russia and nearly all other European countries and practically all countries of South America.

1912: My brother, Charles, died April 8th, a few days after my return from South America, thus compelling me to be more active in business than I had been since 1904.

1916: Resumed active control of business in Spring, and in Fall sold out; began to close up affairs preparatory to retiring.

1918: Bought home in Los Angeles, [illegible]fornia, and we decided to move [illegible] and live balance of our days.

1919: Moved to Los Angeles and occupied our home here.

1920: Commenced second trip around world, accompanied by wife and daughter, Barbara, as far as the Philippines.

1921. Continued my trip around the world, reaching home November 20th, having taken more than a year for the trip.

1922: Made five trips to Chicago in closing up affairs there. Began writing book of reminiscences.

1923: Writing on book. Made several trips to Chicago and re-entered business with my son, Charles.

1924: Finished book. Was elected Vice-President of George P. Bent Co., of Louisville, Kentucky, and am traveling Pacific Coast states for that concern.